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WE BUILD SHIPS

by RUSSELL BOOKHOUT

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THE questionnaire passed out by the shipyard timekeeper had a space for "craft." I put "rigger" down, and farther along where elaboration was requested I added, "My job is to move any iron or steel of any size or shape from anywhere in the yard to wherever someone needs it." My age went down as forty-four, and the years I had spent with steel and ships as a baker's dozen.

The squirming strain of a wire cable in my hands as I bend it around a cargo boom is not like the recoil of a fast-firing gun; that, we middle-aged men are told, is for supple youth. But before many months, down under, this cargo boom will be unloading hundreds of guns where they are most needed.

For our share of the war, we older shipbuilders take the iron plates and bars as they come from the interior mills; we build the hulls, swing the machinery down on its foundations, reeve rope gear through the blocks, lower anchor chain through the hause pipes — and

pass some waterfront remarks totally lacking in respect when the corsaged wife of a brass hat breaks a bottle of champagne across the bow of the ship *we* built.

The sponsoring party and the launching gang will be near the hull when it slides down the ways, but thousands of other people in the yard will give it scant attention. Deep and strong and continuous in tone underneath the scream of the yard whistles heralding the launching of another ship will sound the pound of riveting guns hammering on other hulls soon to float out and join their sisters. The work goes on twenty-four hours a day every day, with pauses only for brief lunch periods. *We* build 'em. Let others celebrate our accomplishments.

For we shipbuilders have accomplished much. Ours was an almost defunct industry employing only a few thousand men a few days a week before the war. Now we employ hundreds of thousands of workers, and need half as many more. I write as a West Coast shipbuilder; but as we have done, so have our brother craftsmen from Maine to Texas. We have built shipyards, operating forces, and ships at one and the same time.

Beginning with weed-strewn mud flats for sites; with cowboys, salesmen, and students for workers; with machinery brought from the ends of the country or constructed on the spot

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His latest construction activity at home is a miniature electric railway complete with mountains, tunnels, a village, skating pond, and airport, which he insists belongs to his children — Polly, aged five and a half, and Frank, aged nineteen months. His wife is noncommittal.

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by the first comers, we now produce ships in quantities that amaze the world.

In the First World War, the best launching time for a ship of approximately ten thousand tons was fifty-three days. Last November, in Kaiser Shipyard Number Two at Richmond, California, the keel of the *Robert E. Peary*, a 10,500-ton Liberty freighter, was laid early on Sunday morning. Before the week was up, the seamen's hiring halls sent a crew aboard the completed ship. On the fourteenth day, the ship, loaded to the Plimsoll line, was ready to sail with the next convoy.

During the First World War the largest shipyard ever built, the Hog Island Shipyard on the East Coast, was constructed with fifty launching ways. In two years it launched one hundred and twenty ships—slightly better than a ship a way a year. These were not completed ships. This year the most modern yards on the Pacific Coast expect to complete and commission a ship a way *each month*, and then lower that record. Five such ways could exceed the output of the gargantuan Hog Island plant, and on the Pacific Coast alone we have many times that number of ways.

We intend to build ships faster and faster. Gracie Fields tells about a woman who was invited to sponsor the launching of a Kaiser ship. She was escorted to a beribboned stand at the head of an empty launching way, and handed a bottle of champagne. "But where is the ship?" the bewildered sponsor asked. "You just start swinging the bottle, lady," a worker replied, "we'll have the ship there."

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This tremendously increased output of the shipyards results from the increased capacity of transportation machinery, chiefly cranes, and the mass application of new tools, such as welding and burning machines, which permit new methods of construction. Section assembly, ending on the building ways, is carefully planned to make use of this new and stronger machinery. Such a building way is a huge basket sixty feet high, built on a slope with one end in the water, and shaped to fit the hull of a ship. The sides of the basket are plank staging on which the men can work. The bottom is composed of two smooth timber slides down which the ship can be sent into the water. Above these slides is built a cribbing to carry the weight of the keel, or bottom, of the ship,

as it is constructed. Alongside the building way is the craneway where are laid the rails on which roll the towering Gantry cranes.

Usually there is a crane on each side of the ship, reaching its long boom over the side of the basket to deposit inside on the growing hull its burden of plates or other material. These cranes provide the final transportation of material to the ships, and the limit of their power sets the maximum weight of sections that can be moved from the assembly parks to the hull.

The big cranes can safely handle sixty-ton sections forty feet wide and sixty feet long, an area larger than many city lots; and by ganging up two or more cranes, sections of over a hundred tons have been swung into place. The shape and weight of the sections vary as the ship is built. Double bottoms which can hold the fuel oil, transverse bulkheads, the prows, expanses of deckplates with attached beams beneath, and deckhouses which come in three or four sections, are some of the heaviest lifts. In between the lifts of these huge masses, the cranes will make dozens of smaller ones ranging from a hundred-pound riveter's forge to a skip box full of small triangular brackets.

In former days, the cranes were not so large, and the building ways had to be both assembly park and launching way. Bit by bit, the thousand separate parts that were to make up a ship were carried directly from the plate shop and the material yard, hoisted into place by light derricks and rope blocks, and riveted one upon another as the hull grew. The empty hull was launched as soon as it was strong enough to stand the strain of launching. Then, bit by bit again, the superstructure and fittings and engines were hoisted on the floating hull and secured. In those days, comparatively few men could work on a ship. There is a limit to the number who can occupy any given space—a limit soon reached when a hull is first started. Assembly was confined to the building ways, and each group began its work only after the foundation was laid by the gang before it.

On a typical Liberty ship today, one division of work is welding, which replaces much of the former riveting. Of 230,000 feet of welding, 60,000 feet may be done on assembly parks before the keel is laid; and the rest of the welding is fairly evenly divided between erection work on the building ways as the sections are assembled, and the sub-assemblies being put together on the assembly parks. Today sub-

assembly yards for West Coast ships are not all at tidewater. Many are located a thousand miles inland.

The small cranes of an earlier day have been demoted to the work of unloading freight cars and trucks, or moving material about on the assembly grounds. Their newer, mightier brethren, towering twice or more their height into the air with booms that could knock out top windows in a ten-story building, are the distinctive mark of the new shipyards. From miles away one can see them wading with deliberate might through the maze of buildings and ships, each one like the bare steel framework of a perambulating six-story building on top of which have been built a penthouse and a long derrick. As one watches their mighty booms swing about on top of their lofty framework, picking up a hookful of frames or an assembled section, one feels their alien strangeness, and wonders if these mighty servants have a life of their own, now that they have been created.

Almost as spectacular as the giant cranes in performance are the electric welding machines that join plate to plate and deck to deck, and the gas-burning torches that melt their way through thick metal like a hot knife through butter. By means of the electric arc and the gas torch, the shipbuilder can work in metal more easily than a carpenter can work with wood. With the aid of the torch, any metal can be trimmed or a hole made in it. The electric arc welds together pieces of metal; and if properly welded, the junction is as strong as a solid piece. A Navy inspector after looking over a bombed cruiser I worked on told me that, although the heavy plates had been torn like paper, he could not find one cracked weld.

Almost all the interior metal of a ship now is joined together by the welder's arc, as is the superstructure that rises above the hull. Besides the hand welding rod and burning torch, automatic and semi-automatic welding and burning devices are now in use, and workers are inventing new ones constantly.

One of these automatic burners employs several torches in a gang, and as the machine moves under its own power along the guide rails above a thick plate, the torches trim and bevel it with perfect smoothness and unbelievable accuracy and with a speed many times that of an enormous machine planer. The automatic welding machine most used in

a shipyard joins the deck plates together. The plates are fastened side by side, with edges touching, and then a burner with a hand torch grooves out the junction. In this groove the self-propelled welding machine strikes an arc with the end of a long coil of welding rod. As the edges of the plates grow white-hot, the rod melts and fills the hollow. A preparation similar to ground glass pours down around the arc and molds the hot metal into a perfect continuous bead. The machine progresses forward at the proper speed, leaving behind it one plate instead of two.

A carpenter needing a piece of wood cut will grab a saw, or if he wants two pieces joined together he will take a hammer and nail them. Not so with metal workers. Scattered about the hulls and the yard are many welders and burners who stand ready to cut and weld as other craftsmen direct.

If it is necessary for me, while erecting a section of the ship, to have the crane hook onto the center of a smooth plate, I pick up a piece of scrap metal the size of my hand, have a burner melt out a hole in it the size of a dollar, and then I get a welder to weld it at right angles to the center of the plate. The crane can hook into this and lift the plate. Later, a burner cuts the welded piece off with his torch, and the plate is smoothed out as formerly. Similar uses to which welding and burning of metal can be put are almost infinite in the handling of metal in a shipyard, quite apart from the actual shaping and joining together of the parts of a ship. The time saved in this manner, together with the assembly of sections away from the building ways, accounts for much of our speed in shipbuilding.

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A ship is an independent community when in service. It is like a small town compressed into a big building. As such it has to have all the utilities of a town. The shipbuilders must include all the artisans that could build such a town: the steelmen, carpenters, plumbers, electricians, painters, and a host of others. We build many such communities in a year, and have not only the craftsmen to do it, but also the great shops in which to fabricate the thousand and one things needed.

Such are the electrical, paint, and machine shops and the wood mill. Perhaps the most impressive shops are the flangers' slabs and

furnaces where the great iron frames and beams for the hull are shaped. The furnaces are low, gas-fired tunnels sixty feet long where the heat is so intense that the flames of the roaring gas jets are invisible. Into these furnaces long angle irons are shoved, to be slowly heated white-hot, then dragged out on the slab and bent to the exact shape desired. The slab is a steel floor honeycombed with hundreds of small square holes. A wooden template, similar to a dressmaker's paper pattern, is laid on this slab, and hooked wedges are driven into the square holes to fit the edges of the template. The template is removed, the white-hot angle iron is dragged from the fire, and brawny flangers stripped to the waist grab heavy sledges and bend the iron against the wedges until it conforms to the desired shape.

Ships vary greatly in capacity, function, and speed of movement. It is no detraction from the brilliant achievements of the Kaiser companies to point out that not only is there a great difference between a standardized Liberty ship, one of hundreds of sister ships exactly alike, and a custom-built ship, only a few of which will be built; but there necessarily follows a great difference in the construction.

In the yard where I now work, we have been building specialty ships not much larger than Liberty ships, but bewilderingly more complex. There was one group of three sister ships, one of two sister ships, and one of seven sister ships. One ship that was built was distinctly different from any of the others.

In the Liberty shipyards, a machine can be adjusted for a plate, and ten or more plates run through that machine before changing a roll. On a custom-built ship, one or two plates can be run off, and then the machine must be completely readjusted for the next plate. A dozen "c" plates for a dozen Liberty ships can be cut from one template. A dozen "c" plates for a dozen specialty ships may require any number of templates up to a dozen.

The worker on a Liberty ship frequently operates like the classical Ford mechanic who always gave a half twist to a certain nut. This shipfitter can be given a certain limited responsibility such as erecting brackets in the forepeak, and on each new ship he performs that identical and limited job. On a custom-built ship, he would perform such a job once or twice, then have to learn about a new part of a new ship. The custom-built method turns

out craftsmen, the Liberty methods turn out ships in amazing quantities. The specially designed ships must be built, however, even if they do not inspire headlines.

A similar situation exists in the yards themselves. New yards are constructed according to the most modern plan, and embody all the experiences gained in the old yards. Areas are ample in size, and correctly lined out for a sequence of operations. Material of a definite size and quantity can be moved in orderly procedure through the necessary buildings and machines toward the building ways or outfitting docks.

The old yards are a headache and a heart-break. Assembly grids constructed for repair work must now rush through enough sections so that a ship a month can be built. Into areas never large enough, more machines and shops must be crowded. Material does not flow in a steady stream: it moves like that stream when the ice is breaking up in the spring. It cannot be moved in large sections, but must follow the old style of trickling piece by piece through the crowded shops and parks. Yet one cannot wipe the old yard out and after a month or two have it rebuilt on the new order. The old yards have in their construction areas new ships on paper, in patterns, and on the building ways. They may be old and some of them inefficient, but they still produce.

Liberty ships were designed, not only to be constructed from standardized, frozen plans, but to be constructed of available material and machinery. The ships are slow, but their up-and-down engines can be cast. The custom-built ships must be fast, and their giant turbines with thousands of blades that have close tolerances must be carefully machined from tool steel. Their huge electric generators and motors are marvels of precise workmanship. The great Eastern shops that make these turbines and electric generators cannot turn out the number required. They haven't the highly skilled men in sufficient numbers; they have to wait on the building of precision tools by an industry that has not enough toolmakers.

The insides of many specially designed ships are of a complexity that complicates everything — including comparisons. The Liberty freighters have a small crew, so living spaces are few and easily fitted in. They have several large holds that extend in emptiness from tank tops to main deck with two intermediate decks only. A custom-built transport such as

we have turned out must have a large crew and accommodations for many soldiers. This community needs everything from a fair-sized hospital to giant evaporators that distill tons of fresh drinking water hourly from the brine the ship floats on. A ship like that is not built in a week, it does not inspire laudatory cartoons; but it is needed, it is built, and it is used.

We also do repair work. Since the war began, our yard has converted or repaired over five hundred ships in addition to the new construction. Some ships needed only a few hours' or days' work. Some required many months' work. Keeping in operation this number of ships is a fair share of the war shipbuilders' job. These ships have been of all types and almost all nationalities.

During the first year, much of our work consisted of arming merchant ships. That phase is passing, as all that survive are now well armed. At first they had to carry sorely needed freight and passengers, trusting to prayer and life preservers. But, as enemy airplanes have repeatedly found out, they no longer carry wooden or antique armament. There is a satisfaction in knowing that some part of that added safety is the work of our hands.

4

Flame and steel. An old description of war, and it is war for us today. It is spectacular, this building of ships, even to us who have been identified with ships for years — perhaps most spectacular in the very early morning hours when we of the day shift come to work. The streets are dark in the winter morning along the water front. A steady succession of buses and passenger cars circles slowly at the street corner, discharging men and women by the thousand. We crowd up the street, filling it from sidewalk to sidewalk, a drably clad, hurrying mass, indistinct in the darkness before the dawn. Before us are the gates to the shipyard. Over them rise the dark mass of the buildings, the row of building ways, the up-thrust prows of the growing hulls, and the great cranes, all shadowy now against the strings of naked lights circling them.

The eerie, pale light from welders' arcs washes over the yard in flickering sheets — now here, now there, throwing into relief a crane, a hull, the honeycombed mass of an assembled

section. High on a mast a cascade of fire rains down into the night from a burner's torch. The boom of a giant Gantry swings around ponderously, and the crane seems to stumble onward with its heavy load, like an old man tired after his night's work. We pour through many gates into the yard, and the workers on the graveyard shift straighten from their work to watch us take over. The ear-wrecking din of the yard — composed of the staccato chatter of air-driven hammers, the moan of crane horns, the wham of flangers' mauls on iron bulkheads — diminishes, then grows again, with our aid, to full daylight din.

Many of those entering the gates never saw a water craft larger than a rowboat until they came out here. Sometimes I think that the few Okies and Texans who did not enlist in the armed forces came to work in our shipyards. No *Grapes of Wrath* for them now. Their hard life has made them hard workers, and how we need their breed. The ranchers and fruit growers who used and abused them once now run weeping to Washington, for the ungrateful Dust Bowlers have deserted them.

When the available supply of workers ran short around San Francisco, the shipyard operators sent unreformed California real-estate salesmen back East as recruiters. Kaiser's agents announced that they would take the unskilled unemployed; and if anyone did not know one end of a wrench from another, the ends would be labeled.

Other recruiters did not go quite that far, but old water-front workers insist that some must have been hired by promising them shoes, and others by tales about how liberal California was with old-age pensions. Lack of housing has put a temporary end to wholesale importation of workers, but more workers are needed, and someday, someday, they will be obtained from somewhere.

In the old days our gangs in the yards were made up of men who spoke as casually of New York, Singapore, and Seattle as the average person does of his main street. In temperament, background, and training they were unique. Those men today leaven the great masses that have made the shipyards productive, but they are few among the many. The shipworkers now come from a thousand communities, with different backgrounds, but almost all who come from out of town are on their first big trek. They belong with the homebodies, the people who live across the

street, rather than with the foot-loose construction men who constantly look for the other side of the mountain.

In the yards, it is their ability that counts, and their willingness to carry their end of the work. With few exceptions, the best workers are those who have always worked — not necessarily on ships, but somewhere — at active manual toil. Just as the best office workers are those who have done office work, so in manual labor, skilled or unskilled, those who are accustomed to such work can do it better than newcomers.

Most white-collar people do become a valuable part of our war workers, and are accepted, but there is a small minority who have always looked down on craftsmen with more or less contempt. As superior beings they have felt that they could acquire in a few days a skill and training that took the average craftsman a decade to learn. (To become an ordinary, proficient journeyman in a trade takes as many years as to obtain an A.B. at college.) These people come into the yards expecting to win promotion to leader man almost at once. They accept directions with an ill grace, resent discipline, and become embittered at their resulting failure.

Another annoying characteristic of this group is that they do not have the willingness and ability to swing their weight promptly into a job. Their training has accustomed them to getting the better of the other fellow. In our work there is need for the same close physical teamwork that it takes months of practice to inculcate in football teams — perhaps more need, because among steelworkers sullen response or blunders may result in injury and death to many. We stake our lives and the job on the actions of our fellow workers. Those who can't or won't cut the mustard must of necessity be shoved out.

There is one other group we especially dislike, but those we handle promptly and in the old manner without kid gloves. They are the poolroom loafers who have never shaken hands with a real job before, and only do it now to escape the draft. As workers they are sloven shirkers.

One of these, a man about twenty-seven, came on our gang one morning, helped swing the first plate into place, and then wandered off until noon. Directly after lunch he climbed up on an unused scaffold in the forepeak and went to sleep. The leader man found him down

in the washroom cleaning up half an hour before quitting time and handed him his time card. He got ugly, and threatened to meet Ted, the leader man, outside the gate. Ted, a veteran rigger and now a quartermaster, removed his false teeth to save them from injury, and walked outside the gate; but much to the disappointment of those of us who knew Ted's ability, the loafer hightailed it as though he had a hot rivet in his pants.

The draft has rid us of practically all of these loafers, and the others walk out the gate almost as quickly as they walk in. Each of us men gets paid for one man's work, and while we often and gladly carry the work of an older or injured man so that he will not be forced off the payroll, we emphatically and profanely announce that we will not carry able-bodied shirks. For every such man fired by the boss, twenty are ruled off a gang by the other members.

The men we need and get too few of are veterans of our respective crafts, or of allied crafts. Shipwrights, for instance, who are responsible for the correct alignment of every part of a ship, are a small craft with no reserves for our sudden ballooning of personnel. They pray for trained carpenters, as do the shipfitters, who fit the different parts of the ship together, but they get few because of the higher pay and the great demand for carpenters in their own trade. Flangers, who heat and bend the frames and brackets into shape, obtain many of their experienced men from railroads, field jobs, and blacksmith shops.

The riggers seek first for old construction riggers, steelmen who have worked on Boulder Dam, and the great Bay bridges, and many a tall building. Then they ask for seamen, men who know ropes, tackle, and wires. A few riggers drift in from the logging camps, men who string the high lines that yank logs above the forested slopes. Some electric linemen come from the great power companies, and a few riggers from the oilfields.

Around these we mold the green newcomers. Farmers, elevator operators, waiters, butchers, bartenders, schoolboys, salesmen, teachers and men from a hundred other occupations fill our gangs. Gang work is the rigger's salvation. Machinists must work as individuals with little supervision, but we work in gangs of from four to twelve men, and two skilled riggers can direct many unskilled men.

» Is there any common basis on which Frenchmen, whatever their personal opinion, can unite today? Here is the answer, and a ringing one:

AN OPEN LETTER TO FRENCHMEN

by JACQUES MARITAIN

1

THE day on which we learned that the Allies were landing in Africa to open a second front and prepare a liberating invasion of Europe, our hearts, raised up with hope, dreamed suddenly that all Frenchmen who were determined to drive out the oppressor were going to find themselves at one stroke fraternally united. It is sad indeed that this dream was nothing more than a dream.

But this outcome is not surprising. The defeat, and the resignation shown by the men of the armistice to the defeat, and all the horrors which followed upon it, served only to prolong and to aggravate the process of scission — and the process of disintegration of political understanding and political morality in certain leading strata — which had even made possible the armistice and the succession of the Vichy government. Such processes do not terminate at one stroke of the magic wand. They will long continue to produce their effects.

As long as the French military chiefs seek to place upon the French people and the democratic idea the burden of a military catastrophe the immediate responsibility for which devolves on military preparation and supreme military leadership; as long as the ideological shams of Vichy have not been obliterated from the mind; and as long as “rightists” and “leftists” have not taken the *risk* of truly and resolutely placing their trust in the French people — just so long will the fraternal reconciliation of Frenchmen remain our heart’s desire rather than a reality.

In the meanwhile this desire must be fervent in each of us, and the union of all must at least

exist in our hopes; and this frame of mind must translate itself by the eagerness to coöperate really and truly wherever coöperation is possible and essential.

And it is necessary, too, that our consciences be not confused and that this desire for union do not transform itself into an abandonment of the powers of judgment. The military co-operation of all French forces is an absolute and indisputable necessity. It already exists in North Africa under the American High Command, and needs only to be strengthened and extended, without any delay due to a desire for achieving beforehand the political unification of all fighting Frenchmen. Whole-hearted unity in the fight against the enemy is the first and foremost consideration.

But in the name of this unity some of our countrymen and some of our American friends are asking Frenchmen to wipe away their “quarrels” — as if it were a question of ordinary quarrels between political parties and not of that terrible split which will divide Europe, on the day of peace, between the former accomplices of the vanquished totalitarian order and the men of a new democracy. The observations which follow, and which were prompted by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry’s generous though confused appeal to all Frenchmen to unite, have as their aim to try to distinguish the true from the false in the questions which are prodding the consciences of many of us, and thereby to free of obstacles the field where union is both immediately realizable and necessary; finally also to point out the conditions under which a provisional political union has a chance of becoming feasible.

Frenchmen, let us all be united in the fight against Germany and let us not permit any other consideration to compromise the military exigencies of war, which we must wage loyally to the end, side by side with the adver-

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saries of the common foe — this is an immediate duty. This duty has imposed itself upon us since September, 1939. It imposed itself upon us in June, 1940. More than ever, it is ours now.

2

Some men have denied this duty and have broken this union: they are those who gave up fighting on June 17, 1940, who denounced our alliance with Great Britain and led the French people into the snare of the armistice. We must not forget that.

Frenchmen, let us reconcile ourselves, so that together we can rebuild our country in freedom! This work of reconciliation is subject to a preliminary condition: to find France and her mission once again. It is distinct from the immediate duties of warfare. It is of a spiritual and political order. It demands that the people of France be in a position freely to affirm their will, and to ensure the acceptance of a common political and social ideal. For the moment, we are faced with a nation abominably wounded, tortured by her oppressor — with a nation whose conscience is cruelly torn by her own leaders.

Undeniably the division between those who, during the great ordeal, resigned themselves to the Nazi order and totalitarian Europe, and those who remained true to the vocation of France, forms the profoundest schism that our history has ever known. This schism has been created by those same men who betrayed the people and the spirit of our soil. Appeals to unity cannot overcome this schism. Such a task will require a tremendous effort of conscience and civic virtues. May God grant that because of the initial fault of these same men no innocent blood shall flow! France will, in any case, have to get rid of them and of their ghost of a "National Revolution" before the reconciliation of Frenchmen becomes possible. We must not forget that either.

It is France herself who, for over two years, has summoned us to continue the fight. The people of France have continued it in despair and in darkness, disarmed, hungry, at the price of a terrible struggle waged, not only against the foe, but also against Frenchmen who saw the salvation of their country in the acceptance of slavery. Heroic boys have fled France to continue the fight under a free and open sky. The dead of Bir Hacheim and the sailors of the *Surcouf* were their comrades. Now, some

Frenchmen who for two years adopted an attitude of expectancy, and whose upright intentions are unquestionable (I won't speak of the others) are becoming aware that, henceforth, there can be but one part for a Frenchman of military age to play: that of an active fighter. Why does this thought reach them only today? It comes so late because between their innermost desire and the people of France there was a so-called French government which they mistook for France.

We are told that Vichy has disappeared, that there is no longer a Vichy government — which, by the way, is not correct; at least not yet. The point is only that Vichy is more a prisoner than ever. It is now preparing an "African Phalanx" to fight side by side with the Germans, just as it raised a "Tricolor Legion" to fight with them in Russia. (Besides, Vichy is only the sudden emergence of possibilities already latent in the social life of France, and which will remain unfortunate possibilities when the government of Vichy disappears.) In order for the Frenchmen of whom I am speaking to see in full light that which was plainly visible from the beginning, it was at least necessary that, in their eyes, Vichy should disappear. In any event, it is not sufficient to disappear in order to be absolved.

I hate the partisan spirit. I know that a large number of Frenchmen — the small industrialist eager to provide work for his employees; the civil servant devoted to his task; and many others on whose activity the existence of the nation depends — have been obliged to yield to things which they abhorred, engaged as they were in a tragedy for which they were not responsible. I also know that there was a bit of everything to be found in Vichy. There were even men who availed themselves of their functions in order secretly to help the movement of resistance and to prepare the revolt against the invader. Others were there (prodged by the generally fallacious concern that they had to "be on the spot") in the hope of salvaging some honor; there were even police and prefects who helped, whenever they could, the victims of their masters' laws.

I do not refer to those men. I mean the masters themselves, those who have chosen to be responsible for the leadership and direction of a regime of ignominy. I am speaking not only of those who are the men of the Nazis, but also of those who have "sincerely" played, if I may

say so, the two ends of the game and have, for a time at least, accepted the possibility of a France who would play her part in the concert of a German Europe. I am speaking of all who have covered with their authority the laws, the policies, the propaganda, and the repressions of Vichy.

Those men may one day be given the opportunity to redeem themselves on the battlefields — as soldiers and not as political leaders — if they choose to join the Allies or the Fighting French. Honor and common good prohibit them from enjoying any authority in the leadership and the reconstruction of our country. Shattering the sense of justice in the hearts of men does not reconcile a nation, but throws it open to the forces of degradation. If we want to reconcile those who can be reconciled, we must not ask appeasement for those who are known to have delivered a whole people to the beasts.

3

Frenchmen who are at liberty to talk should not and must not cease to proclaim that Vichy is not France and that the French people will not stand being confounded with a usurped power which has arisen from defeat and shame. The American people understand this fact instinctively. They would have understood it even better had all the French who are in this country been united to tell them so. Vichy, through the mouthpiece of its supreme authorities, has accepted collaboration with Germany. The people of France have chosen the opposite course.

It is possible that soon no one, not even former ministers of Vichy, will dare to plead the case for Vichy. Everyone will disclaim Vichy. But we shall still be hearing a great many excuses which are nothing but pleas for Vichy. What are these pleas worth? Those who make them are right in stressing the devilish horror of German blackmail. They are right in asking if, in order to repulse new acts of shame imposed by the conqueror, it was necessary to expose more children to famine and death. They are wrong, however, when they forget that the two-year succession of surrenders and dishonor — and the pretense that French “honor” and a France supposedly mistress of her decisions should bear the consequences of those decisions — resulted from a first tragic surrender, the decisive expression of which was the armistice of 1940.

Even if those things were nothing but the inexorable unrolling of the fatalities bound up with the armistice, that fact would not excuse those who committed the initial fault: such things only render more heavy their original responsibility. Alas, many of those things were readily agreed to, or even desired, by the masters of Vichy, whenever they were in line with internal political plans. Let us remember that the effort to disorganize the French people morally, to plunge them into the cult of defeatism and of a sickly self-accusation, to impose upon them the myth of a tottering chief who claims to be *France incarnate*, and to make them accept the abject ideology of the enemy, was the very work of the Pétain regime.

Must we be thankful to Vichy for not having been *even worse*? Let us suppose so; those sorry Frenchmen were still Frenchmen. They could have declared war on the Allies; they have not done it so far and we are told that this form of collaboration was rejected — eight votes to six. They could have delivered the fleet and they did not do so; they only prevented it from fighting for the liberation of France and of the world, and drove it to a heroic suicide — a terrible symbol of the only kind of heroism left to the country by nationalist defeatism and the policy of “France alone.” Even as they stand, the accounts of the Vichy regime are sufficiently loaded with liabilities.

Historians of the future will try to classify motives and intentions. For the present let us ascribe to German pressure the persecutions against resisting groups; the executions, imprisonments, concentration camps; the absence of public protest against the murder of hostages and even, in certain cases, the collaboration of the prefects in the establishment of lists of hostages; the suppression of personal liberties and the liberties of the worker; the poisonous propaganda against Great Britain and against hope for a victory, together with all the oblique blows struck against the Allies, even to the point of having Frenchmen shoot against Frenchmen; the policy of industrial collaboration with the enemy; the raising of an anti-Russian legion fighting under the orders of Hitler “on behalf of civilization”; the organized deportation of French workers to forced labor in Germany; the deluge of lies and baseness under which, had there not been the resistance of the people, France was in danger of losing her soul; the anti-Semitic laws with their re-

sultant meanness and cruelty; the horror of camps where, as the Bishop of Toulouse told us, men, women, children were treated like cattle; and, finally, that disgrace which never before had sullied our history — the violation of the right of asylum; the delivery of alien refugees and of French naturalized Jews, men whom we had received among us and who now are given up to death (Just God! thousands of women, children, old people seized in camps and on the streets, in the unoccupied as well as in the occupied zone, hunted like game and sent to the German butchery). Let us admit that all these shameful deeds were exclusively due to German blackmail and compulsion — even though they have been represented as the glorious fruit of a free and rational policy and even though official papers and declarations overflow with apology for them! Nevertheless these shameful deeds only help to demonstrate the extent of the fault assumed by those who, when they sanctioned a sequence of errors for which they were not alone responsible, locked France into the armistice trap.

Yet there are those who still defend this armistice. They defend it with “ifs” — which, *a priori*, renders their conclusions doubtful. If the armistice had not been signed, we are told, all the Frenchmen of military age would have been taken prisoners and interned in Germany. The example of Belgium, who did not sign an armistice and whose men of military age, despite this, were not sent as prisoners to Germany, shows that this would probably have remained an empty threat. The Germans want workers for their factories; they take them when they want them, either under the regime of an armistice or under the regime applied to a conquered country. It must be feared that the fate of Frenchmen is now even more atrocious — after the resistance of our people to the Vichy collaborationists disappointed Hitler’s hopes — than if the armistice had not been signed.

If the armistice had not been signed, we are told further, the Germans would have immediately captured North Africa. Perhaps. But perhaps the French and English fleets would have immediately put Italy out of the fight. In any event the authors of the armistice did not aim at preparing a North African landing place for the Allies. North Africa was only a trump card in their game.

In fact, in order to discuss the question of the armistice, one can list endlessly the “ifs”

with the pros and cons of some generally deceptive technical information. It is not with “ifs” that such questions are answered; such questions are answered with a “no” when a man is faced with that which concerns the honor of his country and the faith in his people.

The men who signed the armistice did not have faith in the people of France, nor in the mission of France. Their resentment against the people and their political hatreds played an essential role in the event. We should be aware of it, if we had not chosen to close our minds to considerations of a political nature.

We should also have some ideas as to the nature of this war, which is a revolution and, as has been said, an “international civil war.” And we should also know that “political single fronts” are usually made for the benefit of someone, and usually end up either in civil war or in some “single party” enforced by constraint.

4

We are told that all formulas are nothing compared to the problems of life. The misfortune is that even those who speak in this manner must make use of language. They do not want to set themselves up as judges, but in spite of themselves, they cannot refrain from judging, and they do so unjustly. They can insist that we refrain from judging only by blaming those who, for two and a half years, have not shared their silence and their undoubtedly painful expectant attitude. It is strange indeed that, in general, they seem to be very ill-informed concerning the movement of resistance in France and the state of mind of Frenchmen. Bitter as the effects of an atrocious physical separation between French people may have been, it has not made them strangers to each other; it has not broken the communion between them.

Those who want to excuse everything see in the conflicts which separate Frenchmen only personal rivalry and ambitions. Unfortunately for us, there have been these too. One of our French writers finds them “comic.” I find him indulgent. Yet there are more profound reasons for these conflicts. If it is true that the stake of this war is simply civilization and liberty, the victory of the Allies over Germany cannot be separated, except by a deception having ruinous consequences, from the victory of renewed democracy over the political and social regimes which make trash of the

rights of human beings. How can the future government of France be of no concern to Frenchmen?

Since June, 1940, there has been no real French government. Until the time comes when the French people are able to decide freely as to the new constitution of their Republic, there will be no French government with a legitimate power to engage France definitely one way or another, in either internal or external policies. But when that time comes the people of France must really be in a position to express themselves freely and not find themselves subjected to the pressure or violence of some equivocal pseudo-government installed on a part of their territory and unscrupulously claiming the right to impose its will.

5

In the meantime, the war continues and the war must be won. We must be united in this struggle at the side of the Allies. Such a union demands sacrifices; it also demands intelligence. There are for Frenchmen, as well as for the nationals of other oppressed countries, irritations and bitterness which might become drawbacks to the common cause.

Complete military coöperation with the Allies, the comprehension of the military necessities which America has to face, loyalty toward her President, relations not only of respect but of deep and trusting friendship — all these are strict obligations of devotion to the common cause. These things are self-evident. But let us not be asked, for that reason, to transform our unity in fighting the enemy into a political submission to an administrative power still encumbered with the ideology, the functionaries, and the economic groups whose victim France has been since June, 1940.

All other questions aside, there are men who, since the armistice, have endured the worst trials in order to continue the war at the side of the Allies. I am speaking of the soldiers of Fighting France. These men, together with their comrades in France who lead an even harder fight, and who today are mercilessly pursued — these men represent France morally, although not politically. Their leader said "no" to the enemy from the first day on; such an act cannot be blotted out. Then a heroic spirit of chivalry restored hope to Frenchmen; then, with a few comrades, — I mean you, Commandant Thierry d'Argenlieu, you, Lieu-

tenant Savary, who first, several months after Dakar, brought me face to face with a living proof of this spirit, — de Gaulle raised once more the honor of France. The soldiers of whom I speak continue to fight under the leadership of their chief.

The Frenchmen who are now fighting under the leadership of another were for one moment unfortunate enough to be subjected to a Darlan. Thereafter a former rival of M. Laval was chosen to preside over the civil administration of Algeria. If the ill-fortune of our torn and betrayed country necessitates that French arms be divided today under different allegiances, the essential thing is that they fight with the Allies against the common enemy. The map of the war and of the world is large enough for this. Spilled blood is no longer dependent on any particular allegiance. Until the day when the living, the unfortunate living, will once more be reunited, at least the dead in the cemeteries of the Orient and the Occident will have been acknowledged by France.

The duty which rests on the Allies in this tragedy, as on all of us, is to concentrate on the people of France and to have confidence in them — in them: the people. The oppressed peoples know why they hold fast against the tortures of hell; they have a terrible need of knowing that the free peoples also know what they are fighting for. It is a great and formidable thing to fight for liberty and justice. Peoples have a thirst for purity. The United Nations carry the responsibility of this hope, which is inseparably a hope for military victory and for freedom.

6

The historic meeting at Casablanca cleared the atmosphere. Nevertheless the truths which I have tried to state here continue to dominate the problems which trouble Frenchmen today. For Frenchmen it is not a question of making demands, claims, and complaints against their English or American friends: nothing is more misplaced in politics than nervous attacks and family scenes. The American policy with regard to Vichy, considered in its general directions, sought to make the best of an unbelievably difficult situation, and of that astonishing mixture of ambiguity, weakness, and double-dealing which characterized the Pétain government.

What a Frenchman was justified in expecting from this policy, however, was that the sincere

friends of France who carried it out on French soil had themselves neither confidence nor any sympathy whatsoever for the regime with which they were obliged to negotiate; it was important for them never to confuse this fake regime with France herself and with the people of France, and to understand also that popular French resistance has centered its hope in the men who from the outset have held honor high and continued the fight.

Future historians will doubtless decide that by declaring that no provisional French government will be recognized before the liberation of France, America has safeguarded for the future the rights of the French people. Yet today the problem which America has undertaken is to restore to a regime of authentic freedom and to deliver from all vestige of iniquities and betrayals those sections of French territory which have re-entered the fight, and which a series of unfortunate circumstances, accidents, and expedients have placed in an equivocal and dangerous position. However grave many aspects of such a position remain, Frenchmen cannot but affirm their sincere confidence in President Roosevelt's will to ensure freedom, and their basic duty must be to contribute their share, as efficiently as they are able, in accord with the stand that each one has conscientiously taken.

But with regard to questions relating to France and the political life of her people, they must express clearly and simply their own convictions. It is impossible for those Frenchmen who have chosen freedom to accept being subjected to the political power of men who have assumed major responsibilities in a government yielding to the Nazi new order. Even if we suppose that these men took on an odious role in good faith, with the intention of serving their country, then they must have decided that when the day came they would sacrifice their political careers on the altar of their native land. This sacrifice is very small compared with that of so many innocent persons and patriots which weighs upon their consciences.

I also believe that the only possible basis for

reconciling all Frenchmen who are fighting on the side of the Allies against the Axis powers is one of legal continuity and *legitimacy* — I mean as complete a return as possible to the constitutional laws of the Third Republic and to the administrative forms which existed up to June, 1940, as a provisionally administrative regime destined to extend to all the progressively liberated sections of territory, and to last only until the French people shall have resolved upon the constitution of their Fourth Republic. Such a provisional regime, which would restore their liberties to workers' organizations, which would once and for all put an end to racial laws, to political reprisals, and to the groveling remains of the creations of Vichy, and which, in conformity with the law of 1872 relating to the *Conseils Généraux*, would re-establish normal though elementary forms of popular representation, would be able to complete itself with special structures adapted to the exceptional needs created by the state of war.

Such a regime would have as its basis the only principle of civil life on which Frenchmen, as citizens, whatever their personal opinions, can be asked to unite today — the basis of the continuity of previously established laws which have never been abolished by any legitimate act. Finally, such a regime would doubtless permit all the free sections of the French community scattered over the world and allied to the United Nations to appoint a certain number of experts who, without governmental powers but with the moral authority conferred by such an appointment, would be able to make the voice of their country heard from this day forward in the international councils.

A philosopher's ideas may be of little interest for men of action. Nevertheless we all have duties to public opinion. As a philosopher eager to seek the truth, in politics as well as in less contingent matters, but for that very reason placed outside strictly political activities, I give you here this testimony of an independent Frenchman.

PERSONS AND PLACES

Early Memories and Schooling

by GEORGE SANTAYANA

5

OF EARLY childhood I have some stray images, detached and undatable, called up occasionally for no reason, after the fashion of dreams. Indeed, sometimes I suspect that they may be fragments of old dreams, and not genuine recollections; but in that case, where did the old dreams come from?

These images are all visual. I remember the *sota de copas* or knave of cups in the Spanish cards, with which I was playing on the floor, when I got entangled in my little frock, which had a pattern of white and blue checks; and I can see the corner of the room, our *antesala*, where I was crawling, and the nurse that helped me up. I also remember sitting in my mother's lap, rather sleepy, and playing with a clasp that could run up and down the two strands of her long gold chain, made of flexible scales; she wore a large lace collar, and had on a silk gown which she called *el vestido de los siete colores*, because the black background was sprinkled with minute six-petaled flowers, each petal of a different color, white, green, yellow, brown, red, and blue.

Clothes and colors evidently had a great fascination for me: the emphasis may have been partly borrowed and verbal, because I heard the women constantly talking *chiffons*; but the interest was congenial. I have always been attentive to clothes, and careful about my own; and in those days of innocence, it was by no means indifferent to me whether with my white summer dress I wore the plain everyday blue sash, which I despised, or the glossy and fresh silk tartan that made me feel more like myself.

Another set of memories can be dated as not

In successive issues the *Atlantic* is privileged to publish chapters drawn from the autobiography of GEORGE SANTAYANA, the most European of all American philosophers. This is the second installment.

later than my third year, because they introduce my half-brother Robert, who left Avila when I was three and he was twelve. We occupied the same little room behind our mother's and next to the schoolroom; and I remember our pillow fights, or rather games, because Robert had a tender heart and was nice to his baby brother. He was forbidden to purloin any part of my food, but might stick out his tongue in the hope, not always disappointed, that with my fork I might delicately place a morsel upon it.

It was a feat of equilibrium on my part, as well as of magnanimity, and I remember it for both reasons. Also the crisp potato omelet, fried in oil, that I had for supper, and that I still pine for and seldom obtain; and the napkin, white on the black and red table cover, on which the feast was spread. The first toy I can remember was also in Robert's time at Avila, for it was given me by his Alsatian tutor, Herr Schmidt: a velvety gray mouse that could be wound up to run across the floor.

And finally I can remember distinctly the occasion of Robert's departure. We all went to the station to see him off; for my father was taking him as far as London, from where his cousin Russell Sturgis (the Evangelical major with the side-whiskers and shapely calves) was to convey him to America to be put to school. But it is not any emotion connected with leave-taking for an indefinite absence that remains in my mind: only the image of young Robert's back, walking before me at a particular corner where we had to go in single file. He wore a long gray coat with a braided mantelette or short cape covering the shoulders; above which I can still see his gray cap and the tightly curling brown hair escaping and bulging out under it. Whether I was actually walking too or was being carried does not appear from the picture.

That Robert should have had an Alsatian tutor in Avila (who also taught the girls) may seem odd. It was one of those unstable and unsatisfactory compromises that were involved in the circumstances of my parents' marriage. For a time they lived in Madrid, in the flat where I was born. But Madrid has a bad climate, with great heat in summer and cold winds in winter; it made a second residence necessary for the hot months, and was expensive and, for my mother, socially distasteful. Moreover, she had to go back to Boston to her property and to the family of her first husband. My father knew it, but kept finding reasons for putting the thing off.

Finally, very characteristically, my mother took the law into her own hands, secretly made all the arrangements, and one afternoon escaped with all of us, save my father, in the express train for Paris. There my father's remonstrances reached her. They were so eloquent, or backed by such threats of action (since he had a right at least to retain *me*), that we all finally returned.

It had been agreed that we should live in Avila. But what education could Robert or the girls receive there? None! Therefore a private tutor was imperative, and somehow a young Alsatian was found who seemed to possess all the requirements. French and German were native languages for him, he spoke a little English and would soon learn Spanish. His demands were modest and his character apparently excellent. So Herr Schmidt was installed as a boarder with a poor widow who lived on the ground floor, and there were daily lessons in the sunny little room at the back of the house which became the schoolroom.

I don't know what idealistic cobwebs the German Minerva might have spun there had not her labors been interrupted; but presently a German Cupid had flown in over the flowerpots in the open window, and tangled those learned threads. For although this was before the Franco-Prussian War, young Schmidt showed all the sentimentality and push of a pure German; he believed in discipline and thoroughness, and the duty of founding all instruction on German geography, in the native language; so that between the difficult and most clearly articulated names of *Harzgebirge* and *Riesengebirge* he would whisper in Susana's ear: "*Je vous aime avec rage.*" My half-sister was hardly sixteen, and he had to be sent away, which no doubt he thought a great injustice; for he wrote

a long letter explaining his worthiness to be Susana's husband, and his willingness to go to America and establish himself there — on nothing a year.

It was this collapse of superior international education at home that had made it urgent to send at least Robert at once to school in America, and that separated me from my elder brother for the next five years. Two more years elapsed before my mother and sisters also departed. I remember nothing of that interval; but after they went my uncle Santiago, with his wife Maria Josefa and his daughter Antoñita, came to live with us.

My aunt Maria Josefa was frankly a woman of the people. She was most at home in her kitchen, in a large blue apron that covered most of her skirt; and I shall never forget the genuine fresh taste of the fried peppers and eggs, and the great soft cake or *torta* that came from her hands. She was a native of Jaén, with a strong but pleasant Andalusian accent and exaggerated rhetoric. Her every word was a diminutive or an augmentative, and her every passion flowed out in endless unrestrained litanies of sorrow or endearment. She could hardly read or write, and her simplicity or humility was so great that she would casually observe that her daughter Antoñita had been a *siete mesina* or seven-months child; from which anyone could gather the reason for her marriage.

Not the person, *tia Maria Josefa*, in whose hands my mother could have wished to leave me at the age of five! But my mother's mind was made up and inflexible; it was made up abstractly, in scorn of particulars and of consequences. She had put off her departure only too long, and now she *must* go. She seems to have trusted Maria Josefa as one might a devoted old nurse; and this trust was deserved, because in relation to me Maria Josefa behaved perfectly.

During the three years that I was separated from my mother I went more or less to school. It was a large darkish room on the ground floor in the public building directly opposite our house; but the entrance was not in our street, and I had to go round the Oñate tower into the lane at the back, where the school door was. We children stood in *corros* or circles round the teacher — who was, I think, sometimes only an older lad — and recited the lesson after him. I don't remember any individual ques-

tions or answers, nor any reading or writing, yet we did learn somehow to read and write.

6

My first voyage — if I hadn't been deadly seasick — might have initiated me into the life of primitive mariners, for we sailed the high seas in an open boat. It was a little freight steamer plying from Bilbao to Cardiff, hardly more than a tug; and though it had a small bridge and a deckhouse aft, it was open to the sky forward, and visibly freighted with reddish earth, which I believed was iron ore. The Bay of Biscay confirmed its bad reputation; but on the third day there were sunshine and smooth sparkling water, and I recovered instantly.

We were then in Bristol Channel, in sight of the Welsh coast; smooth grassy hillsides, gray-green in the slight mist and dotted with little white houses. But there was something far more interesting for me to watch: several boats with white sails, probably small yachts, bending and tacking in the almost imperceptible breeze. A British note — a first hint to me of that brave, free, sporting side of the youthful Anglo-Saxon character which I was later to love so much.

The next day we traveled to Liverpool, where I remember nothing but the docks, with long inclined ways, paved with cobblestones, leading down between great warehouses to the water's edge. There we crept into a small rowboat that was to convey us to our ship. Several large vessels were riding at anchor in the stream; my father pointed to the ugliest and most dwarfish of them and said that this would be ours. No help for it now, I reflected; but at once my eye was attracted by a line of little flags running from stem to stern, over the top of the two masts. What did that mean? My father explained that dressing the ship in that fashion, although a British vessel, was a compliment courteously paid to the United States, because most of the passengers were Americans, who on that day were celebrating the anniversary of their Declaration of Independence. This incident has fixed the date of my first sailing to America unerringly in my mind: it was the Fourth of July, 1872.

The Cunard steamship *Samaria* of that date was a vessel of 3000 tons, with a squat red smokestack between two stumpy masts, and a bowsprit like a sailing ship. Sails were indeed often set — in order, it was said, to steady her,

but probably also to help her along; for never was a vessel more distinctly an old tub. She stood high, black, and short above the water, looking rusty and almost derelict; however she bore us safely, if not steadily, to Boston in twelve days.

The day of our arrival was very warm, with the damp suffocating heat of the New England summer; there was naturally some confusion in landing, and everything seemed odd and unaccountable. It was a sordid scene. I saw no stone quays, such as I associated with ports, at Bilbao, at Portugalete, and lately on a grand scale at Liverpool. No docks; only a wooden pier raised precariously on slimy piles, with the stained sea water running under it; and on it a vast wooden shed, like a barn, filled with merchandise and strewn with rubbish. America was not yet rich, it was only growing rich; people worked feverishly for quick returns, and let the future build for the future.

But along came my brother Robert. I shouldn't have recognized him, nor he me, after those five years: a youth not yet eighteen, of middle height, with a narrow chest and sloping shoulders, and a straw hat with a bright blue ribbon; yet the tightly curling brown hair, quite dry and brittle (we both grew prematurely bald), was unmistakably Robert's; besides, he spoke Spanish, and very soon I was quite at home with him. But I had never seen a man in a straw hat before, and the blue ribbon didn't please me.

Robert somehow guided us and dispatched our things to Beacon Street; it was a complicated process and a complicated journey, a ferry and two horsecars, besides three short walks, but it was economical — ten cents each for the trip, and twenty-five cents to send the trunk by express; whereas a "hack" (a hired landau) would have cost five dollars.

Events looked forward to with trepidation, when at length they occur, often fall flat. I was going to see my mother and sisters again after three years! Husband and wife were to be reunited! Well, when Robert said, "This is our house," and we walked up a little flight of stone steps to a half-open door in a row of doors, belonging to a narrow high house exactly like the house next to it, nobody seemed to inhabit the house or any of the others. It was the dead season, July 16, and the whole street was deserted. However, before we got to the last step, a second door further in was opened; we were

expected; there were faces peering out: Susana and Josefina in white dresses, and, much smaller, my mother wearing a cap and looking very grave.

We kissed each other all round, and Susana cried. (We had forgotten to kiss Robert at the wharf.) Why did Susana cry? Was it mere excitement, nerves? Or was she already — she was twenty-one — secretly regretting Spain and her *beaux jours*? They took us into the dining room to show us the “beautiful view” from the back of the house — a great expanse of water, with a low line of nondescript sheds and wooden houses marking the opposite bank. It was Bostonian to show us the view first; but we noticed that this dining room was hung with many oil paintings — little Dutch or classic Italian landscapes, still life, and over the mantelpiece an old portrait: some Elizabethan worthy in a ruff and puffed sleeves, with a large ring on his fat forefinger.

My father naturally had begun by examining these pictures — all copies, of course; and we learned that the Elizabethan gentleman was supposed to be Lord Burleigh, but that “Uncle Henry,” whose pictures these had been, had bought it because he thought the personage looked like a Sturgis and might have been one of his ancestors. My father must have been amused at this, it was so typical of the Sturgises. As for me, what interested me was to find the large sofa so soft when I sat on it. One might ride on the springs as if on horse-back.

It was inevitably Susana who took me in tow and who began to teach me English. I learned some verses by rote, about a bird’s nest, out of a brightly colored and highly moral book for young children. They ended, as I pronounced them, as follows: —

You mahsthnoth in play-ee
Esteal the bords away-ee
And grieve their mahther’s breasth.

The moral of this was wasted on me. I was not a young child, and if I had had an impulse to steal any bird’s nest or bird’s eggs, or even to climb any tree, it would not have been these nursery rhymes that could have dissuaded me. But I had no such impulse, and no such opportunity, which made this moralizing, like all moralizing, ring hollow in my ears.

My pronunciation improved rapidly and un-awares. I then had a good ear and a flexible

tongue, and the fact that English was a foreign language to me positively helped me to learn it well and to speak it, for instance, much better than Susana or Robert, or most of the boys in my successive schools. The irregularity of English sounds and their subtlety was an interesting challenge: far from irritating, it attracted me, and made me sensitive to its fine shades; so that even before I had heard an English voice or lived in England, my English was good. In 1887, I met Lady Stanley of Alderley, a great and venerable personage; and after we had exchanged a few phrases, Lady Stanley said, “But how well you speak English!” That is a backhanded compliment that one ordinarily prefers not to hear, since it implies that one evidently speaks like a foreigner. But in this case, as I was considered a Spaniard, it was not rude; and I explained that I had been educated in Boston. “But you haven’t an American accent,” the lady insisted. I reminded her of the culture of Boston, and protested that all my English was American, as I had been but three days in London. “No,” she admitted, “you haven’t a *London* accent. You speak like Queen Victoria.” Let this stand as early testimony to my English speech: I spoke like Queen Victoria.¹

7

Our house was, at that time, one of the last on the water-side of Beacon Street, and there was still many a vacant lot east of it, where on passing in sharp wintry weather it was prudent to turn up one’s coat collar against the icy blast from the river; as also, for the matter of that, at every cross-street. On the opposite side there were straggling groups of houses.

Ours was one of two houses exactly alike; yet as they were only two, we could distinguish ours without looking at the number displayed in large figures on the semicircular glass panel over the front door: for ours was the house to the left, not the one to the right. The pair were a product of that “producer’s economy,” then beginning to prevail in America, which first creates articles and then attempts to create a demand for them — an economy that has flooded the country with breakfast foods, shaving soaps, poets, and professors of philosophy.

Our twin houses had been designed to attract the buyer, who might sell his bargain again at a profit if he didn’t find it satisfactory;

¹At my nicest, perhaps, but not always. And didn’t Queen Victoria have a German accent?

and this was precisely the ground on which my mother was persuaded to buy her house, not expecting a financial crisis and a sudden but prolonged disinclination on the part of the consumer to buy anything that he didn't need.

The advantages in our house were in the first place social or snobbish: that it was in Beacon Street and on the better or fashionable water-side of that street. It offered attractions also for the investor; the town was rapidly spreading in that direction, land values were sure to go up, and the house would become every year more central and more desirable. Finally, it was a small house, with only two rooms on each of the principal floors: comfortable and cozy, therefore, for a rich spinster or for an ambitious young married couple; especially as with its reception room and large dining room on the ground floor, and its front and back parlors upstairs, it lent itself to entertaining on a moderate scale.

That it had only two decent bedrooms, one bathroom, and no backstairs, wouldn't matter with a very small family. But we happened to be a family of five, demanding five separate rooms. My mother therefore turned the front parlor into a bedroom for herself, while my sisters occupied the two good rooms on the second floor, and Robert, the cook, the housemaid, and I had the four small cubicles in the mansard or French roof.

At least, this was the ultimate and normal arrangement; but when my father and I arrived, the family prejudice against doubling up had to be overcome for the time being. Not, however, in the case of my father and mother; for she resigned the front parlor to him and moved to one of the rooms above, the two girls being crowded into the other, while I was tucked, as a waif new to the New World, not only into Robert's room but into his bed, which happened incongruously to be a large double one. My mother had taken on her furniture from previous tenants or from "Aunt Lizzie"; and the double beds, not being wanted, had a tendency to pass out of sight into the upper regions; one falling in this way to Robert's lot. But this cohabitation with my elder brother didn't last long; it was contrary to my mother's instinct and habits; and soon a small bed was provided for me and I was moved into the little room adjoining Robert's, as into my own castle.

To this unsuitable residence our habits

adapted themselves as well as might be. The small room beside the front door became our family sitting room. It was sunny and cozy; on cold evenings when the furnace proved insufficient, it could be at once warmed and ventilated by lighting the fire; and by day it afforded us the feminine Spanish entertainment of looking out of the window and watching, a little below our own level, the stray passers-by.

The back wall of our family sitting room was covered by a large bookcase with glass doors, which contained the eighth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Lane's *Arabian Nights*, and a lot of old books that nobody opened. But we had a few Spanish books and could get others from the Boston Public Library. In this way I read Oliver Optic's stories for boys, dotting on the seafaring and the oceanic geography; also Abbott's *Lives*, of which I remember *Alexander the Great* and *Mary Queen of Scots*. We also had Motley's and Prescott's pseudo-Spanish histories; but I knew enough to spew them out of my mouth at the first tasting.

During the first years Susana and Robert would read aloud to us in the evening, at first in Spanish: *Don Quixote* and *Un Servilón y un Liberalito* by the pious lady-novelist "Fernán Caballero." Then, because our interesting Spanish books were exhausted, or because Robert, especially, found English easier, they shifted to Shakespeare, and read *Julius Caesar* and *Romeo and Juliet*, of which I remember liking the first and thinking the second inexpressibly silly. There the practice died out. We had no more reading aloud, but Susana and I often read the same books separately. When I became fond of poetry, I tried to interest her in it, but failed. She liked nothing I showed her except Byron's *Don Juan*, because, she said, it was as good as prose.

The walls of this little sitting room were hung exclusively with engravings, most of which had adorned "Uncle Henry's" house. There were official large portraits of Napoleon the Third and the Empress Eugénie in their regalia, theatrically posed and very pompous; also an affecting scene in an English churchyard, full of yew and weeping willow, and showing a brave little boy and a sweet little girl, sitting and holding hands on the edge of a newly made grave, strewn with wild flowers, while above their heads a large white angel in muslin, the spirit of their departed mother, spread her hands and her great wings over them in protection and blessing.

To take away the taste of this, like a savory after a milk pudding, there hung near it a framed collection of *Poor Richard's Proverbs*, with quaint little eighteenth-century illustrations for each maxim. I learned most of them by heart, but can remember only *Early to bed and early to rise, Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise* and *Three removes are as bad as a fire*. I wished Franklin had said something crushingly true and materialistic about the Angel Mother and about Napoleon the Third's corsets and waxed mustache; but I was willing to nurse illusions about the Empress Eugénie. She had been the queen of fashion in her day, she was Spanish, and she might be said to look a little like Susana idealized.

8

Of Miss Welchman's Kindergarten in Chestnut Street, my first school in Boston, I remember only that we had cards with holes pricked in them, and colored worsted that we were invited to pass through the holes, making designs to suit our own fancy. I suppose this was calculated to develop artistic originality, not to convince us how trivial that originality is, and how helpless without traditional models.

I remember also that I used to walk home with another boy, not so old as I, but also much older than the other children; and that one day — this must have been in spring, for there was a bush with red flowers in his grass plot — he said something very strange as he left me, and ran up the steps into his house. I reported what he had said to Susana, who pronounced it *pantheism*: perhaps it was that those red flowers were opening because God was awakening in them. This shows how far my English had got in that kindergarten and how we lisped metaphysics there.

The Brimmer School, where I went during the next winter, 1873-1874, was the public grammar school of our city district, although more than a mile from our house, in the depths of the South End. I had to walk the whole level length of Beacon Street, cross the Common, and go some distance downhill in Tremont Street to Common Street, where the school was situated, looking like a police station. It was a poor boys' free school, the roughest I was ever in, where the rattan played an important part, although usually behind the scenes, and where there was an atmosphere of rowdiness and ill-will, requiring all sorts of minor

punishments, such as standing in the corner or being detained after school.

I don't know what lessons we had, except that there were oral spelling-matches, in which naturally I didn't shine. A word spelled aloud (as some Americans like to do facetiously, instead of pronouncing it) still puzzles me and leaves me dumb. Nevertheless, partly because I was older and bigger than most of the boys, I soon became "monitor," and had my little desk beside the teacher's, a woman, facing the whole class. This distinction was invidious, and there were attempts at chasing me or hooting at me when we got out of school.

By a happy chance it was possible to transfer me the next year to a much better school, the historic Latin School, where from the earliest times until my day, at least, all well-educated Bostonians had been prepared for college. The School Committee in the city government had that year decided to try an experiment and establish a preparatory course of two years, to precede the six traditional classes. The experiment was not long continued, but I profited by it, and passed eight full years in the Latin School, thus being more of a Latin School boy than almost anybody else. We were not lodged during those preliminary years in the regular schoolhouse, but at first in Harrison Avenue, and later in Mason Street.

More than once in my life I have crossed a desert in all that regards myself, my thoughts, or my happiness; so that when I look back over those years, I see objects, I see public events, I see *persons and places*, but I don't see myself. My inner life, as I recall it, seems to be concentrated in a few oases, in a few halting-places, *Green Inns*, or Sanctuaries, where the busy traveler stopped to rest, to think, and to be himself. I say the *busy* traveler, because those long stretches of spiritual emptiness were filled with daily actions and feelings, later often with giving lectures and writing books; yet all was done under some mechanical stimulus — the college bell, the desk, the pen, or the chapter planned: old thoughts and old words flowing out duly from the reservoir, until the college bell rang again, and the water was turned off. Of myself in those years I have no recollection; it is as if I hadn't existed, or only as a mechanical sensorium and active apparatus doing its work under my name. Such a period now seems to begin and to last for two thirds of my Latin School days.

I remember my first headmaster at the Latin School, Mr. Gardner by name: a tall gaunt figure in some sort of flowing long coat, — of course not a gown, — with a diminutive head like the knob of a mannikin. The insignificant occiput was enlarged, however, as if by a halo, by a great crop of dusty brown hair.

One day on his rounds of inspection the headmaster found us having our French lesson. A headmaster has to pretend to know everything, and the pretense soon becomes a conviction. Mr. Gardner at once took over the duty of teaching us his super-French. "The French word *bonne*," he said, "is pronounced in Paris — I have been in Paris myself — exactly as the English word *bun*." Now, I had heard a good deal of French out of school. There had been the French *bonne* Justine, the Alsatian tutor who loved *avec rage*, and the Catholic families in Boston who chatted in French together. And hadn't I inherited from my sisters *La Jeune Abeille du Parnasse Français* and couldn't I say by heart: —

*Et ma plus belle couronne
De lilas
Sera à toi, ma bonne,
Si tu me dis où Dieu n'est pas.*

If *bonne* sounds exactly like *bun*, would Mr. Gardner maintain that *couronne*, save for that first letter, sounds exactly like *you run*? I was as sure that it was as ridiculous to call a *bonne* a bun as to call a bun a *bonne*. But apparently headmasters were like that; and I kept my phonetic science to myself with the immense satisfaction of feeling that I knew better than my teacher.

I may add that at that time our French master was not a Frenchman, but a Yankee farmer named Mr. Capen, whom we called Old Cudjo, and who had a physiological method of imparting a Parisian accent — there was no need to accompany the headmaster to Paris. He would open his mouth wide, like the hippopotamus at the zoo, and would insert a pencil, to point out exactly what parts of the tongue, lips, palate, or larynx we should contract or relax in order to emit the pure French sounds of *u*, *an*, *en*, *in*, *un*, and *on*. Nobody laughed. I think the boys were rather impressed for the moment by the depth of Mr. Capen's science, and the hopelessness of profiting by it. He was not a man to be trifled with. He had a most thunderous way of playing what he called voluntaries on the piano; and rumor had it that he

had stolen a march, under a heavy handicap of years, on his own son, by marrying the girl his son was engaged to.

Scraps of rude, quaint, grotesque humanity: bits of that Dickensian bohemia still surviving in my day in certain old-fashioned places. But the image that for me sets the key to them all appeared when we moved to the Bedford Street schoolhouse. It seemed a vast, rattling old shell of a building, bare, shabby, and forlorn to the point of squalor; not exactly dirty, but worn, shaky, and stained deeply in every part by time, weather, and merciless usage.

It had been built in a hurry, and not to last long. No blackboard was black; all were indelibly clouded with ingrained layers of old chalk; the more you rubbed it out, the more you rubbed it in. Every desk was stained with generations of ink spots, cut deeply with initials and scratched drawings. What idle thoughts had been wandering for years through all those empty heads in all those tedious school hours! Even in the best schools, almost all schooltime is wasted. Now and then something is learned that sticks fast; for the rest the boys are merely given time to grow and are kept from too much mischief.

And the teachers, though it is not possible for me now to distinguish them all in memory, were surely not out of keeping with their surroundings: disappointed, shabby-genteel, picturesque old Yankees, with a little bitter humor breaking through their constitutional fatigue. I dare say that for them as for me the school was a familiar symbol of fatality. They hadn't chosen it, they hadn't wanted it, they didn't particularly like it; they knew no reason why it should be the sort of school it was; but there it stood, there they somehow found themselves entangled; and there was nothing else practicable but to go on there, doing what was expected and imposed upon them.

Those teachers were stray individuals; they had not yet been standardized by educational departments and pedagogy. Some were like village schoolmasters or drudges — elderly men, like Mr. Capen, with crotchets, but good teachers, knowing their particular book and knowing how to keep order, and neither lax nor cruel. Others, especially Mr. Fiske, afterwards headmaster, and Mr. Groce were younger, with a more modern education.

I was an unprofitable though not unappreciative pupil to Mr. Fiske, because I didn't

learn my Greek properly. That was not his fault. If I could have had him for a private tutor I should have become a good Grecian: it would have added immensely to my life and to my philosophy. But I was only one of forty; I was expected to study dryly, mechanically, without the side-lights and the stimulus of non-verbal interest attached to the words. In Latin, I could supply these side-lights and non-verbal interests out of my own store. Latin was the language of the Church, it was old Spanish. The roots were all my roots. But Greek roots were more often foreign and at first unmeaning. I learned and remembered well what I could learn from Mr. Fiske without studying.

Very different was dapper Mr. Groce, our teacher of English composition and literature, a little plump man, with a keen, dry, cheerful, yet irritable disposition, a sparkling birdlike eye, and a little black mustache and diminutive chin-beard. I suspect that he was too intelligent to put up patiently with all the conventions. Had he not been a public-school teacher, dependent on the democratic hypocrisies of a government committee, he might have said unconventional things. This inner rebellion kept him from being sentimental, moralistic, or religious in respect to poetry; yet he *understood* perfectly the penumbra of emotion that good and bad poetry alike may drag after them in an untrained mind. He knew how to rescue the structural and rational beauties of a poem from that bog of private feeling. To me this was a timely lesson, for it was precisely sadness and religiosity and grandiloquence that first attracted me in poetry; and perhaps I owe to Mr. Groce the beginnings of a capacity to distinguish the musical and expressive charm of poetry from its moral appeal. At any rate, at sixteen, I composed my first longish poem, in Spenser's measure, after *Childe Harold* and *Adonais*, full of pessimistic, languid, Byronic sentiments, describing the various kinds of superiority that Night has over Day. It got the prize.

My lachrymose prize poem about the beauties of darkness was not my only effusion. The habit of scribbling mocking epigrams has accompanied me through life and invaded the margins of my most serious authors. Mockery is the first puerile form of wit, playing with surfaces without sympathy: I abounded in it.

During the winter of 1880-1881 our class, then the second class, formed a society to meet once a week in the evening and have a debate. We hired a bare room in Tremont Street, opposite the Common, with a few benches or chairs in it; someone would propose a resolution or advance an opinion, and the discussion would follow.

When my turn came, I read a little satire on all our teachers, in verse, saying very much what I have said about them here; only that my account was more complete, included them all, and treated them less kindly. It had a great success, and the boys wanted to have it printed. Printed it was, but not as it originally stood. "Holy Moses," for instance, which was the nickname current for our headmaster, Moses Merrill, was changed to the less irreverent and more exact phrase, "lordly Moses," and many other things were modified. Then the whole was enveloped in a tirade, of a sentimental sort, about the Bedford Street school-house, which was about to be abandoned for a new building in the South End.

A lot of copies were printed, perhaps two or three hundred; and on the day of our public Farewell Declamation in the Hall, the headmaster somehow got wind of its existence, and said, "We hear that one of the boys has written a poem about leaving this old schoolhouse: will he get up and read it." I had a copy in my pocket: I got up, and read the longish sentimental part and then sat down again, leaving out the personalities. For the moment all was well; but other boys and some outsiders got copies; and the disrespectful gibes at the teachers became public under their noses.

When school met again, Mr. Merrill made us a long speech; but nothing more happened, and official sentiment towards me was not unfavorably affected. My class had to elect the lieutenant colonel of the Boston School Regiment, the colonel that year coming from the English High School; and by a majority of one vote they elected Dick Smith, and then me unanimously for major of our battalion. But the headmaster reversed the order, and appointed me lieutenant colonel and Dick Smith major, without giving reasons; at which legal but arbitrary exhibition of favoritism on the headmaster's part, Dick Smith's father took him out of the school and I became both lieutenant colonel and major, both offices being almost sinecures.

GENERAL FREYBERG, V.C.

by GEOFFREY COX

1

IN THIS war generals have once again become figures of adventure. In pictures of the First World War, the general and his staff usually appeared photographed in the garden of some chateau headquarters, with only a staff car and a telephone to give any hint of action. These have been replaced by scenes of Montgomery in a black beret standing in the turret of a tank controlling the battle against Rommel; of Vandegrift in stained uniform working from a foxhole at Guadalcanal; of Stilwell directing on foot the rear-guard fight in Burma.

Perhaps this change has been caused by the return of open warfare. Whatever the cause, present-day photographs have brought back some of the atmosphere of the days when generals were shown on horseback on a knoll, directing the battle amid the smoke of cannon, or, sword in hand, standing beside regimental standards in the center of a square. Indeed, generalship has become not only adventurous again, but highly dangerous.

In the Middle East in the first three years of fighting, the proportion of casualties in the ranks of brigadier generals and above was higher than in any other rank. General O'Connor, one of the brains of the British in the first Libyan campaign, captured in the desert; General "Straffer" Gott shot down in a plane; General Sir Colin Campbell, killed in one of the many desert accidents; General Carton de Wiart, captured while flying to North Africa; and more than a dozen brigadiers, who have been killed, wounded, or captured — these are some of the names on this list.

Former Rhodes Scholar, war correspondent in Spain, Finland, and Flanders, soldier in Greece, Crete, and Libya, GEOFFREY COX here writes of General Freyberg, a fellow New Zealander. At present Mr. Cox is on the staff of the New Zealand Legation in Washington. He is the author of two books, *Defence of Madrid* and *The Red Army Moves*.

Particularly the African desert, with its open spaces and its swift warfare, provided a field once again for the general with a sense of adventure, with courage, and with vigor.

Of the desert generals who have emerged, certainly one has been at home in that environment and has those qualities to an outstanding degree. He is Lieutenant General Sir Bernard Cyril Freyberg, V.C., Commander of the Second New Zealand Expeditionary Force (the First Force being the New Zealand Anzacs of the last war). The New Zealand Division, which forms the main part of the present force, is now in Tunisia with the Eighth Army, after fighting its way through practically every desert campaign of importance.

Freyberg, now a man of fifty-three, has not only had a life of adventure but — what is rarer — has had a life which combined both great adventure and great responsibility. A general in the Mexican Civil War under Pancho Villa at the age of twenty-three, he has fought in three different armies — in Villa's, in the British Army in the last war, and in the New Zealand Army in this war.

He is one of the few commanders who have had a senior front-line command both in the last war and in this. He has been wounded ten times. His troops in 1941 captured the first German general to be captured by British forces since the early days of the eighteenth century. That was General von Ravenstein, captured at Sidi Rezegh in November, 1941, when he was in command of the Twenty-first German Armored Division — the same division which made the recent thrust against the Americans in Southern Tunisia. Freyberg has fought with a small New Zealand infantry force two separate desert battles against German armored columns directed by Rommel himself. Add to these events his two attempts

to swim the English Channel (both near misses) and his expert knowledge of cooking, and one has some signs that Freyberg has had a pretty full life.

General Freyberg stands well over six feet in height and has a big but athletic figure and the heavy shoulders of a swimmer. His face, under its lines of responsibility, retains something that is almost boyish in expression when he relaxes or laughs. He has a clipped mustache above a mouth that has been firmed by the strain of continual decision. Only a long scar on the back of his neck from wounds received both in this war and in the last gives any outward sign of the battles through which he has passed. His movements are quick and unhesitating, with all the decision of a man who possesses in abundance both vigor and courage.

Vigor and immense strength lie at the base of Freyberg's career and at the base of his achievements. He certainly corresponded in this respect to what Field Marshal Wavell laid down as an essential characteristic of the good general — robustness. Wavell pointed out that just as weapons are to be selected for their toughness as well as their accuracy, so generals too had to be able to stand up to the rigors of continual decision in areas of danger. Just as mountain guns were tested in the old days by being dropped from 100-foot towers, so generals in the British Army — not necessarily required to pass that test — must still have something extra in the way of vigor. It is an interesting fact that both men who have emerged as predominant leaders in the desert on the British side, Montgomery and Freyberg, are men who believe tremendously in physical fitness.

Freyberg's vigor is drawn, of course, from his New Zealand background. He is not a New Zealander by birth, but he is in every way a New Zealander by upbringing. He was born in England, in Richmond, Surrey, in 1890 and was brought to New Zealand by his parents at the age of two. Thereafter he grew up in Wellington, the New Zealand capital. In that windy and then very Philistine spot — his contemporary, Katherine Mansfield, fled overseas from the physical and cultural climate of the place — a boy with athletic qualities had every chance to flourish.

In Wellington Harbor, Freyberg learned to swim and became the New Zealand junior

swimming champion in 1905 and senior swimming champion in 1910. In Wellington College, a normal New Zealand high school, very like any American high school, he boxed, rowed, and above all played the New Zealand national game of Rugby football. Rugby is every bit as strenuous as American football because the players wear no padding or protectors. It has had a tremendous influence on the life of New Zealand. Practically every boy and young man, at least up to the age of twenty-five, plays it week-end after week-end in the winter. The continual physical contest involved has contributed largely to the hardiness and resourcefulness of the New Zealand troops whom in this war Freyberg was to find men after his own heart.

2

From school Freyberg became, of all things, a dentist. Seeing him now, his great figure standing in an armored scout car racing across the desert, with all the paraphernalia of tanks and guns that a division carries into action spread out behind him, it is impossible to envisage him in a white coat bending over a patient in a dentist's chair. It seemed, too, that the young Freyberg soon enough thought that this dentistry spectacle was unreal. For at the age of twenty-two he suddenly left New Zealand and his dentistry and turned up as a volunteer in Mexico in Pancho Villa's army.

He was still there, and had reached the rank of general, when he heard of the outbreak of the Great War. He at once tramped for three weeks to the coast, boarded a ship, and got to England. There is a story that he stopped Winston Churchill in Downing Street and asked an immediate chance of action, so that he should not have to go through the training schools, where the Kitchener army was drilling with broomsticks. I do not think this is true. What I do think is true is that Freyberg met Churchill — at that time First Lord of the Admiralty — and through him enlisted in the Royal Naval Division. This was the first British Commando unit. It was formed hastily in 1914 by Churchill to carry out a policy he urged — but for which the War Office and Kitchener would not give him any forces: the policy of holding Antwerp as a thorn in the side of the German armies then sweeping down into France. Churchill wanted to make Antwerp into a Tobruk or an Odessa. Freyberg

went out with this expedition, but it was ill-equipped and arrived too late and failed.

Undaunted by failure, Freyberg then found himself embarked on a second and larger scheme, the landing on Gallipoli. He was in the Hood Battalion and sailed out on the same convoy as Rupert Brooke. At Lemnos, the Mediterranean base harbor where the landing forces assembled, Freyberg found himself side by side with his own countrymen. For gathered there was another convoy which had brought over the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, a force which only later became known by the initials on its equipment: A.N.Z.A.C.

Freyberg did not take part in the main landing. He had already volunteered for an action which demonstrated his most outstanding characteristic, his apparently effortless courage. Sir James Barrie, who was a great friend and admirer of Freyberg's, later took him as part of his text for an address on Courage to the students at St. Andrews University in 1922.

Barrie's words described Freyberg's action at Gallipoli in these terms:—

He was dropped overboard to light decoys on the shore to deceive the Turks as to where the landing was to be. He pushed a raft containing these in front of him. It was a frosty night and he was naked and painted black. Firing from the ships was going on all around. It was a two-hour swim in pitch darkness. He did it, crawled through the scrub to listen to the talk of the enemy, was so close that he could have shaken hands with them, lit his decoys and swam back.

For this feat Freyberg received the first of his many decorations, the Distinguished Service Order—the highest award that can be given to a junior officer with the exception of the Victoria Cross.

When the Gallipoli campaign failed, Freyberg's unit was transferred to France. For the rest of the war he served in the hideous battle of the trenches. His hardiness, his aggressiveness, and his courage again found a true field for their expression. His record for the three remaining years of the war reads:—

Wounded twice and mentioned in despatches 1916; captain Royal West Surrey Regiment, seconded to the Royal Naval Division as lieutenant colonel; twice wounded; promoted brigadier general at the age of twenty-seven; two bars to his D.S.O.; wounded, in all, nine times and mentioned in despatches six times; at the conclusion of war posted as lieutenant colonel to the Grenadier Guards.

Freyberg's Victoria Cross was awarded to him for gallantry in action at Beaufort, November, 1916. Although wounded four times, he pressed on with his troops until the village was captured and over five hundred Germans were taken prisoner. He refused to go back to the dressing station until the position was secured.

In these years Freyberg had found his proper profession. He remained a soldier after the war. His only attempt to depart from that line of activity came when he stood for Parliament as a Conservative candidate in England and was defeated. He once commented wryly, "Soldiers should keep out of politics. A soldier turned politician is usually a bad politician and a bad soldier." That and some excursions into business marked the limits of his departure from army life. He remained lieutenant colonel of the Grenadier Guards for some time in the 1920's. He was one of the chief staff officers of the Eastern Command, the main training region in peacetime Britain. But his natural vigor was chafing continually at this restricted semi-civilian existence. The vitality that had been stored up by the years of athletic effort in New Zealand and hardened by the trench fighting was not an easy thing to curb behind a desk or within the four walls of an office, either then or now.

It was not surprising, therefore, that in 1925 (though it shocked the British Army's susceptibilities somewhat) he made an attempt to swim the English Channel. He got within a few hundred yards of his goal but was swept out to sea by the current and had to give up. He made a second try in 1926, but that too fell short by a slight margin.

In 1937, after a period of service in the War Office following a number of other commands, he retired. One story, which certainly fits in with his character, says that he was indignant at the grounds on which he was asked to retire. They were—that he was no longer fit enough for field command! Freyberg marched into the office of the medical officer who examined him and challenged him to a climbing contest up Mount Snowden in Wales. The challenge was not accepted, but Freyberg went out and climbed Mount Snowden in any case to prove his fitness.

3

Then, in 1939, came the Second World War. Freyberg was appointed to a base job as First Commander of Salisbury Plains Training Area.

He was there apparently on the shelf for the duration when suddenly circumstances opened up for him the career which in many ways has outshone his career in the previous war. The New Zealand government offered him command of the expeditionary force which it intended to send overseas. Not only did Freyberg find himself back in active field command, but he also found himself at the head of troops who had shared his own upbringing and his own characteristics to a great extent and who were to turn out among the best of the Allied side in the whole war. They showed that whatever he asked they would make a great attempt to do, and usually did it. And he was a leader of sufficient stature to ask a great deal of them.

Freyberg swept into his command exuding an offensive spirit which was completely at variance with the accepted military theory of those Maginot Line days. At the first parade he held of his troops in New Zealand he told them that there was no way to win the war except to go out and kill Germans. "The only way to beat the Hun is to go out and hit him," he said. But it was early 1941 before the New Zealand Division was in a position to do any such hitting. Throughout 1940, units of it were garrisoned in England and in the Egyptian desert. It was not until April of 1941 that Freyberg led the division into a battle — and that battle, the campaign in Greece, was lost before it began.

There and later on in Crete this new division and its commander shared together the experiences of some of the ugliest fighting of the war. They had no aircraft support and they had to fight rear-guard actions which appeared to be the rear-guard actions not only of the Mediterranean campaign but of the whole Allied war struggle. At that time Britain was the only country actually fighting against the Axis. The Russians appeared to be the friends of the Germans; the United States appeared largely isolationist.

Many of the British troops had lost confidence in their leaders' methods of warfare, even though they had not lost confidence in ultimate victory. They were ill-armed, they were alone. At that stage the experience and the courage of men like Freyberg was of the greatest value. Just as in England the doggedness of Churchill was invaluable, so in the field the doggedness of men like Freyberg, who

seemed almost physically unable to envisage defeat or to think of the "Hun" as anything but a man whom you always beat in the end, was also invaluable.

On Crete one night shortly after the main parachute landing, the New Zealand forces appeared to be surrounded by Germans. German Very lights were going up on all sides out of the olive groves. Their yellowish light set an eerie tone over an already eerie atmosphere. One officer who stood with Freyberg watching them said, almost nervously, "There seem to be plenty of them, sir, and they seem to be surrounding us." Almost scornfully Freyberg replied, "Plenty of them and every damn one of them scared to death. Why do you think they are wasting all those lights? If they are not scared, why are they trying to tell each other where they are to keep their courage up?" This may not have been true, but his courage spread almost infectiously to the men around him.

His staff in Crete was once bombed and machine-gunned for nearly two hours in an unprotected gully. When the planes finally left, exhausted and strained men got up from their places of shelter and looked for the general. He stood up suddenly from the middle of a vineyard where, with practically no protection, he had been lying drafting messages. Here, as always, his courage appeared almost effortless.

4

To most of the troops Freyberg commanded he was almost a legendary figure. In their schoolbooks they had read of his famous swim at Gallipoli. Tall and impressive, he looked the general, striding to his car or standing with one foot on the edge of his foxhole with shells bursting around him. He provided as a commander that symbol of leadership which is so valuable, and his men felt that he had, to use their own word, the prime New Zealand virtue — "guts."

Leadership sat on his shoulders easily. During the battle of Sidi Rezegh in 1941 the New Zealand force was finally surrounded by two German armored divisions. When the news came through that this had taken place, an officer walked over to Freyberg and told him, "The Germans have signaled that they will join up in the middle of the New Zealand position by midday after an attack from two sides."

Freyberg looked for a minute at the concerned face of the staff officer and then said quietly, with a smile, "They say they will join up, do they? Well, we won't let them — we won't let them." Once again his confidence and his courage spread itself to everyone around him. Even though the armored divisions did ultimately join up, it was not until they had been fought so hard that the resulting German victory was in the end the equivalent of a defeat.

In November, 1941, his position as leader of the New Zealand Division was expressed in one of the most extraordinary reviews that can ever have taken place. The New Zealanders were moving up through the desert in a great column of trucks, seven abreast, that stretched for nearly twenty miles. There were guns, Bren carriers, tanks, and all the other equipment, bumping along in the dust. The troops who packed the trucks were moving forward with their morale at its peak. This was the first British offensive of the war which had been undertaken in anything but a spirit of desperation. Moscow was holding, the tide seemed to be turning, the troops were fighting fit.

General Freyberg, in order to test out the desert formations and make sure the trucks were keeping apart, drove right through the column from the rear to the front, his faster staff car overtaking the trucks easily. After he had gone some distance the men recognized the car and stood up and started to cheer. Suddenly the whole column was cheering. As the General's car sped forward the cheering sped with it. It was an astonishing sight, deep in the desert, with no one else to watch it, this division moving forward into battle, cheering as if at a football match.

Freyberg and the New Zealand Division have fought no easy war. Again and again they have felt the brunt of battle. In 1942 they were thrust suddenly into action to save Egypt.

When Rommel took Tobruk, two brigades of the New Zealand Division were put out in the desert south of Matruh to act as a rear guard until the main defensive positions at El Alamein could be established. They were attacked five times during the day of June 28 by the German Twenty-first Armored Division under Rommel's own direction. At night again they were surrounded. Two journalists, Matt Halton of the *Toronto Star* and Robert Mac-

millan of the United Press, escaped just before the encirclement, after a talk with Freyberg.

They asked him: "We understand you have no ammunition left. What will you do?"

Freyberg replied, "We will break out."

The journalists asked, "But how can you if you have nothing left to shoot with?"

Freyberg said grimly, "I have 10,000 perfectly good bayonets!"

Using these bayonets, the New Zealand Division broke out and got back with a minimum of loss. Freyberg himself had been wounded just before the break-through and was out of action for nearly a month. He then returned and took part in the later battles at El Alamein and in the great offensive of last October-November when the New Zealand Division, grouped with two British armored divisions, formed what Winston Churchill described as "this thunderbolt" which smashed Rommel.

Strange thoughts and feelings must have passed through the minds of these two men, Prime Minister Winston Churchill and Lieutenant General Sir Bernard Freyberg (Freyberg was knighted in 1941) when they stood side by side reviewing the New Zealand Division on the outskirts of Tripoli a few days after the Casablanca conference. They are both men of the same type. Churchill, the half-American, a good soldier, but a man whose fighting has primarily had to be in the conference room and in the House of Commons — and Freyberg, the semi-New Zealander, semi-Englishman, who has carried out in the field so many of the adventures that Churchill's daring mind has conceived.

Freyberg had been the boy who fought in the Antwerp campaign and in the Gallipoli campaign devised by Churchill. He was the man who had tried to implement Churchill's command, "Crete must be held." In November, 1941, largely by his doggedness in pushing on to Sidi Rezegh, he had prevented a general collapse of the British offensive. His troops had secured south of Matruh the essential forty-eight hours' delay necessary to break the impetus of Rommel's push in 1942. And now, at long last, he stood with Churchill in conquered Tripoli. But had any man asked his thoughts at that time as his troops passed, he would almost certainly have turned towards his men and said, "The victories were theirs." For he knew that the troops under his command were of a caliber rare indeed.

THE INSCRUTABILITY OF THE YANKEE

by GERALD W. JOHNSON

1

A DESCRIPTION of Americans as a subtle, devious, Machiavellian race would move the average American to derision, but hardly to wrath. The idea would seem to him too fantastic to merit the serious consideration that anger implies; nor is he likely to believe that anyone entertains it.

Yet it may be argued plausibly that the intricacy and deceptive appearance of American character have played a large part in trapping two powerful nations and plunging them into ruin. Why are we at war? Obviously, because the Axis powers thought they could defeat us. But why did they think so? The Germans and the Japanese are intelligent people. It is unimaginable that the calculations of intelligent people could be altogether wrong. Then at what point did the error in their judgments creep in?

It was not in their estimate of our material resources, for the facts were known to all the world. We had never concealed our industrial and economic strength, after the Russian fashion. It was not on the point of our military and naval strength, for that, too, we had published in detail and accurately. It was not on the point of our manpower, for the census of the United States is open to everyone. Then if they knew all about our steel production, our food production, our chemical industry, our aviation and motor vehicle plant capacity, and our manpower, where did they slip? Slip they did, and disastrously. The High Command in each country knows it now, the German population suspects it, and the Japanese

population will know it all too well by the end of next summer.

If the miscalculation did not occur in the enemy estimates of our physical strength, then there is only one other place where it could have occurred — in the realm of the intangible, in the estimates of American national character.

It is fairly clear now that the Japanese accomplished more, rather than less, than they hoped to achieve at Pearl Harbor. It is probable that they have accomplished as much as they hoped to accomplish in the South Pacific. There is reason to believe that they thought lighter blows than they actually delivered would be enough to dispose of us. Why did they think so? Obviously, because they believed that two swift kicks would be enough to send us howling and running for cover. They counted upon a psychological collapse that would throw our councils into confusion and paralyze our effort. There is no other explanation of their assumption that a blow struck 2400 miles from our shores would bring us to our knees.

But what made them look for any such contemptible surrender? To echo Mr. Churchill, what kind of people do they think we are?

Without a doubt, they think we are the kind of people that the Germans think we are. Ribbentrop betrayed the real sentiments of the Germans when he heard of the passage of the Lend-Lease bill. "I knew they would sell munitions to the British," he confessed, "but I never imagined they would *give* them away!"

That explains it. He assumed that we are the sort of people who will grab a dollar no matter what its source, and who will never release our clutch on one, no matter what happens. He assumed that we were so blinded by greed as not to be able to see that when liberty is in danger, money doesn't count.

By taking at face value our pacifism in time of peace, the Nazis and the Japanese misjudged our national will, our strength in time of war. Long distinguished for his editorials in the *Baltimore Sun*, GERALD W. JOHNSON gives us here a characteristically brilliant explanation of what has puzzled all of us: why the Axis, already bogged in war, so rashly added the United States to its belligerent enemies.

He was wrong; and that very error is destined to be the ruin of Nazi Germany. But why was he wrong? How did we contrive to deceive both the Germans and the Japanese so completely?

Hitler at his most bombastic never claimed to be prepared for a long war of attrition. It was to be a lightning war. Yet he must have known that if Britain was to be supplied from this country regardless of money, it must be a long, hard war. He thought she would be supplied only as long as her money lasted; and he was able to figure almost to the day how long that would be. What upset his calculations was the Lend-Lease bill, and he hadn't figured on that because he regarded it as something completely out of character for the Americans. He never expected the Americans to exhibit disregard for money.

2

In large measure, or perhaps primarily, because of these misconceptions, we are now attacked on two sides and engaged in a desperate war. Therefore the way in which these misconceptions arose is certainly of importance to us.

An examination of the origin of their errors has no bearing on the moral quality of either Hitler or Hirohito. The fact that a man is bad is no guarantee that he is stupid. On the contrary, the wicked have a disconcerting habit of being particularly shrewd. The question is not what made Hitler and Hirohito act like Satan, but what made them act like Simple Simon?

Any unbiased inquiry into this matter will show that it was in part their fault; but it will also show that it was in part our fault. In the beginning of the First World War, George Bernard Shaw irritated the British by reminding them that they could not pose for generations as boys of the bulldog breed and then expect to be accepted as gazelles. Perhaps it may be equally irritating to Americans, but it is equally apposite, to suggest to them that they cannot pose for twenty years as yellow curs and then expect to be accepted as boys of the bulldog breed, even if that is, in fact, what they are.

Do you ask when we ever gave the Japanese cause to believe that we are yellow, or the Germans cause to believe that we are blinded with greed?

Well, now, think that question over, calmly and fairly, remembering that you are examining it from the standpoint of a German or a Japanese — which is to say, from the standpoint of

a man prejudiced against, or certainly not in favor of, the United States and the democratic theory.

Suppose we approach the question indirectly by first considering the British, who are in the same boat with us. We can always perceive the faults of the British with the utmost clarity. Perhaps by studying their attitude we may find it easier to see what is wrong with our own.

What made Mr. Churchill ask plaintively, "What kind of people do they think we are?" He had discovered, to his amazement, that the Germans had discovered, to their amazement, that there are some things the British will not sell, no, not even for thirty pieces of silver.

There is no real reason to doubt that Rudolph Hess believed absolutely that the British government consisted of a set of purchasable scoundrels who would certainly be amenable to a skillful combination of bribery and blackmail. Possibly he excepted the Prime Minister himself, for they have a towering respect for Churchill even in Germany; but Hess was sure that he could collect enough villains in British public life to gang up on Churchill and throw him out the window.

The evidence that Hess really believed this is the simple fact that he risked his life, his job, his reputation, and everything he had on the theory. When he found that it wasn't so, but that, on the contrary, the whole British government is composed of men who are at least reasonably honest, Hess was the most astonished man in Europe.

When Churchill, in turn, discovered that Hess was astonished, *he* was equally astonished. "What kind of people do they think we are?" he asked of the world at large, expecting no answer.

But there is an answer. Hitler might have replied, "I thought you were the kind of people who came to Munich once and did a good stroke of business there."

3

All this is plain as a pikestaff to Americans. But it is by no means as easy for us to understand why Ribbentrop assumed as a matter of course that he could mesmerize us with a nickel as easily as one mesmerizes a rooster with a chalk line drawn from his beak, or why the Japanese assumed that a couple of kicks would drive us out of the war. What is there in our

record on which any rational foreign statesman might base such inferences?

Well, did you ever hear of the Neutrality Resolution? Did you ever hear of the Non-Intervention Committee? Did you ever hear of sanctions against Italian aggression in Ethiopia? Long before that, did you ever hear of the Johnson Act? And have you heard yet that any one of these has ever been repudiated and repealed?

As Americans acquainted with the American political game, we know that all these measures had their origin in the exigencies of domestic politics. Like the representative who gained immortality by informing his colleagues that they might as well leave the chamber during his address because he was only "speaking for Buncombe," his home county in North Carolina, the advocates of these measures intended them strictly for home consumption. Unfortunately, though, they didn't all go back to Buncombe. They were exported and it is largely in exchange for them that we have imported war.

Think it over, not as an American but, if you can, as a foreigner not too friendly toward America. Go all the way back to April 13, 1934, remembering that at that time Hitler had already published *Mein Kampf*, announcing in gruesome detail his aims and purposes regarding the democracies and had been for more than a year Chancellor of the German Reich — which is to say, in command of a considerable army and of a tremendously powerful industrial machine. This being the situation in Europe, on that day the United States put into force the Johnson Act, making it unlawful for any American citizen to lend money to or sell the bonds of any country then in default on its debts to the United States.

Everyone, in Germany as in this country, knew that this act was aimed principally at England. Everyone, including the Germans, also knew that it would be of no practical effect until the next war, for Great Britain was unlikely to wish to borrow in the United States except in the event of war. How, then, could a rational German see it as anything except a formal notice to all the world that in the event of war we would not support Great Britain with so much as a loan, not to mention troops?

The event proved that we didn't mean it for a moment, but how was the German to guess that? The Johnson Act was tantamount to an

invitation to Hitler to make war on the British, by giving him what seemed to be an assurance that they would get no help from us.

In 1937 came the Neutrality Resolution, which repeated and extended the invitation. Having promised in 1934 that we would give Britain no help in the event of war, in 1937 we assured Hitler that we would get out of his way so that he would not risk the embarrassment of hitting us even by accident. We made it unlawful, in case the Führer went to war, for any American ship to approach England, for any American citizen to travel on an English ship, for any American to sell arms or munitions to England, and for any American merchant ship to be armed. If the Johnson Act was an invitation to make war, from the standpoint of a German, the Neutrality Resolution must have seemed to him an urgent plea to do so.

In this country we knew that this resolution was passed mainly in the hope of hushing the squalls of a lot of hysterical old women, male and female, who were stuffed with the romantic delusion that *Me und Gott* had been merely instruments in the hands of Basil Zaharoff back in 1914. But how could the German observer know it? He didn't — not until the arrival of a real crisis proved that the Neutrality Resolution was a slice of the same green cheese as the Johnson Act.

As for the Non-Intervention agreement regarding Spain, the blame for that lies squarely upon the shoulders of the President of the United States and his Secretary of State. It was not a policy of non-intervention, but exactly the reverse — it was intervention in behalf of Franco by cutting off all supplies from the Spanish republican government, which was the only Spanish government that we recognized. True, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull did not originate the policy, but they allowed themselves to be inveigled into supporting it by the same set of men that made the later bargain at Munich.

With Congress, the President, and the Secretary of State all apparently assuring Hitler that they would not think of interfering with his little scheme to murder liberty, why should it occur to the German that the American people, nevertheless, are decent? The people? Who were the people? Why, Big Bill Thompson, Father Coughlin, Huey Long, Charles A. Lindbergh, each the leader of an idolatrous following. If there were some other people in

the country, who cared? Nobody heard from them.

Indeed, the basis of German contempt for American moral and intellectual integrity was laid long before the Johnson Act. For twenty years we have postured before the world as the humane and liberal people who were so shocked by the villainy of the Treaty of Versailles that we would have nothing to do with it. The Treaty of Versailles did have certain palliatives, certain clauses providing means of modifying the worst features if they proved too onerous; but that did not satisfy us. We wanted no part of it.

Well, now, how many Americans know what is actually in the Treaty of Berlin of August 25, 1921 — the treaty whereby we made a separate peace with Germany? It contains only three articles, and as one of them merely prescribes the means of ratification and so on, there are really only two. Do you know what they are? Probably not, but you may rest assured that the Germans know.

The first of these articles repudiates, on our part, every single palliative clause in the Treaty of Versailles. The second article ratifies, on our part, every rascally clause. The United States to this day is formally pledged to support the war-guilt clause, the reparations clauses, the occupation clauses, the partitions of territory — in short, every clause for which liberals have since denounced the Treaty of Versailles. The United States has formally repudiated every clause which liberals are compelled to admit was, or might have been made, wise and just.

In short, by word and act for twenty years we have been assuring the Germans and the Japanese that our national character is a merger of Shylock, Iscariot, Tartuffe, and Uriah Heep, retaining the worst features of each. And now we are astonished to find that they regard us with contempt!

4

Yet when all due acknowledgment has been made of our folly in permitting every sort of political horse-doctor, circus clown, and hell-roaring evangelist to speak in the name of the American people, not all the blame for German and Japanese misconceptions rests upon us. Early in October the President of the University of Tokyo in a broadcast to the Japanese people admitted that it was a great surprise to

the Japanese to learn that Americans will fight. True, for twenty years we have been assuring the Japanese over and over that we will not fight; but military men ought not to rest their judgments on verbal assurances only. For twenty years we have been assuring Hitler that we will cheerfully sell out our friends, our liberty, our honor, and our God; but realistic statesmen ought not to rest their judgments on verbal assurances only.

At least since the days of Plato, Europeans have been specializing in political science and they usually regard themselves as having carried it further than it has been carried anywhere else in the world. Yet there is a good deal of evidence to support the belief that they have never given really serious attention to the political experiment represented by the United States and, to a lesser extent, by Great Britain.

Perhaps the most striking bit of evidence of this sort that has been presented recently is afforded by the two last books of Professor Guglielmo Ferrero, most famous of contemporary Italian historians. Those two books are devoted to exposition of what Ferrero — a sincere man, if ever there was one — regarded as a novel and highly significant discovery in the theory of government. He called it “the principle of legitimacy.” And what is it? When all the scientific verbiage is unwound, it comes down to the principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

Does that sound vaguely familiar to you? If you are an American, it probably does, since it happens to be a phrase from the American Declaration of Independence, which was promulgated a hundred and sixty-six years ago.

It is beyond belief that as learned a man as Professor Ferrero had never read the Declaration of Independence; but it is equally beyond belief that he admitted for one moment that the principles embodied in that document are embedded, not merely in the thinking, but in the emotions of a nation of 130,000,000 people, or he would have known that the “principle of legitimacy,” far from being a discovery, is a commonplace in the two most powerful nations on earth, the United States and the British Empire.

There are exceptions of course — de Tocqueville and Lord Bryce come to mind at once — but as a rule the study that European scholars, and especially European historians, jurists, and sociologists, have devoted to the

United States has been brief and superficial. Within the past twenty years we have been studied frequently, to be sure, but hardly seriously. Such a man as Siegfried, the Frenchman, occasionally comes over and writes a shrewd, exact, and brilliant portrayal of everything in America that is purely transitory and irrelevant; and in ten years his book is as archaic as the pharmacology of Galen. Such a man as Laski, the Englishman, examines one section of our governmental machinery, the Presidency, and does it carefully and with a high degree of competence; but a study of the machinery of government has no bearing on the quality of the people. Yet nearly all the European books on America that have any worth fall into one of these two classes — brilliantly superficial sketches of the inconsequential, or studies of our governmental, economic, and social machinery, competent enough, but limited to the machinery.

Neither does much to explain how a nation of pretty decent people has contrived to gather the aspect of a collection of such fantastic scoundrels as never really existed anywhere.

Yet our visitors from abroad have been, in many cases, men of great ability, trained observers, well acquainted with the danger of being misled by surface appearances. Why have their learning and skill apparently deserted them here? Why have they so consistently found the simple, open-faced, and usually open-mouthed American more difficult to read aright than the inscrutable Chinese?

5

Perhaps it is because they insist upon reading into us something that is not there. Some of them unquestionably insist upon regarding us as transplanted Europeans and assume, therefore, that our civilization is a transplanted European civilization.

So, indeed, it was in the beginning, but soil and climate have been working on it now for four hundred and fifty years, and have altered it in kind. The European observes, accurately enough, that American civilization does not produce certain values that are regarded as among the most desirable fruits of European civilization, from which he deduces that ours must be unsound. Rarely does he envisage the possibility that perhaps we do not seek those values with ardor enough to shape our civilization to produce them. Social stability, for ex-

ample, with its attendant continuity of the environment, is rather lightly regarded by Americans; and even the phrase "the dignity of the individual" we accept with a different construction from that put upon it by Europeans.

A German, and doubtless a Japanese, must find it hard to credit a nation's claim to respect for the dignity of the individual when he notes that this same nation has adopted the curious course of estopping the state, by a provision of the organic law, from rendering any formal, outward testimony of gratitude for services no matter how distinguished, exceptionally meritorious service by an armed man in time of war alone excepted. Not much respect for the dignity of the individual in that, says the European.

But from the American standpoint this is irrelevant. The denial of public honors for public service is a reflection of the prejudice of our forefathers. They were so disgusted by the way in which public honors under the monarchy went by favoritism and not by merit that they adopted the questionable policy of abolishing honors altogether, instead of trying to abolish favoritism in their distribution. But as the American sees it, the dignity of the individual is not at all involved in ruffles upon the drums and flourishes upon the trumpets, but hinges upon his right to determine for himself where honor is due. It is a question, not of receiving, but of rendering, salutes. A European's dignity is attested by the people who lift their hats to him; an American's dignity is attested by the people to whom he does not lift his hat.

Nevertheless — and this is an important point that escapes some Europeans — he does not object to lifting his hat. On the contrary, let someone come by whom he freely acknowledges as a Big Shot, the Real McCoy, the veritable Cat's Whiskers, and no Oriental slave can salaam more profoundly than the American. After sixteen years the world still remembers with a certain awe the delirium with which we received Lindbergh after his flight to Paris; and not long ago there was a moment when a million small boys in America had to be restrained *vi et armis* from saying their prayers to General MacArthur.

Stability of the social order is another value that does not mean to an American what it does to a European. Our incessant public clamors seem to most Europeans totally inconsistent with any real stability; but the proof

of the pudding is the eating thereof. This apparently unstable and incontestably uproarious country has nevertheless endured far longer than the government of any other great country on the globe. Democratic Britain dates from the Reform Bill of 1832; the Shogunate was overthrown in Japan in 1868; all other existing governments are much younger — Monaco, Nepal, and other pint-size states affording no real exception — except that of the United States, which has remained under the same form of government since 1787 and under the same type since 1776.

Government here, in Europe, and everywhere else has always consisted of a never ending battle to keep the swinish not, indeed, in order but within tolerable bounds. Thieves, as certainly as the poor, we have always with us; it is in our method of dealing with them that we differ from Europe. In Europe the method seems to be to have all things done decently and in order; even regrettable things, done in due form, give rise to no scandal and disorder. In America the method seems to be to permit the thieves to run hog-wild for about nineteen years and then in the twentieth to raid the joint. This gives rise to terrific scandal and disorder, but it cleanses the sty temporarily. There is something to be said for both methods since both work, up to a point. But there is nothing to be said for trying to assess the value of any governmental system without taking into account the method it employs in dealing with its rascals.

The American people actually rule this country when they choose to do so; but that is not often. In the intervals, they delegate authority to politicians, frequently of the shabbiest sort, and these are, in turn, the victims of blocs, pressure groups, and gangs. A European visiting the country during one of these intervals and observing the incredible cheapness, not of the men only but also of the ideas that agitate the country, has some ground for assuming that our civilization is in the throes of disintegration. But he does not understand the country until he begins to get an inkling of the fact that these puppets are indeed puppets and when they exceed the bounds of toleration — wide, but not infinite — the whole sorry show will be heaved out to the accompaniment of tremendous yelling, swearing, and thwacking.

Ordinarily, but not always, this is accomplished by due process of law at the ballot box.

But sometimes when the puppets forget the strings that are attached to them and begin to think that they possess real power, the people do not even take the trouble to observe the prescribed forms. The most conspicuous instance of that kind was afforded by prohibition, which actually was inserted in the organic law but which never was in force for a moment. It was a case of government without the consent of the governed and it simply remained null and void. The gang behind this act happened to be Puritans, rather than politicians, and Puritans are far more stubborn; for fourteen years they hung on grimly to the illusion that they had power over the people, but in the end even they had to surrender.

Yet it is these widely separated occasions when the people are in action that a foreign ruler contemplating war against the United States ought to study, for it is the people in action that he will have to deal with, not the gang of politicians infesting Washington when times are easy and all is serene. Once the artillery opens, it is not the quality of the President or of the Congress that counts, but the quality of the people — along the poorer streets of the cities, in a thousand towns and villages, on farms hundreds of miles from the seat of government. The quality of these people is no mystery, for it is recorded in the history of more than a century and a half that they are neither cheap nor weak. Simple they are, and the sophisticated laugh at them for it; yet a battle-axe is simple too, but it is no laughing matter when the axe is descending upon one's head.

The American people are strong of body, firm of purpose, and like the grasshoppers for number. These are the facts that should have engaged the attention of people contemplating incurring their active hostility. Instead those people seem to have contemplated exclusively the sinuosities and shoddiness of a political system that misrepresents the American people nineteen twentieths of the time, but which they nonchalantly toss aside whenever their interest is really aroused.

No people should act in any such fashion. It is possible that acting in this fashion has cost us the price of a terrific war, which is penalty enough, in all conscience. Nevertheless, it is the way we act, and their failure to understand our ways is going to cost our enemies even more than the price we are paying. In fact, it will cost them their existence as military powers.

LEND-LEASE SAVED THE BACON

by DAVID L. COHN

1

LEND-LEASE is a made-in-America device by which the United Nations aid one another with supplies and services. It is a two-way, world-wide trade *for war*, moving unhampered by tariffs, debts, equal pay for goods delivered, and other factors of peacetime commerce.

This instrument was born of hard necessity in a hard world. Let us consider what it is and how it operates.

In the period 1931-1938 (Manchuria to Munich), when the Second World War was germinating, our contributions to world peace were something less than distinguished. Out of our desire to remain aloof from the world struggle, we retreated behind the cheesecloth shelter of statutes and oratory; but out of our desire for security we enacted cash-and-carry to enable us to arm those who, in fighting for their own security, might also assure ours. We concluded that we might have 1914-1916 again, but we should never again experience 1917-1918.

War came. Britain and France poured their gold into our markets. But since our productive capacity for building tanks, planes, and other munitions was small, the Allies built the plants with their money and then paid through the nose for the things they produced. Here — at the other fellow's expense — we got those early lessons in the mass production of planes which were to be invaluable to us in the days to come.

By the spring of 1940, France was out of the war. Britain stood alone against a Germany and an Italy at the peak of their might, while Japan moved ominously in the East. By 1941, Britain had little money left to spend. With-

out help from us she could not continue the war. What should we do?

Our alternatives were: (a) To enter the war. This we would not do. (b) To lend Britain the money to keep her in the war. This we could not do because the Johnson Act forbade us to lend money to countries whose debts to us were in default. (c) To permit Britain, China, and others who were fighting the Axis, to perish. This we dared not do.

The solution of our dilemma was the Lend-Lease Act, passed by Congress in March, 1941, nine months before Pearl Harbor. Thirty-one Senators (nearly one third of the Senate) and seventy-one Representatives voted *against* it. Significantly, it is entitled "An Act to Promote the Defense of the United States." By statute we said to the world that the defeat of the Axis was essential to our security; we must, therefore, aid the nations fighting or threatened by the Axis; but since they could not pay for goods furnished them by the United States, dollar exchange would be ruled out and things needed would be leased or lent to them.

But the Lend-Lease agreements stipulate that the benefits to the United States in return for aid under the Act "shall not be such as to burden commerce between the two countries, but to promote mutually advantageous economic relations between them and the betterment of world-wide economic relations."

By this provision the United States declares its intention to avoid the disastrous political and economic mistakes of international debt experience during the twenties, and removes a great obstacle to the peace and economic well-being of the post-war world. The wisdom of Lend-Lease is so self-evident that by the Gallup Poll of January 27, 1943, some 82 per cent of the voters questioned were in favor of it. It is nonetheless significant that in this radio-obsessed, newspaper-intoxicated country

A Mississippian who graduated from Yale, a Southern Democrat who believes in a low tariff and reciprocity, DAVID L. COHN now gives a detailed accounting of what Lend-Lease has done for us as well as for the other United Nations. Here are facts to pound into the thinking of those who disparage our allies.

approximately one fourth of the voters questioned knew little about Lend-Lease.

Lend-Lease is rooted in stark necessity, washed clean of moralistic sentiments, and devoid of muddleheaded confusion. It saves us from wreaking upon the world (and ourselves) that peculiarly pervasive kind of harm which is frequently wrought by "good" men. Here there is no charity and no suggestion of charity. We pay for what we get, and others pay for what they get. In addition, the provision for reciprocal aid permits each of the United Nations to aid the others, closes the mouths of demagogues who might protest that we are acting as an international Santa Claus, and makes the anti-Axis group an effective, rounded coalition engaged in the task of destroying the common enemy. And no nation need hang its head in shame, or fear post-war retributions, because equality of sacrifice is assumed.

All this is to the good. But, for whatever it may be worth in the future, it is salutary to note that prior to Pearl Harbor the mighty United States officially recognized by statute that it was largely relying for its defense not upon its own high heart and strong arm but upon the high hearts and strong arms of Chinese, Poles, Greeks, Frenchmen, Serbs, Maltese, Indians, Dutchmen, Englishmen, New Zealanders, South Africans, Russians, Canadians, and Australians.

2

Lend-Lease is operative not only between the United States and other members of the United Nations but also between the other members. Until the spring of 1942, for example, Great Britain, with one third of our population and industrial capacity, was producing more armaments than we were, and up to the end of 1942 had sent more weapons overseas to fighting fronts than we had, besides supplying most of the arms required in the British Isles. She sent Russia more than 2600 tanks and more than 2000 planes. In the meantime Russian armies, engaging in the most titanic battles of the war and killing more Germans than all the rest of the United Nations combined, had been armed chiefly with Russian-made weapons.

Consequently, while American supplies are enormously important and in some cases decisive, our allies are not relying solely upon us, nor are our supplies the only stream that is

flowing into the great coalition pool. Canada, for instance, is furnishing the United Kingdom with over one billion dollars' worth of equipment without payment, which on the scale of our population is equivalent to twelve billion dollars' worth of American materials.

We are fairly familiar with the fact of huge supplies going from this country to the United Nations, but we are less familiar with the reciprocal aid being given us by others. Let us see what a small country — New Zealand — is doing for us.

All the meats, vegetables, eggs, fresh fruits, butter, and cheese eaten by our troops in New Zealand are furnished us without charge under Lend-Lease, while the government has just taken over 150,000 acres of land to be put into truck gardening. Last fall our soldiers got so many eggs that New Zealanders were reduced to eating three eggs per person per week for several months. Last August after a severe earthquake had hit Wellington (it was winter-time there) damage was left unrepaired and rubble remained in the streets for weeks because the New Zealand government refused to release workers employed on construction projects for our forces. Two large hospitals and many hotels have been requisitioned for American troops, and American servicemen are transported free of charge on New Zealand railroads. New Zealand, incidentally, is in the war up to the hilt; with a population of only 1,640,000 she has made a heavy contribution of manpower to the war. Half the men in the age bracket sixteen to sixty are under arms.

Australia began to aid us at Bataan when she sent shiploads of food to our beleaguered forces. Some of these shipments got through and helped to prolong resistance. Australians are the world's biggest meat eaters, but when our ships began to discharge thousands of American soldiers in Australia, the habits of the civilian population changed radically. They now eat beef when they can get it. Australia supplies the greater part of the food rations of our troops quartered there, and Australians are going short of many things in order to do it.

They have little wrapping paper and almost no canned goods; they get ten cigarettes a day when they are available; pleasure driving is not permitted; no civilian can travel on the railroads across state boundaries without a war necessity permit. Australians have stopped practically all new building construction in order to free materials for Americans; they

erect new hospitals for us or turn over old ones; they repair our mechanical equipment; they perform many of the innumerable services essential to our fighting machine in Australia. In this manner Australia not only returns what she receives from us under Lend-Lease but releases an enormous quantity of shipping that would otherwise be supplying our armed forces over a water route ten thousand miles long.

The American forces in New Caledonia are receiving reciprocal aid from the Fighting French; South Africa supplies naval aid; India manufactures uniforms for our troops; Belgium aids us in the Congo; China ships us raw materials. The largest amount of reciprocal aid that we have received, however, has come from Australia, New Zealand, and the United Kingdom.

3

Lend-Lease aid for our forces in the British Isles actually begins before the troops leave American ports; for thousands of our men, and mountains of supplies, bound for Britain are carried in British ships convoyed by the British Navy. In many parts of the world, United States warships and merchant ships in British ports are provided with repairs, fuel, services, and supplies without payment by us.

In Britain itself all accommodations and facilities for our troops are furnished without dollar payment on our part. So great is the task of housing our men that two thirds of all the British Army and civilian labor force available for military construction has been engaged in building barracks, airfields, hospitals, supply depots, roads, and other facilities for us. The cost to Britain is \$240,000 a week in wages for civilian workers in the direct employ of our forces. In addition, many existing facilities have been turned over to us, while the maintenance costs of our airfields alone run into tens of millions of dollars and these are paid by Britain. She estimates that the total cost to the British Treasury of new construction for United States forces in Britain is in excess of half a billion dollars. The British government also pays the transportation cost of moving American soldiers within the British Isles.

British-made arms requested by our forces are supplied without cost as mutual aid. In addition to several hundred Spitfire planes and many field guns and howitzers, Britain has provided us with 1,450,000 square yards of portable airfield runways and is furnish-

ing several million more. We have received such supplies as 15,000 bombs ranging from 250-pound incendiaries to 2000-pound blockbusters; 70,000 rounds of 6-inch shells; millions of rounds of small-arms ammunition; more than 250,000 anti-tank mines; electric batteries at the rate of 500,000 a month; 500,000 hand grenades; and more than 1000 parachutes. Several score new hospitals of semi-permanent construction with a bed capacity of 89,000 have been provided.

Supplies other than construction materials furnished to our forces from May to November, 1942, would have taken 1,200,000 ship-tons if transported from the United States. This is more than the tonnage of supplies we sent to our own forces from the United States during that period.

Most of our troops in the British Isles receive American Army food rations, but these are supplemented from the limited British food stocks by fresh vegetables, tea, chocolate, sugar, cereals, and other items. Almost all the bread for our soldiers is made from British flour under reciprocal Lend-Lease. Already providing us with large quantities of food, the British have agreed to supply us in 1943 with 290,000,000 pounds of edibles, including flour, potatoes, fruits, vegetables, mixed rations, syrup, jam, and salt. Canteen supplies are also lend-leased by the British — with the exception of cigarettes, because our men prefer the brands they smoked at home.

It is not yet possible to estimate how great such savings will be throughout the course of the war. We do know, however, that in the First World War the United States War Department alone spent more than two billion dollars in Great Britain and France for supplies and services for our troops that are now being provided as reciprocal aid.

Aid from Britain, moreover, has played a part even in our home defense. Soon after Pearl Harbor, she rushed barrage balloons to our West Coast for defense against possible Japanese attack. British anti-aircraft guns are ranged alongside our own in a number of our cities and at the Panama Canal. British-built corvettes and other small craft, manned by American crews, have assisted us in anti-submarine warfare off the Atlantic Coast.

Perhaps Britain's most precious possession, and one which she shares freely with us by way of reciprocal aid, is the knowledge that she bought with blood in battles all around the

earth; the lessons that she learned in combat on land, at sea, and in the air; the instruments she worked out when she faced Germany alone. She had been at war for twenty-six months before we entered the struggle; and since she faced an incomparably stronger enemy, she owed her survival as much to her skill as to her courage. What she has learned — the secret scientific instruments born of her knowledge, and the manner in which they function — may not be stated specifically.

But Great Britain has furnished us with specifications for her system of aircraft detection developed during a long period of bitter and widespread air warfare, together with much apparatus. In addition there is a constant exchange of full information on the development of new and highly secret weapons; the Office of Scientific Research and Development in Washington and its counterpart in London mobilize for mutual aid hundreds of American and British scientists and inventors whose findings are freely pooled. Thus through Lend-Lease the entire resources, intellectual and material, of both Britain and the United States are brought to bear against the Axis.

4

The ultimate objective of Lend-Lease is the destruction of the common enemy. Let us see it at work on the battlefield. Last year Britain's Eighth Army was chiefly equipped with British-made weapons for its drive from Egypt across Libya. But the 1000 planes, the 500 medium tanks, and the many anti-tank guns that we exported to the British in Egypt, gave the United Nations forces superiority in fire power, air power, and armor. The General Sherman tanks, moreover, which proved so successful in this campaign, were jointly designed by British and American experts using the lessons they had learned in earlier battles.

Shortly after the drive from Egypt was launched, British and American forces started their North African campaign. Great Britain provided two thirds of the warships and transports used in the original landing operations. Sixty per cent of the ground forces were American, and half the air forces. Most of the landing craft were American-built, but some had been lend-leased to Britain and were manned by British crews. On the other hand,

American pilots flew 160 Spitfires. Britain also provided 100 miles of portable airfield runways, 130 reconnaissance boats, four complete 1000-bed hospitals, medical supplies for 100,000 men, and enough 25-pounders to equip one United States division.

In terms of dollars expended, Lend-Lease has cost the United States from its inception in March, 1941, to January 1, 1943, something more than eight and one quarter billion dollars, minus the hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of supplies and services which we have received from others under reciprocal aid. It is probable that we shall deliver more goods to others than they will deliver to us. This is inevitable since we have the world's largest and only bomb-free industry among the United Nations, as well as a vast agriculture.

But other countries — notably Great Britain, Russia, and China — were fighting our common enemies long before we joined them on the battlefield. If we have expended more dollars than they have, they have spilled more blood; if we shall put large armies into the field, they already have large armies in the field and, to the extent of their manpower, will match our contributions of men. Who shall say what the Russian victories over Germany are "worth" to the United States in terms of Lend-Lease dollars? Or Chinese resistance against Japan? Or the British naval and merchant marine and air forces?

It is to our credit that we shall never attempt such an accounting; the figures will be totted up solely for internal statistical purposes. It is enough that Lend-Lease has saved and will save thousands of American lives.

If Lend-Lease is an example of ingenious and intelligent coöperation for war, its basic assumptions must underlie a stable peace. These are that no country, however rich, is actually self-contained; that no country, however strong, can stand alone against a coalition of powerful enemies; that all countries are interdependent; that each is enriched by economic collaboration with the others; that real wealth is not money, but goods and services. But only time will tell whether we are intelligent enough to bring to the peace and put into practice the assumptions upon which we have erected one of the most powerful weapons of a war of coalition, among more than a score of diverse nations ranged around the world.

"WHY DON'T THE CHURCHES GET TOGETHER?"

by PHILLIPS ENDECOTT OSGOOD

1

A WEATHER-BEATEN local worthy was driving me "down the island." We passed two identical church buildings on opposite sides of the same fenced half-acre. Very evidently they had been constructed from the same set of mail-order blueprints, except that, to maintain individualism, the steeple of one was on the right and that of its twin was on the left.

In answer to my amusement, my Jehu explained, "Both's the same sect, only one's hard-shell and t'other ain't. What's the difference b'tween 'em? Blest if I know, an' I b'long to thet one on the left! I only know the folks that b'long to t'other one is jest plain skunks."

There's a theological criterion for you! How loftily dogmatic! "The man on the sidewalk," now popularly considered Solomonian for wisdom, sees the sheer ignominy of such bigotry. And he grows indignant that "by God" should have been demeaned to "bigot." He himself is broad-minded, you understand — as it were, a Pharisee in reverse. Yet at least he feels that what keeps the churches apart is something which should not. For the very, very lay man the rock-ribbed shibboleths of orthodoxy do not count much. He is sure that dogmatics do not keep the churches apart half so much as personal prejudices do. The formularies of a bygone era of doctrine, he angrily says, have no real weight in the face of an obvious common sense which dictates economy, efficiency, and prestige by unity.

This blunt non-professional has small comprehension of ecclesiastical technicalities. He is repelled by professional religionists whose esoteric vocabulary so easily grows artificial and unrealistic. He dares the sacerdotal pundits to translate their sacrosanct terms into

a language understandable to unconverted people. The resemblance to Alice's Humpty Dumpty, paying words extra to mean what he chooses, is too apt. Athanasian geometries of the inner nature of the Trinity, post- versus pre-millennialism, limited or unlimited election, two-seed-in-the-spirit assumptions, Barthian apocalypitics versus the Voice of Prophecy's oracles from Revelations — of such he is only faintly and irritatedly aware. But he does not like the infallibilists who competitively assert their monopoly of Truth — that much he knows. He would chuckle if he knew that it is from Duns Scotus's men we get the name of dunce; for these medieval Schoolmen endlessly and intricately debated questions which seemed as footless as that of the number of angels able to dance on the point of a needle. The churches must reckon with the mood of this very, very lay man or he will nonchalantly pass them by.

Next, there come the nominal Protestants and the minimum Catholics. How intelligent is their allegiance to their respective communions? How much is it based on purely personal association?

To be sure, the nominal Protestant and the minimum Catholic know that 'twixt Catholicism and Protestantism there is a great gulf fixed which seems impassable. So far as prejudices go, they abide by that cleavage. It is a socially atmospheric, oil-and-water division. Of course the Protestant says, "I know some mighty fine people who are Catholics, but I don't let their religion interfere with our friendship." And the Catholic says the equivalent, vice versa. Both are vaguely informed of the doctrinal basis of their dogged dogmatic difference. The Protestant's hackles rise at what he believes to be the Catholic axioms of papal infallibility, at the efficacy of the Rosary, at belief in transubstantiation, at

Rector of Emmanuel Church in Boston since 1933, the REV. EREND PHILLIPS ENDECOTT OSGOOD has ample experience in church and interchurch affairs to support his proposals that firmer bonds between the churches can and should be achieved.

the wearing of scapulars, at the rules (and their implications) for mixed marriages, at birth control strictures, at the whole uncompromising inflexibility of the Roman Church's claim to sole validity. So far as his Protestantism goes, this hostility is more an anti-Catholicism than a Pro-testantism.

How much of the loyalty of the minimum Catholic is likewise compounded of anti-Protestantism? He has his antipathies too. He dislikes the easy divorce and remarriage he feels Protestantism tolerates; he cannot regard with respect that granulation of Protestant sectarianism which puts pathetically weak churches into competition in even the smallest villages; he is scornful at "hot gospeling" fanatics of the "lunatic fringe"; he has no patience with white-ribboners' zeal for prohibition and other forbiddings; he is disdainful of the awkward and individualistic forms of skeletal worship as compared with the rich, sonorous, colorful, historic aesthetics of his own High Mass. On the affirmative side, he has the advantage of rote, catechetical summaries of the Faith. His mind is made up. His mental idiom is definitely non-Protestant, not merely in doctrinal pattern but in kind.

In contrast, the nominal Protestant is not thus implemented with definitive, mentally labor-saving axioms. Except for the Fundamentalist wing (which has fewer merely nominal adherents, because of its intensity of literalism) the very tenets of his church encourage liberty of conscience and aim for something other than rote regularity of faith forms. And he takes this liberty as permission for a nominality that is individualistic, fragmentary, and loose-fitting.

The true Protestant accepts the responsibility of being "on his own" because he believes in an open system for the ultimate sake of self-realization by spontaneities. He cannot define faith as the submission of the mind. He would feel ridiculous to include himself among those who, like the peasants standing meekly before Louis the Magnificent, quavered, "Sire, what are our convictions?" Therefore it is the nominal Protestant, far on the periphery of real Pro-testantism, who takes the bit in his teeth and runs away into "Nothingarianism" on his own wild lone. His very little knowledge has become his danger of shallow opinionativeness.

For fear of unscientific, Fundamentalist extremisms on the one side and authoritarian-

ism on the other, the very, very lay man who is not tied to either system cries out, "A plague on both your houses," and follows the path of superiority-complexed indifference to religion.

2

Let us move in a bit closer. What of those in the churches who actually have a reason for the faith that is in them? Their religious intelligence makes them the backbone minority of their churches, the truly directive and vindicating control group. They care both deeply and comprehendingly for the doctrines and polity of their respective communions. From them has and will come all action for or against church unity. Here is the determined and determining force of all its strategy. Let the nominal Protestant or minimum Catholic underrepresent the actual faith as he may, the members who understand and therefore act or react are the nucleus on which to reckon.

Yet a new cleavage is patent within this nuclear minority, both within any given communion and throughout the whole Church. There is no uniformity of interpretation of the faith. In Protestantism this divergence can be vocal; and it is quietly true of Catholics, despite the official proscription of Modernism. Conservatives and liberals have drawn wider and wider apart within their own folds in the past few decades. This is as inwardly true among Catholics as it is among Protestants, despite outward appearances of conformity.

It would be easy enough to quote horrible examples of cocky extremisms. If the assumption of truth's sole guardianship were to be found only among a comparative few of the led, never among leaders, extremisms might be disregarded. But the vaunt "*L'église, c'est moi*" gets disproportionate outside reputation because of its very insistence. The meeker membership, and the general public too, do not realize that extremisms are truly extremisms and that some middle group is the majority.

Few Episcopalians would themselves ratify the bland assertion tossed at the Presbyterian consultants by an ultra-Anglo-Catholic, "But you know you haven't any Grace!" Yet outside the fold one fears this might be taken as typical of the Episcopalian whole position; which it just isn't. Few of the earnest Fundamentalist sort would consider it of watershed cruciality whether or not there is any salvation after the first rapture. (There are three raptures, be it

explained to the uninitiate, at the time of the Second Coming: the first, when the Messiah appears in the clouds; the second, when the elect feel themselves caught up off *terra infirma* to meet Him in the air; the third, when they and He embrace!) Yet the sonorous thunder of an arch-lion proclaims this the quintessential article of faith, and outsiders and simple insiders may take this as typical of all Fundamentalism; which it isn't. From the spread of Saturday advertisements, announcing that this or that revealer will tell us just what the Book of Revelations foretells about Hitler, Hirohito, or Mussolini, the innocent reader must not infer that here is the one major prophet of our era.

At the other pole, we must not judge that there is any groundswell of concern behind some agnostic humanist who makes the headlines by vociferating that it is quite possible to have a religion containing no belief at all in God. The sensational is not the significant. Charity and humility do not shout from the housetops. The church is the church people: its noisiest disputants are not. The main membership is simple in its faith.

If we are to be realists we must recognize one more fact. It is this: conservatives of all communions are closer to each other than they themselves realize. They have a common habit of mind. They are temperamentally akin. The Fundamentalist may hold fast to a sixteenth-century concept of validity, the Anglo-Catholic more nearly to a pre-Reformation concept of validity, the Roman Catholic to a Petrine concept; but they are cousins under the skin. They all hold to a faith *once for all delivered* long ago.

The liberals of all communions are also mentally closer to each other than to the defenders of the *status quo ante* of their own communion. They have a common trend of mind. They believe that revelation is not a closed process but one which has things new as well as old in its treasure house. They are expectant of new truth, they accept the scientific method in religion, they feel the past is a running start for a race yet to be run. They put small reliance upon the perpetuation of the institution as such and are ready for elastic adaptations to current needs and opportunities. For them validity is not in unchanging form. They prefer to quote that the wind of the Spirit blows where it lists, and that by its inspiration those

born of the Spirit are expected to be creative.

We may well chalk up an N.B. over this finding that we have now come to a time when there are really only two great groupings, the conservative and the liberal, which are more important than the sundry sects. A horizontal line of demarcation is now cutting across the vertical lines of the denominations.

The conservative would of course say that the liberal too blithely discards items of faith without which Christianity is not Christianity. He is earnest to keep the ancient faith in its original monstrosity of miracle. He is genuinely afraid that Modernism will interpret away the essentials by its handling of their external tradition. Therefore he stresses the literal Virgin Birth in order to keep the faith of the Incarnation: he identifies essential fact with its asserted method. He clings to belief in the physical resurrection of Jesus in order to preserve the faith of His immortal Presence. He stresses regularity of orders as the guarantee of validity to safeguard the faith that the Church is the body of Christ on earth.

On the contrary, the liberal would say that the conservative has not outgrown concepts of magic. He feels that his opponent is not scientific, that he has not faced the facts of higher criticism of the Scriptures or the facts of history. He thinks the conservative has enclosed faith in a glass case marked "Do not touch." He fears that the conservative's argument that there's everything in the way in which a thing is done leads straight to an authoritarianism which is undemocratic, even piously fascist. The liberal therefore gives himself to movements for unity with few of the conservative's inhibitions or scruples.

And those of either philosophy are very sure indeed that the Holy Spirit is with them and against the alternative camp. Not to be defeatist, but nakedly to know the problem, it is a grave question whether the champions of the two divergent moods can come to dogmatic grips with any hope of agreement. Force or majority vote will not change convictions deeply held and emotionally colored. Is there the possibility of mutual compromise? Should there be?

3

As for the possibility of Roman-Protestant union on a dogmatic basis — that impasse is absolute. Except for the more advanced Anglo-Catholic, it is unthinkable for the non-

Roman even to approximate the Roman idea. The Roman Catholic is not only temperamentally out of tune with the non-Roman but he is flatly inhibited outside his own church. The Modernist movement inside the Roman Catholic Church was definitely forbidden. Cardinal Newman's interpretation of the Church's identity of faith as developmental, like that of the oak from the acorn, was denied acceptance. Father Tyrrell was forbidden the esoteric interpretation of doctrine phrased in his "Much Abused Letter." Cardinal Mercier's conversations with Lord Halifax *père* were not ratified.

Good but literal Pope Pius XI settled once for all all theological fraternizing, with his encyclical (1928) *Mortalium Animos*. Speaking of conferences between delegates of all Christian faiths he said, "Such efforts can meet with no kind of approval among Catholics. They presuppose the erroneous view that all religions are more or less good and praiseworthy. . . . Those who hold such a view are not only in error, they distort the true idea of religion and thus reject it, falling gradually into naturalism and atheism. To favor this opinion, therefore, and to encourage such undertakings, is tantamount to abandoning the religion revealed by God. There is but one way in which the unity of Christians may be fostered, and that is by furthering the return to the one true Church of Christ of those who are separated from it." It thus seems hopeless that the Roman Catholic Church can come any inch toward meeting or even understanding general Protestant conviction.

What then is the chance of church unity among Protestants on the basis of agreement on doctrine and polity? To the liberal it seems ironic that at least the non-Catholic churches cannot sink their differences. For, as the Edinburgh Conference made plain back in 1910, there is no real disagreement on the cardinal elements of credal belief. All the churches believe in God the Creator, in the divinity of Jesus, in the guidance of the Holy Spirit, in the Church's stewardship of a saving Gospel, however they or groups within them interpret these affirmations in rigid or elastic ways. *It is polity which is divisive*. Church governments, administrative setups, schemes of organizations — these are the stumblingblock. They have become haloed by historic tradition until they seem as holy as the doctrines, but the

flat fact is that mechanism should not be idolatrized.

Apostolic succession (never officially defined), Confessional Articles, Books of Discipline, Pilgrim Fathers' precedents, are not primary after all. But there is a common denominator of Christian truth which is! This common denominator is even shared by the Roman, Greek Orthodox, Anglican, and all the Protestant churches, from Fundamentalist to Unitarian. And any church which elevates its institutional arrangement to sacrosanctity finds itself no bridge church to unity but a drawn drawbridge church to prevent it.

It passes understanding how so many of us can read with deep emotion St. Paul's fiat that there are diversities of gifts but the same spirit, differences of administrations but the same Lord, diversities of operations but the same God working all in all, and then go on dissociatedly. We'd best beware a kind of corporate egotism, a holier-than-thou presumptuousness, which bolsters up our own dogged stubbornness. Very few of us can plead completely innocent for our particular communion.

4

What are we seeking? Do we want (1) church uniformity, or (2) church union, or (3) church unity? However they may blur into each other at the edges, the three ideals are very different.

(1) Let's be prompt to disavow the first. We don't want uniformity. We couldn't keep it if we could get it. The very idea violates human nature. Stereotypes sacrifice individuality. Goose-stepping sameness can be only in appearances. People differ temperamentally. Some demand aesthetics of one type, some of quite another. Some think coldly and logically, some emotionally and mystically. Some are ritualists by nature, others are quietists. To meet their legitimate rights to inspiration the Church must be all things to all men. Personal fulfillment comes by encouraged spontaneities. Educated personality is humanity's first Magna Charta demand.

No, uniformity is not worth a moment's consideration. Only the narrowest of denominationalists seek it. The subdivision and subdivision of sects once attempted it, but in vain. Even the long list of denominations and sects now recognized in the Census represents a compromise with uniformity; if sectarianism

were strictly carried through, there would be millions. The pathetic infra-red and ultra-violet fringe of sectlets beyond the spectrum carry individualism to manifest unwisdom.

Nevertheless, there are cousin groups which can attain a median degree of uniformity, for whom there is no excuse to remain asunder. The split between Northern and Southern, born of the War Between the States, is now almost healed, as it should be, in Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian churches. The Reformed Episcopal Church is still apart from the Protestant Episcopal Church but should not be. Lutheran Synods, separate because of diverse national origins and mother-tongue services, are coming into a semi-union because of general uniformity and second-generation synthesis. Yet in every case this uniformity is only approximate. Liberty in all nonessentials remains. Beyond this, uniformity cannot go.

(2) Union is a less impossible objective. Already, as mentioned, where there is approximate uniformity in pattern there is likelihood of union. The rub comes when communions beyond consanguinity take up the question. But there is adventure afoot even for this. Witness the manifesto issued by the leaders of the Congregationalist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist leaders in England, urging their people to consider this time a providential opportunity to explore the possibilities of merging in one United Free Church. The response is reported to be enthusiastic. The *Christian World* editorially says: "Nothing stands in the way of a United Free Church of England except prejudice and inertia. . . . No vital principle stands in the way."

We may think we know India if we know Gandhi and Nehru and Tagore, but Bishop Azariah and his long-attempted South India plan of unity between Anglicans, Presbyterians, and Primitive Methodists is likewise in the picture for its vast influence not only in the whole movement for unity but also in modifying the workings of caste. If the home constituents of the South India adventurers could only see their way to bless the plan, they would have to allow it for precedent anywhere, including the home areas. There's the rub.

In America the moment's live issue of union is that between the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) and the Protestant Episcopal Church. The General Assembly of the former and the General Convention of the latter have avowed

their intention of organic union, yet not of rigid uniformity within the hypothetically united church. In both these communions the liberals find it easiest to agree.

The proposal has been put forward that the Presbyterians accept the Episcopate, constitutionally defined, and that the Episcopalians adopt the ruling eldership. This goes farther than the Anglo-Catholic wing of the Episcopal Church is ready to go and perhaps than the conservative wing of the Presbyterians is prepared to go. The stricter Anglo-Catholics feel that Presbyterian orders are not valid, and fail to agree that presbyters can act in an episcopal capacity, or that the Episcopate's powers can be constitutionally determined since they come by the Holy Spirit; while the more fundamentalist Presbyterians are suspicious of Episcopal High Church tendencies and of the liberals' necessity to take the Westminster Confession and other Calvinist dicta in a somewhat Pickwickian sense. Proposals for joint ordination, the inclusive Basic Principles of the ultimate united church, the question whether Confirmation is a sacrament or only a rite, are under debate and await referenda.

There is full realization that the possibility of this marriage between churches not automatically akin provides a test for all endeavors toward union between other communions not obviously similar. The question trembles in the balance.

Dr. Stanley Jones ably advances the idea of a world-wide Church Union parallel to the proposals of "Union Now." He has a large following.

(3) But unity is an entirely other objective. One ever so feasible. So feasible that it is gloriously in process. For unity is team play in the practical application of Christian principles. It starts from an entirely new angle on the whole problem. The rationale begins with the recognition that, after all, Christianity is a way of life, not a creed. That way of life is the helpful, educative, upbuilding, compassionate, forth-giving, Christ-spirited, and practical individual and corporate way of selfless self-contribution. Christian is as Christian lives.

Christian self-contributions deserve coördination as clearly as a college crew needs the coxswain's megaphone. Therefore it is freely granted that people shall get their inspiration where they will, but that their true Christianity begins at the church door coming out, not

at its threshold going in. We are judged not so much on the correctness of our belief (who dares boast he knows the whole truth fully?) as on how we live in the light of what we believe. Christianity should be lived in unity of endeavor for the common good.

This team play will locally show itself in joint planning of church placement, of projects like weekday religious education on excused public school time, of massed publicity, of joint canvasses, of the proper expression of Christian opinion on legislative, social, and benevolent movements. This way lies hope. In the large, too, its efficiency is unquestionable.

5

The progress of church unity within the past twenty-five years leaves one breathless. It eclipses that of all the preceding post-Reformation centuries put together. In it is much of the hope for a qualitative world peace inside the framework of any treaty to be made. For this unity is not only local here and there: it is international and interracial. Its potential power is incalculable. Not yet sure, but a likelihood.

It may not be expedient to review here the earlier stages of achieved unity. The Conferences at Edinburgh, Stockholm, Lausanne, Oxford, again at Edinburgh, Madras, and Amsterdam which have followed each other through these latter years have resulted in significant international organizations with bureaus and committees all over the world. More heartening still is a tide of public interest which makes the organizations something more than projects on paper. The war has both seemed to interrupt and to make more imperative the most promising new beginnings of unity for three hundred years.

All over our globe, despite or because of the war, unity projects increase. The mission field was imperious in its plea for unity. Long since, most missionaries on the frontiers have shown a statesmanship ahead of their home secretariats. How typical of what should not be was a little salt-box meetinghouse of New England pattern on a side street in Shanghai, bearing a great sign, "The American Dutch Reformed Church of China"! As if the Chinese had to know all the connotations of that involved title to be Christian!

But the wiser main corps of missionaries worked together. Dr. Cronin's *The Keys of the Kingdom* was not fantasy: it had ample factual

data to show that even Protestant and Catholic often dovetailed their labors. Now that the war finds the Christian Church in China and in Japan perforce so autonomous and dehabilitized from Western notions, we may be confident that sectarianism will get scant perpetuation in competitive action. The Nippon Sei Ko Kwei, and Kagawa and Company, will not always be militaristically submerged. The Chung Wha Sheng Kung Hui and all the other Chinese missions have common cause; they are stirred in the vast bowl of a China now forced out of regionalism into a homogeneity hitherto impracticable. Back from every mission field comes the insistence on a cessation of uncoordinated work. English and American mission boards now combine for comity. And the International Mission Council has come to pass, with all its potency of ecumenical tactics.

In America the work of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ is an oldish story, but it grows into new reaches every month. Local Councils of Churches of state-wide or community scope are becoming normal everywhere. They have their initial difficulties of solvency, but as soon as it is seen how they prevent overlapping of effort and duplication of overhead their axiomatic wisdom is evident.

Now there is a British Council of Churches, too. It includes the Church of England, the Free Churches, the Churches of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, the Salvation Army, the Society of Friends, the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. It welds together three interdenominational agencies: the Council on the Christian Faith and a Common Life, the Commission of the Churches for International Friendship and Social Responsibility, and the British section of the World Conference on Faith and Order.

The description of its recognition service in St. Paul's brings a mist to the eyes. The spectacular procession around the great cathedral and through its doors included officials in scarlet and purple stoles or copes, in the colors of the Salvation Army, in the somber robes of Russian, Czechoslovak, Dutch, and Armenian clerics. Archbishop Germanos, carrying a massive gold cross, led the Greek Orthodox representatives. Norwegian and Swedish priests were there in their Elizabethan ruffles and sweeping trains. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached the sermon. He rightly said, "There is no compromise of distinctive principles in our coming together. In days like

these, when the basic principles of Christianity are widely challenged and in many quarters expressly repudiated, the primary need is for clear and united testimony to Christianity." Unity need not wait for dogmatic unison.

The World Council of Churches is more than a dream: it is formed and ready. Just as the war began, it came to pass with definite organization, and despite the war it has begun to function — for example, in chaplaincies to prison camps, and in providing means of getting food into some areas of starvation. It has not had a free chance yet; but the moment the war is over, it will be strategic and efficient (with better acceptability than any League of Nations pattern). It is no idle boast that along with the Roman Catholic Church the Protestant churches have now forged and maintained the only unbroken world-wide bond for unity that remains.

More dramatic yet is the degree of unity of action in England between the Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Free Churches. The present Archbishop of Canterbury and Free Church heads have found a notable team-player in Cardinal Hinsley.

The initial move was a remarkable letter published in the London *Times* on December 21, 1940, by the then Archbishop of Canterbury and York, Cardinal Hinsley, and the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council, embodying and expanding the well-known Five Points of Pius XII and insisting that "no permanent peace is possible in Europe unless the principles of the Christian religion are made the foundations of national policy and of all social life."

But this was no mere "letter to the *Times*." There has been energetic follow-up. Two commissions were formed to work along parallel lines and to coöperate by a joint committee. These two are the polysyllabic "Commission of the Churches for International Friendship and Social Responsibility" (which Americans would long since have indicated only by initials — C.C.I.F.S.R.) and the Catholic organization with the more dramatic name, "The Sword of the Spirit." Archbishop Temple and Cardinal Hinsley have repeatedly keynoted their unity side by side on the same platform. Now a "Religion and Life" organization of all the Protestant churches is in full swing, which promotes the joint program with "The Sword of the Spirit" by "Religion and Life" weeks in

cities and towns, in which Catholics, Anglicans, and Free Church folk buckle down to realistic consideration of applied religion.

Despite doctrinal variance, they agree to work together for social purposes. They want the country's problems about money, labor, education, and the relation between the rights of the individual and the state solved the Christian way. And Englishmen are apparently generously ready for such realism. "Little Malverns" are therefore being promulgated, week by week, in team play. Publications and publicity permeate the nation. In the fighting units of the British and Fighting French, and in Belgium, Poland, Africa, and Canada, the movement is spreading. The emergency has wrought a quickening. In English history the Church plays a more determinative part than it has played of late in America. Whatever may have been the surface appearances, there is a deeper subsoil of religious influence yonder. Evidently that subsoil has provided rootage for a new growth of practical idealism.

Moreover, as a kind of postscript, which is not at all an anticlimax, both in England and in America Christian-Jewish understanding and coöperation has new strength. Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish unity in spokespersonship and action is ever so evident. "The British Council of Christians and Jews marks the final step in the coalition of British faiths in the movement for interreligious coöperation in social and economic fields and the planning of post war rehabilitation." On the basis of unity of endeavor it is feasible for all who believe affirmatively at all to join against those whose ideallessness is a negative creed.

The growing power of the Church is thrilling. The Confessional Church and the Catholic together have been the only indomitable internal foe of Hitler. Quisling has had to back down before the Norwegian Church's defiance. A purged and evangelical Russian Church seems in process of resurrection. Kagawa is yet to be reckoned with by Japan. China has the most sincerely Christian government in the world. Perhaps, oh perhaps, if American churches will divest themselves of churchianity and come to a more drastic realism, the Four Freedoms may legitimately include strong religious freedom. May the peace that passes misunderstandings prevail! Perhaps, oh perhaps, the Nazarene will sit at the peace table and be listened to.

THE WORLD IN YOUR HAND

by THEODORE SPENCER

I

I COME to speak first of simple things,
To make you think of words for simple things;
Poetry is usually in the simplest words:
Words like hand, milk, earth, sun, cloth,
Words and things we see, digest, and feel,
That make our world, that make love grow in our world,
But being simple are so hard to find,
As thought of them is hard to find, till danger
Wakens our eyes to their conceivable loss
And brings us back to them and to ourselves.
I come to speak first of obvious things;
Sunlight, a woman's breast, walking, apples,
An ant running efficiently through grass,
A leaf in the rain, a drifting mote in sunbeams;
I ask you to think of a single strand of hair.
All wonder, all delight, all love and wisdom
Rise from the dust they end with, till we see,
Thinking of simple things, our single worlds
One with the revolution of the stars.

II

HELD in your hand, the round heavy world
Can weigh your hand down till the globe smashes
Hand and globe together. Held in your hand,
The world can be tossed up, a bubble, into the air
And be dissolved, emptily, to nothing,
Leaving an idle hand. Held in your hand,
The world can weight your hand, strengthen it, fix it,
Till you can move your hand with the weight in it,
And you, the flexible hand, the world, are one.

III

THE pulse that stirs the mind,
The mind that urges bone,
Move to the same wind
That blows over stone.

The *Atlantic* is happy to print nine related sections of the long poem which THEODORE SPENCER delivered at the 166th Anniversary of the founding of Phi Beta Kappa at the College of William and Mary. Mr. Spencer, an associate professor of English at Harvard, is the author of a volume of verse published in 1941; his most recent book is *Shakespeare and the Nature of Man*, a series of Lowell Lectures delivered in the spring of 1942.

Over the Arctic pole
The same wind blows,
And into the waiting soul
Of him that knows

Whence that wind stirs;
Blows the wind
Over the hemispheres
Of world and mind,

Crying: "O not alone,
Strange creature of air,
Stands that cold stone,
Silvers that hair."

Crying: "You are not alone,
Bright angel of dust;
You are flower and stone,
Are diamond and rust."

Crying: "Not alone
Does your heart fade,
Beneath white bone
To the dark shade."

"Not alone," crying,
Calls the cold wind.
And echo, dying,
Sings in the mind.

IV

WE do not remember birth; no one can tell us
What it is like to die. One third of our lives
Is spent in sleep. And when we are awake
We use only a portion of ourselves,
Doing the anxious, necessary things,
Plowing the heavy earth, mining under
The dark earth, planning the earth's conquest;
Plowing, mining, planning, without thought,
Caught in the wheel that heavily turns our lives,
And heavily turns the earth beneath our lives. . . .

We hope that death will catch us unaware.

V

WE are brought to this damnation, not by God,
Not by blind evolution of cell to man,
Not by the grabbing of money by envious thieves;
We are brought to this damnation by ourselves —
Though God, nature, and money shape our growth —
Trying always to live out of ourselves,
Sharing too much, and not sharing enough.
We try to live only in the obvious clamor.

We are children, cruel children, hating each other;
 Like children we look for parents justly to punish us,
 And not finding parents, attack each other,
 Grabbing each other's toys. We are afraid.

And we are rebuked, poor children, by simple things;
 A stone, the order of petals, a snowflake crystal.
 We are rebuked, sad children, for our fear
 When, out of earth, we see in each dead leaf
 The tender resurrection of the spring.
 We are rebuked, cruel children, when we wake
 Seeing the sun, bright on an April morning,
 Broaden his slow splendor over the world.

VI

AND yet these things are not our life, are only
 Part of our lives, the edges, not the center;
 Able to shame us only, not to shape us.
 There is no voice except our own to cry
 In terrible pity over our broken promise.
 We have no voice but our own to shout "Awake!"
 Before disaster becomes the air we breathe
 And the water we drink is muddied with choking ash.

What shall arouse us? What trumpet shatter our sleep?
 Is it always and only the trumpets of war that make us
 Wake, work, stride, triumph together
 Until a peace of some sort slackens us again
 And we relax into our usual selves?
 What can we find to make us live our lives
 Partly alone — and brave; together — and wise;
 A crowd together, not losing the lonely voice;
 Men alone, not losing the crowd's voice;
 What can we find to make us win our peace
 Without this fierce intemperance of war?

VII

MAN's handicap begins
 At birth or before birth;
 One grandfather's sins
 Sent him to early earth,
 And from that now clean bone
 And futile dust
 He stirs the grandson on
 His rhythm of lust,
 Urging in living cell
 Ancestral evil,
 And summoning out of hell
 The obliging devil.
 One grandfather's love,
 Now also bone,
 Found pure love enough,
 Singing alone;

And that long-lived old man,
 Thinking of heaven,
 Should have made heaven's plan
 Seem fair and even.
 But Jack and you and I,
 Our grandfathers' sons,
 Know that birds flying high
 Are not the easy ones;
 And how to aim our fire
 At targets we've not seen
 Makes our confused desire
 Rebel to discipline.

When luck and fate and chance
 Make each man what he is,
 What tune can call the dance
 That a wise man wouldn't hiss?
 How can we find a fact
 To justify our faith
 That some incisive act
 Must antedate our death?
 God we have blown away;
 We seek our hope in love.
 But in the glare of day
 Is that sweet hope enough?
 No: we must find beneath
 Our too easy despair
 Hard steel within the sheath
 That hides it from the air;
 Facing the tough truth
 That what we're forced to know
 Is still a seed for growth
 Unkilled by snow;
 Facing the sharp wind
 That chills not us alone,
 But carves from man's mind
 More dignity than stone.

VIII

WISDOM and love begin with simple things,
 A leaf in the rain, sunlight, apples and laughter;
 These we can share, children and old men,
 Merely by opening our eyes. And when our thought,
 Stretched to its furthest reach, like Plato's, sees
 The calm eternal essence of all good,
 That we can share, those few of us who know.
 But in between the world of flowers and God,
 Between the first simplicity and the last,
 Here where we rack our lives in struggle and danger,
 Sharing and knowing what to share become
 Almost impossible, and only the wind
 Blowing from Time and into Time can make
 Our differing battles seem at last the same.

Yet if we dwell on loneliness, on fear,
 We are only half ourselves. We are not alone;
 And more than Time and Time's relentless wind,
 Blowing over our births, our lives, our deaths,
 Makes each of us a part of all his world.
 Between the grass-blade and the outmost star,
 Between the mind's Aldebaran and the dust,
 Though chaos seems at first the only rule,
 We still can find a promise and a plan,
 And from confusion carve the strength we need
 By finding inward order in ourselves.
 Wherever we are we must forever remember
 The voice within that says, "Wait: be still."
 You will hear it speak in sunlight and darkness, will hear it
 Flying your bomber over the bleak sand
 Or crouching behind your gun on the hostile island;
 You will hear it beneath the autumn crow's wild cawing
 Breaking the October hush of lonely hills.
 Under the roar of tanks you will suddenly hear it;
 As long as you stay a man you will hear that voice,
 Always you'll hear that voice, saying, "Be still:
 Build on me."

IX

And when we have heard, O when we all have heard,
 Then we may dare to love, to create love,
 Not merely satisfaction of desire,
 But love of all we have known, all we shall know.
 Then out of wisdom in our single hearts
 Love, unexpected Phoenix, springs to the sun,
 And selfish love flowers to emulation
 Of love sharing and acting in all the world;
 And every usual necessary thing,
 The toothbrush slanting in the bathroom glass,
 The latchkey turning in the door — a smile,
 Are sudden tokens of our possible union;
 And as we share them under the daily sun
 Honor and wisdom come alive again,
 And we can hear their voices, humble and proud,
 Echoing down the corridors of our minds,

Singing: "You are not alone,
 Bright angel of dust;
 You are flower and stone,
 Are diamond and rust."

Singing: "Not alone
 Does your heart strive
 Within white bone
 To keep love alive."

"Not alone," singing,
 Soars the wise voice.
 And echo, ringing,
 Sings "Rejoice!"

HOME ON LEAVE

by ANN LEIGHTON

I

REALITY is a powerful thing to grasp after years of insulation. It runs through one like a strong current and one cannot let it go or imagine what the days will be like when one is limply alone again. Suddenly everything is real and normal — overpowering words when one has lived for long without them.

The children come true, like little Galateas on whom one has worked for years. The house breathes and speaks itself a home. The animals begin to move, rising slowly from recumbent and symbolic positions, like big game in educational slow movies of Africa. Little trees throw good shadows. Birds come to sit in them, and on fine limbs which a few years ago were tiny grafts waxily stuck into raw stumps. Even the landscape springs to life. The little hill rejoices all around. The distant hills skip for joy. Even here. How profoundly true the psalmist sang.

But the harps and the waters of Babylon and the black tents of Kedar — those are not the props of my exile. Mine has been good and profitable and is bearing fruit. When I go to the airport to meet his plane, my only slightest qualms are my new gray hairs and that I may have lived so far from real life for three years as to seem unreal myself. I know the rest will be approved.

And it is. My gray hairs and unreality are unremarked. His hair is all steel-gray and his face is tired, but his grasp of living is as unshaken and firm and as spellbinding for me as ever. All my smaller annoyances and frictions and unfocused small bits of misery are fluffed off. Chaff and the wind, again. And the ungodly are really not so. That lovely piece of

wishful thinking from the first psalm is true then. For us, anyway.

For weeks Lucy has suspected every strange man on the doorstep of being her father, ringing to be let in, but now that he is here she knows him perfectly and remembers how she sits on the edge of the bathtub while he shaves, to admire him in that fascinating ritual. That is almost the only time she lets go of his hand.

And the boys — Tim relaxes his throaty manliness and laughs and clowns and makes up for his three years of strained maturity. And John rises to untouched heights of responsibility and comprehension and puts away childish ways overnight. And everyone is very happy.

The first moment we can leave the house we have to walk slowly all about the place, to see what has happened to everything. This graft and that, the tiny seedling really looking like something, the saplings now worthy of birds' nests, the new sweep of close-cut grass, the lusty hedge, the fruit trees heavy with good fruit from the cold hours of pruning. And here are things we have forgotten, but remember instantly, of course, and that this is what we meant them to be . . . they are coming on well.

It is just the right time to have leave. We have peaches and plums and apples and pears and grapes, for someone who has tasted so little fruit for so many years. And Rose has saved special jars in the store closet, fiercely tied with white string and doubly sealed, so that he can see what the strawberries and raspberries and cherries were like. It is all there for him. And honey from the bees. And the hens are laying well. The fruits of the earth. Our earth.

But we must show all we can do. The children can all swim, Lucy in breathless circles from the ladder and back again, John in bubbling tricks and comic dives, Tim in a powerful crawl. And Lucy can play the piano and sing about cobblers and cats, and the boys have

ANN LEIGHTON speaks from the heart, and what she says will be recognized as the truth by every wife whose husband returns from the service on leave. The author's husband is an Englishman who volunteered for military service in 1939; Mrs. Leighton remained in their home in the United States with their children.

made things — lots of things, now we come to see them all — benches and tables and aircraft carrier models and real little boats for themselves for the pond beyond our new wood.

And it is all there — the voice that I had forgotten comes back as quietly as if it had never gone. And the little pieces I have been carrying about, and trying to fit together, all spring together now and live, as if they had never been fragments. And it is true — we are one. Even after all our time apart we move easily about a room together. We do not collide or have to wait for each other. It is a sign if one moves easily in a confined space, just as walking well on the street together can show people who sleep well in each other's arms. It is all part of the natural coöperation of a real marriage.

And into the chewed-newspaper nest of my mind, as fragile as a hornets' nest and as unlike the real world, he brings facts and stout silences about plans for the future, some of which he knows, that are as heartening as whole piles of inky clamorings. The attic litter is cleared away and I walk with truths easily and do not have to have even the future either black or white or to accept emotionally and eternally the military expediency of the moment.

The first weeks we have summer weather and go on picnic sails to the back beach and play about in the sand, a family again, by ourselves. I lie on the top of a sand dune and look through the grasses at the boys playing in the water about the boat with their father, diving under it, wrestling, shouting and laughing, having their rights as boys with a man to play with. And at Lucy, wading out to them and calling and laughing and swimming in her circles like a frightened bee and then standing again to laugh and call and be as one with the men. And there is a special feeling, a separate emotion, to being a family, as real in its corporate conviction as the more positive and outgoing one of being lovers or a mother. Here we are, all alone on the white dunes by the blue creek, our family, all of us. Wonderful.

Then there is the great colorful upheaval of a New England autumn. Our road is a yellow tunnel of light under the maples. Distant hills lie beet-red and grape-purple. The blueberry bushes we set out on the little point are torches now. And still the tobacco plant blooms and scents the air by the door and I cut flowers and fill the rooms.

And the children go to school. It is true, this is a man's world. Tim goes off to a very good school I had never considered for him so early, and appears on the honor roll, a position his father says we must not expect him to hold, but it is a good beginning. And John's headmistress, who has been worrying for years about his not being able to write well, suddenly agrees that it is they who should have taught him, and his father arranges to have him have writing lessons — and he thrives. Of course. But it took a man, even for that. And Lucy goes back and can suddenly do all the things she should be able to, even after all her absences. Of course. Her father is at home.

And then we go off, on some job about the war, and to cities, and I love it. I love people in and out, even silly people, and city noises and smells and the press of living that comes from not being able to throw all the non-essentials into the wide view. But he hates it. He has eaten in restaurants for years and seen people in droves and walked in cities in shambles, and he wants to be home again. He scans the sky above the streets and sniffs the air and says what sort of day it is at home. So, as soon as he is free, we hurry home. And I am glad, too, though it was heartening to be with him while he was busy with the war. It felt nearer to the real world than I can feel while I burn the garbage or feed the hens at home. I wish I could be with him in the real war.

But what is one to do? Leave the children now, having given them a push as far ahead as I can? Take back my own life from them now and use it as I see fit for myself and for him? And to whom do I owe what? To myself least of all. So I suppose I shall stay.

On the way home for the last time he says suddenly what it is all about, the first time we have admitted it. "If Lucy's husband," he says, "never has to go to war, I shall feel I have done a good job."

2

So now it is all to do again, except for more strength and fresher memories and the knowledge of how to go on alone. Shall I, I wonder, ever get back the determinedly positive and gay attitude? It seems very silly now. I do not believe I shall need that front again. Now, somehow, things have been set in such an ordered turmoil of reality that the old pretense seems like a paper valentine. Why should I

pretend anything, even to myself? Get on with the time and the work and discard the shell of any foreplanned attitude. Nothing can hurt me now except the ultimates, and no attitude is any protection against them.

I shall not pull my room to pieces again and make it into one sternly for me alone. Easier far, now, to keep the knickknacks on the bureau, the clothes in the closet, the things in the drawers, and just wait for the war to end. The very smells of tobacco and tweed and shaving soap are comforting in themselves. It may be a surrender, a reversion to a state worthy of my collie who slept on a sweater he commandeered for himself from my closet until I should come home from boarding school, or college, or marriage. But it is easier now. I shall leave things as they are and take heart.

The children have given me back their upbringing. All the equilibrium with which I have tried to equip each one has been rendered up perfectly, skillfully, calmly. Tim said good-bye to us all at school on Sunday as if the whole family always came in a body, fond, excited, his father in uniform, John in as grown-up clothes as he possesses, trying to look twice his size, Lucy the epitome of little sister, open-eyed, adoring, pretty enough to collect several attentive males above her cup of cambric tea. Sunday was a happy success due to whatever we have made of Tim.

John cried at night because he would miss his father so much. Remembering my own helpfully stiffening challenges, I told him his father had not seen his father for years and years when he was a little boy, almost not at all until he was quite grown up, while people who lived in India. . . . But he said, with more truth than he knew, that they could not have been such good friends as fathers, so nobody really cared if they saw them much or not. Whereas his — But he promised not to make things hard.

Breakfast was almost like any other breakfast, with Rose walking solidly and reassuring in and out and the sun shining in across the creeks and marshes, except that Lucy, putting jam on her toast, said with quavering casualness, "Will you be able to get back here again before you go to England or Africa, Daddy?" She missed the toast with her butter knife and blinked, but she did not cry. She knew he could not get back, but we all affected to think that a change in plans might mean another few days. He said he would try, and she smiled tearily

and ate her toast. And would I be home that night, they asked anxiously as we put them on their school train. As soon as I could get home, I promised. They are almost old enough to leave, but not quite. There is sense in my staying back, after all. I will be here until they do not worry about coming home to an empty house themselves.

We do a last tour of everything, planning what we shall have here and there when the war is over. Then there are thirty-five minutes left and we walk to another place and plan again. And then there is no time and we get into the car and every inch is leading us away.

One looks at a ship or a plane and asks, Can you get him there safely? and there can be no answer, not even an inward conviction that all will be well. Mechanical things lack the quality of transmitting confidence — or is it only that I was born to a generation keyed to the living will, and what it hoped was God's, and so unable to derive the breath of trust from spiritless machines? If I had been born a generation later I might have been able to extract the essence from inanimate things and feel which is good and bound to go through and which not. One looks at a good horse and knows, given fair conditions, that he will win. One looks at a dog and knows that he will summon that something extra of the spirit that will allow him to distinguish himself. The dog pressing against one's knee, the horse beneath one gathering himself for the real effort — one knows about them.

But what does one look at to receive assurance from a ship, from a tiny ship about to run alone, to try to get there ahead of grounded planes, of slowly proceeding convoys? The anchors jut from their holes at the bows like popping lobster eyes. It may and it may not. It all depends — and not on the strength of any spirit. On the chances of the sea and the whim of the enemy. Or so it seems to me, trying to extract some secret assurance from those popping, bulging eyes.

We joke and walk about in the cold wind and behave like people seeing each other off in peacetime. How else behave when all one cares about is at stake? He says I must go home to the children as soon as I can get a train. I agree. We affect to think it will be best for them. I know it is supposed to be the best refuge for me — as if I needed one. As I do. And then I consign him to the little ship at the

last possible moment and am driven away by a taxi man whose very back seems to me to ooze doubt while I try in one last willing look to graft determination and invincibility on to the little gray bow.

Rose meets me at the darkened door with soup and funny stories about the children and someone who has worked there that day and been less than efficient. Rose's harp will be of purest gold and automatic. I run upstairs and look at the children, as safely asleep as if I had put them in myself. And Shot tucks himself up on his rug in my room, where he has slept ever since he arrived from England at the beginning of the war. His black eyes in his

creamy panda face roll at me in a way that I am sure is comprehending as I get into bed.

At my mother-in-law's in England there is a big gate that opens out from the drive. Through it the five sons began to go out and come home and go out again to the ends of the earth — to India, China, Africa, America. They called it the Exiles' Gate, veiling the harshness of the implication in soft Arabic words. We have seen people go away through the gate and have gone ourselves, and no one ever took it from the natural run of life and made it too hard to bear. If I can give our children that natural equanimity, that ability to spare others one's deepest despairs, I shall have passed on their inheritance.



HISTORIANS AT WORK

Brooks and Henry Adams

by CHARLES A. BEARD

ON FOUR counts *The Law of Civilization and Decay*, by Brooks Adams, is to be included among the outstanding documents of intellectual history in the United States and, in a way, the Western world. It deserves a prime place among the writings of the Adams family on the nature and course of social politics, from *A Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States of America*, by John Adams, to the three penetrating essays on history by Henry Adams, now reprinted in *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma*. It has a distinct position in the long line of American protests against plutocratic tendencies in American development, which appeared in systematic form during the contest over the creation and launching of the Constitution and have recently found vivid expression in the New Deal.

One of the foremost historians in the United States, CHARLES A. BEARD has been given access to unpublished papers which reveal the remarkable teamwork of Brooks and Henry Adams in that summer of 1893 when *The Law of Civilization and Decay* was first being projected. This essay forms part of Mr. Beard's introduction to the new edition of the book, which Alfred A. Knopf will publish in May.

For an understanding of the temper that prevailed during the critical years which saw the advent of Cleveland democracy, the panic of 1893, the Populist uprising, and the triumph of McKinleyism, war, and imperialism, this book and the story of its composition are indispensable aids. The fact that young Theodore Roosevelt, destined soon to be President of the United States, gave *The Law of Civilization and Decay* a long review in the *Forum* in 1897 is merely one illustration of its manifold relations to the thought and sentiments of the age.

The Law of Civilization and Decay represents the first extended attempt on the part of an American thinker to reduce universal history, or at least Western history, to a single formula or body of formulas conceived in the spirit of modern science. And it is all the more striking in that it anticipated by many years several central contentions put forward in Oswald Spengler's *The Decline of the West*, and indeed the whole spirit of this German work, especially its pessimism in respect to the Enlightenment, Progress, and Civilization. On this ground alone Brooks Adams's treatise on history, what-

ever its shortcomings, is entitled to rank among the classic expressions of American thought relative to the nature and history of humanity's experience.

It is appropriate to recall that all great human causes turn on theories of history, that all the modern revolutions which have shaken the world have been inspired and justified by theories of history. Every piece of philosophic, economic, or political writing either presents such a theory or rests on assumptions, articulate or tacit, derived from it. Even criticism of letters and arts falls under a similar denomination. Broad and dogmatic as this assertion appears, I venture to make it as one that is imperative for thought and practice in modern times, and warrants a special emphasis on the value of Adams's book as merely a theory of history.

Up to the appearance of *The Law of Civilization and Decay* in 1895, professional historians in the United States had done much writing and little theorizing. Few among them had ever asked themselves, at least publicly: What do we *think* we are doing when we are selecting facts and putting them together — writing history? Most of them imagined that they were zealously engaged in what Professor William A. Dunning called the relentless pursuit of facts, and never openly inquired into their operating assumptions or sought to discover whether the tumult of events and personalities in history could be reduced to any law or laws or given any sense as a coherent whole. In general they were inclined to be highly critical of all such efforts and to praise one another for eschewing everything that savored of "philosophy" — that is, of *thought* about history and the writing of history.

It was the dominant attitude of professional historians that Brooks Adams, an outsider, challenged with all his strength of mind. Born in 1848 and coming to maturity in an age when it was widely believed that Charles Darwin had discovered the "laws" of biological evolution — the struggle for existence, adaptation to environment, natural selection, and survival of the fittest, Brooks began to wonder whether "a science of history" was not possible — and if possible, what form it would take. While Henry Adams had studied, taught, and written history in a manner somewhat orthodox, Brooks had searched assiduously in the data of history for a clew to the rise and decline of civilization.

2

In the summer of 1893, after the panic of that year had broken loose, Henry Adams, then traveling in Europe, was called home by his brothers and told that the community was bankrupt and that he was probably a beggar (*Education*). At Quincy he found his brother Brooks, of whom he had not seen much for several years, wondering about the origins and meaning of the economic crisis that had almost paralyzed American industry and finance. They reviewed the disturbances and politics of the times in the light of long history. And Henry afterward wrote in his *Education* that Brooks had spent ten years in studying the course of civilization, had "discovered or developed a law of history," had traced the relation of civilization to the shifting in centers of exchange, and had come to the conclusion that anarchy, not collectivism, would be the outcome of the conflict between capital and labor.

Shortly after the appearance of his *Emancipation of Massachusetts* in 1887, which, he said, scandalized "all the reputable historians" of the state, Brooks was moved to read history backwards. In his efforts to unravel the tangled skein of history, he visited England, France, Germany, Italy, Algeria, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, India, and Mexico. On his journeys he collected materials, let his imagination take flight, and gathered impressions. After long wanderings, he settled at his father's house in Quincy and began, he said, "to digest the chaos in my mind."

Brooks had a draft of his book ready when Henry came home from Europe in 1893. Determined to take advantage of his brother's historical knowledge and critical powers, he asked Henry to read the manuscript and to say frankly whether it was worth printing or was "quite mad." After he had examined the draft carefully, Henry replied that it was "good and worth printing," but warned Brooks against publishing it, on the ground that it would be a deathblow to any political or other ambitions that he might have. "The goldbugs will never forgive you," Henry said. "You are monkeying with a dynamo."

When Brooks expressed indifference to any such dangers, Henry repeated his warnings and declared that the attacks on it would be worse than criticisms of his *Emancipation*. Then Henry seemed to wash his hands of the business, and told Brooks that he was to expect no

open support from him. "I have no vocation for martyrdom," Henry confessed.

To these admonitions, Brooks retorted: "So be it. I have no ambition to compete with Daniel Webster as the jackal of the vested interests." He had worked hard on the book, he went on to say, and was convinced of the soundness of his conclusions, but did not want to be charged by "the goldbugs" with having written "a free silver squib." Thereupon he asked: "What can I do?"

Again Henry told Brooks that he had better hold his tongue in his own interests and that he (Henry) did not "intend to mix in any political scrape of yours. Don't think it." If, however, Brooks was bent on publishing *The Law of Civilization and Decay*, Henry remarked, it would be better to issue it in London. It might be taken seriously there. Passions were running high in the United States and "the goldbugs have too much at stake." In the autumn of 1893, Henry went to Washington and left Brooks to battle his own way with his manuscript.

The story of the volume is a significant, indeed dramatic, chapter in the intellectual history of the United States and of two prominent figures in that history — Brooks and Henry Adams. It is also, as we shall see, a chapter in the Education of Henry Adams, who, for various reasons, is better known to the American public than his brother, Brooks. To fix beyond debate the contours of these two chapters — one general, the other personal — it is necessary to go into details which might otherwise appear academic; and fortunately for this operation I have at my command unpublished letters of Brooks and Henry Adams on which the following account is based.

3

In the spring of the year following the conversations at Quincy — that is, on May 6, 1894 — Brooks wrote to Henry that he had been working hard on his book during the winter and intended to go to Europe for the purpose of making additional inquiries. Eight days later he informed Henry that he expected to bundle up his sheets shortly and ship them to London for publication. He expressed doubts whether the book was worth doing or anyone would ever read it.

But in a letter to Henry, dated Venice, June 30, 1894, he said: "I have decided to recast

my book completely. To strip all the philosophy off it, except a preface of about a couple of pages in which I mean to suggest the notion [of] the law of intellectual selection, and its necessary result in causing centralization. . . . In any event I mean to cut out practically all the 'philosophy.'" At that time Brooks had begun negotiations for a London publisher.

Still Brooks delayed and kept on reworking his manuscript. In November, 1894, he was back in Boston laboring over it. "I am re-writing it from beginning to end," he wrote to Henry on the fourteenth, "and I suppose it will take me most of the winter." He then expressed the hope that Henry could look over some parts of it and give his opinion on them. He also wanted Henry's advice as to the choice of a good publishing house in London.

As Henry was soon to leave Washington on a visit to the West Indies and Mexico, Brooks wrote, November 19, that he wanted his judgment on a number of points; and again recorded progress: "I am working as hard as I can. . . . I find the copy you read very crude and badly put together, and I am taking it all apart and recasting it entire. I am sure that it is worth at least a dozen of what it was before, but I can't say that I am contented yet." To this letter Mrs. Evelyn Adams added: "I want to say that he has written three chapters, with which I am delighted. The story is much more simply told, and very clear and interesting. I wish you could help him."

A few days later Brooks sent Henry some of his chapters and asked his advice, particularly "as to a preface, concluding chapter, and also as to a name." Henry evidently acted quickly. On December 5, Brooks wrote him that his criticisms had been helpful and that "I think it clear that I can't finish in time to print next April." Brooks turned Henry's suggestions over in his mind and urged him to come back "and cheer us up a bit, and help me with my book. It's my one jump, for good or bad . . . and really since I have read your notes I begin to fancy that there may be something in it after all. Evelyn has been working to keep me up to the mark where I should not chuck it over altogether."

While Henry was in the West Indies, Brooks toiled on his drafts, without any aid from his brother. February 2, 1895, he wrote to Henry: "I want a name [for my book] terribly, and I cannot decide as to a closing chapter of philosophy." Evidently Henry made some sugges-

tions respecting a title. At all events Brooks wrote whimsically to Henry on May 14, 1895: "Talking of a name, I rather reluct at 'History.' It sounds like Harvard. I rather feel as though I might be some of those learned gents who roll up their eyes at me. Evelyn, who is reading me, suggests 'The Path to Hell. A Story Book.' I rather like the title only I think it promises too much. How can I assure my readers that I will show them anything so good as a path to 'Hell'?"

At last, on May 27, 1895, Brooks was able to tell Henry that his manuscript had gone off to London and about a week later sent him a draft of the Preface. It was in response to Brooks's request for advice on the problem of the introduction that Henry wrote his letter of June 5, 1895, published in his *Letters*, Vol. II, p. 70, on which I comment below (p. 92). Henry advised Brooks to go through the Preface carefully and "strike out all the egotism you can reach. . . . Every omission improves. I have suggested possible condensations by pencil-marks on the text."

Soon everything was ready except the title and some kind of advertisement designed to catch the public interest.¹ An agreement was made with Sonnenschein in London for publication, on condition that Brooks Adams should "stand the charges." Henry went over to London while the book was in press and kept up a lively interest in the project.

The reception accorded to *The Law of Civilization and Decay* in England, on its publication in October, 1895, was disappointing to Brooks Adams, but the reception of imported copies in the United States was highly gratifying. Henry wrote to Brooks on February 7, 1896, that the first supply of copies imported by The Macmillan Company in New York had been exhausted, that a second supply had just arrived, and that a third supply was on the way from England. At the moment Brooks was in India making studies of economic conditions under British imperialism. After his return to Quincy, in May, 1896, Brooks informed Henry that Macmillan had sold out, and that Sonnenschein had no more copies ready. "I believe," he said, "that the sale of our 'Civilization' is

practically unlimited just now, if it could only be pushed; unlimited I mean to the extent of the editions we ever publish of such a thing."

4

Meanwhile Brooks was busy with his revision for direct publication in New York. On March 7, 1896, while still in India, Brooks asked Henry to send an annotated copy to his Paris address, so that he could compare it with his own annotated copy and talk it over with Sonnenschein. In June, 1896, Brooks was at home in Quincy again, working on his revision. He reported the fact to Henry on June 13 and added: "Far from having been injured by writing my book I find that I have never stood so well, and though I am no more loved than I was, at least I do not find any longer any disposition to laugh." In the midst of his labors, Brooks took time to visit the Democratic national convention at Chicago, where Bryan triumphed over the "goldbugs." "Of all the sights I have ever seen," he wrote, July 12, 1896, to Henry in Paris, "it was one of the most impressive. I know now precisely what the [French] convention looked like in 1789. If I ever saw revolution it was in that meeting."

By the middle of August, 1896, while Bryan's campaign was getting into full swing, Brooks could announce to his brother that the last of the proofs had been sent to The Macmillan Company. *The Law of Civilization and Decay* soon came out under the American imprint. The Macmillan edition was reprinted in February and in September, 1897, in October, 1898, and in July, 1903. And it certainly furnished fuel for the political conflagration then raging.

Now Brooks was turning his attention to a French translation. Henry had suggested it to him in a letter of May 14, 1896, proposing at the same time a development of the first and last chapters. Wendell Holmes encouraged Brooks by telling him that he thought the second edition better than the first; and the reception by the press was favorable — "amazing," Brooks described it. But he was not ready to publish a French edition. "I want more criticism," he told Henry, in a letter of October 18, 1896. "If you can't come to New York please take a copy of my book, and, having chewed on the last chapter, the preface, and the first ten pages of the second chapter, interleave your notes and send it to

¹ By whom and in what way the title of *The Law of Civilization and Decay* was finally formulated is a question left unanswered in the Adams manuscripts. As to the advertisement, Brooks wrote Henry, June 20, 1895, that he did not want the book put forward as "a philosophic speculation; a scholar's theorizing." He wanted to reach a wider public and said to Henry: "my best hope is with the socialists, the silver-men, and the debtors."

me." While in Paris, on January 15, 1897, Brooks acknowledged the receipt of Henry's report. Henry had made some suggestions respecting Byzantium. Brooks replied that he was not sure that he agreed. But on May 15, 1897, Brooks added: "I am going to rewrite the Roman and Byzantine part of my book."

Through the summer and autumn of 1897 Brooks in Quincy worked on his revision for the French edition. In December, he and Henry were in Paris, arranging with Alcan for the publication of the French edition and with Auguste Dietrich for the translation into French. During that winter Brooks remained in Paris and Henry was with him, at least for a portion of the season.

Brooks's drudgery was not yet over. The French translation was given to the printer and the proof had to be read. This operation he carried on at Quincy during the autumn of 1898. The business of verification was also assumed by Brooks and like a true scholar he discharged that obligation. "As I try to verify every fact and every date from the originals and look up all the quotation, it is a big job," he explained to Henry in his letter of October 17, 1898.

The proof supplied by the French printers, Brooks declared to be "disgraceful." It was full of errors and "slovenly" in composition. He paid a handsome tribute to his translator, Dietrich, but he had to "slave" over the French version to the bitter end. "Now this is a fact, substantially: I have translated that book myself," he wrote to Henry on December 28, 1898. "I have had to supervise, in sober earnest, every word which has been written."

Like all conscientious authors, he apparently held out as long as he could and then, overcome by sheer weariness of the flesh, he delivered himself into the hands of the printers. In March, 1899, *La Loi de la Civilisation et de la Décadence* appeared in Paris. On April 6, 1899, Henry Adams wrote to Brooks from Paris that he had been at Alcan's, secured copies of the book, and "found them, in appearance, very satisfactory." In May, Henry gave Brooks the pleasure of learning that his book was "in the shop-windows" of Rome, "as well as in Paris."

An edition in German followed a few years later. On December 18, 1906, Brooks wrote Henry that he was working on the German proofs of the book but needed help, "as I know too little German to be able to criticize."

December 19, 1906, Henry advised Brooks to get expert assistance, saying, "I would never make myself responsible for that language" (unpublished letter).

5

Although Henry advised Brooks in 1893 against the publication of his manuscript and would have nothing to do with it openly, he wanted to help his brother's cause along. So he wrote, as he afterward explained to Brooks, "a sort of preface or introduction," designed to open the way for a public reception of the volume when it appeared. This essay was his famous Letter of December 12, 1894, on "The Tendency of History," which served in place of his presidential address to the American Historical Association in that year.

In speaking of the Letter, Henry said to Brooks that without some such introduction *The Law of Civilization and Decay* would be ignored in a conspiracy of silence or furiously attacked by professional historians. The teaching profession, Henry elaborated, "is like the church and the bankers, a vested interest. And the historians will fall on any one who threatens their stock in trade quite as virulently as do the bankers on the silver men."

As a matter of fact Henry's essay on the tendency of history was a fitting preparation for the launching of Brooks's volume the following year. If it had been deliberately formulated for that purpose, it could not have been more skillfully conceived and executed. However considered, in my opinion it was, and yet remains, high among the most comprehensive, penetrating, and profound utterances ever made, at least in the United States, on the office of the historian and the nature of history. The terrible course of history since 1894 and the plight of historians in Europe seem to be, in many ways, illustrations of Henry Adams's discernment, pleas, and warnings, made manifest in his Letter.

As the Letter is a closely knit and reasoned document, no adequate digest or summation of it is possible. But a few propositions may be drawn from it here.

These propositions are: A science of history is possible, is probable, and historians will not, can not abandon the attempt to attain that objective, "unless for reasons that would cause all science to cease." In form, the science of history may take on the pessimism of great

European capitals; it may point to a socialistic triumph; it may announce that the present evils of the world — its huge armaments, its vast accumulations of capital, its advancing materialism and declining arts — will continue and will be exaggerated over another thousand years; or it may point to a reversion to the church and absolute faith, ringing the death knell of science. Whatever its form, the science of history would have to be submitted to four powerful tribunals for silencing unwelcome opinions: the church, the state, property, and labor. Within the next fifty years (1894–1944) historians may be compelled to say with Galileo whether the world moves, and if so in what direction.

It is thus evident from these brief and inadequate statements that Henry did not by any means fully endorse in his Letter the conclusions of Brooks's volume. In indicating the forms which a science of history might take, he merely made room for the letter and spirit of Brooks's work. And at the same time he expressed the thought that the science of history might bring "into sight some new and hitherto unsuspected path for civilization to pursue," thus leaving the door open for the possibility of an optimistic interpretation of history.

Actually, Henry was never completely satisfied with *The Law of Civilization and Decay*. He complained to Brooks that the Preface was imperfect and that it should be more scientific. He told him that, granting the soundness of his "law," he had merely shown man to be a failure and had not explained why man had been a failure and could be nothing but a failure. "To leave human development where you do," he informed Brooks, "is hardly satisfactory, nor is it surely scientific history. . . . You should write a scientific summary."

To this Brooks made a frank answer: "Such a task was beyond me. Therefore, I declined Henry's suggestion to join him in Paris and work at the scheme he proposed, and went back to my old life in America. From that time Henry lost interest in my further publications, though he continued faithfully to read them, but always with the same complaint, 'that I got nowhere.'"¹

¹ Introduction to *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma*. In fact Henry was proposing an impossible task for Brooks. He was speaking in terms of a now outmoded science in which it was assumed that an event was explained when the "right cause" was assigned for it. At the time this idea was generally accepted, but it is now stoutly challenged by men of science.

General readers will be inclined to ask what influence Henry had on the ideas and form of *The Law*. Indeed they may surmise, because of the national distinction which Henry attained after *The Law* appeared, especially in the field of the theory of history, that Henry was the more powerful thinker of the two and that he materially affected the thought and substance of Brooks's work.

One inference may be considered first. Henry read Brooks's work while it was in manuscript form in the summer of 1893. In the records available there is no evidence to the effect that, at this stage in the development of *The Law*, Henry suggested any significant changes in the book or that Brooks made any fundamental changes as a result of his conversations with Henry. As far as the records go, Henry approved the book in general as "sound." He soon left Quincy, and Brooks finished off the manuscript for the London edition, with occasional calls upon Henry for assistance.

That the first edition of *The Law of Civilization and Decay* was the work of Brooks, Henry made emphatically clear in a letter to Brooks written in Washington on June 5, 1895. Brooks had proposed to dedicate the book to Henry. But Henry told him that it would be a mistake. It might suggest to critics that the book was really Henry's. "The book," Henry said, "is wholly, absolutely, and exclusively yours. Not a thought in it has any parentage of mine." Furthermore, Henry refused to be publicly associated with such a book. If Brooks chose to show the logical conclusion to the historical development of our society, Henry would do nothing to stop him: "By all means work out your full destiny, but work it out alone. My destiny — or at least my will — as an element of the social mass movement — lies in silence, which I hold to be alone sense. Even my name, in a dedication, talks too much to please me."

But what of the two sets of annotations which Henry made for the guidance of Brooks in revising his work for the New York and the Paris editions? In them, did Henry advance suggestions and proposals that led Brooks to make structural changes of vital significance?

Fortunately answers can be made to these questions. Through the courtesy of the Brooks Adams Estate, I have had the privilege of examining both copies of *The Law of Civilization*

and *Decay* which Henry annotated for use by Brooks in revisions. I have compared page by page and line by line all of Henry's suggestions, additions, and modifications with the corresponding pages and lines which Brooks published after considering his brother's notations. And this examination reveals the fact that Henry's comments, with two or three exceptions, did not go beyond alterations in details, and that these exceptions did not in any way alter the interpretation or theory of history which Brooks had worked out for his first edition. They were, rather, confirmations.

7

That this experience with Brooks Adams and his manuscript was more than casual in Henry's life, we have evidence. The long discussions carried on by the two brothers at Quincy in the summer of 1893, during the great economic crisis, were marked by intellectual excitement. "If I live forever," Brooks wrote in 1919, "I shall never forget that summer. Henry and I sat in the hot August evenings and talked endlessly of the panic and of our hopes and fears, and of my historical and economic theories, and so the season wore away amidst an excitement verging on a revolution." In a letter to Mr. Alfred Knopf, dated September 30, 1942, Mr. Henry Adams, of Boston, wrote: "Brooks Adams, my uncle, told me that during that summer they used to sit in the evening in the study the two Presidents used, and talk till late at night about economic forces that governed civilization."

Referring to their meeting of that summer, Henry noted in his *Education* (p. 338): "For the first time in several years he [Henry] saw much of his brother Brooks in Quincy, and was surprised to find him absorbed in the same perplexities [respecting the forces at work in the panic]. Brooks was then a man of forty-five

years; a strong writer and a vigorous thinker who had irritated too many Boston conventions ever to suit the atmosphere; but the two brothers could talk to each other without atmosphere and were used to audiences of one. Brooks had discovered or developed a law of history that civilization followed the exchanges, and having worked it out for the Mediterranean was working it out for the Atlantic. Everything American, as well as most things European and Asiatic, became unstable by this law, seeking new equilibrium and compelled to find it. Loving paradox, Brooks, with the advantages of ten years' study, had swept away much rubbish in the effort to build up a new line of thought for himself, but he found that no paradox compared with that of daily events. The facts were constantly outrunning his thoughts. The instability was greater than he calculated; the speed of acceleration passed bounds. Among other rules, he laid down the paradox that, in the social disequilibrium between capital and labor, the logical outcome was not collectivism, but anarchism; and Henry made note of it for study."

What Henry Adams would have done after 1893 if he had not had this experience with Brooks's work on *The Law of Civilization and Decay* no one can determine. It is a fact, however, that the flowering of Henry's interest in the theory of history — the grand course of civilization — came after, not before, that extraordinary experience with his brother's bold, powerful, and comprehensive effort to grapple with the secret of history. And a comparison of Henry's writings before 1893 with his writings after that year shows that during the period 1893-1899 he acquired certain fundamental conceptions of history, explicit in *The Law*, which subsequently bulked large in his historical thought and writing. Of the fact there can be no doubt. But this is not the place to amplify *The Education of Henry Adams*.

IS GERMANY INCURABLE?

The Treatment

by RICHARD M. BRICKNER, M.D.

1

THE world's long-standing bewilderment over Germany's behavior has been more marked since Hitler came to power. People have been posing awkward questions reflecting habits of thought prevalent since the last war: "Aren't the Germans just being hoodwinked by the Nazis into outrageous behavior?" "Wasn't the last war futile? If so, why isn't it futile to fight another against the same enemy?" "Why can't you do business with Hitler, if you handle him cleverly — or with the Germans, if Hitler is eliminated?" And so forth.

The psychiatric diagnosis of Germany made in my article in the March *Atlantic* — that the emotional core of German culture is and has long been growingly and menacingly paranoid in character — resolves the problems posed in these questions. Once you know that you are dealing with paranoia manifested in cultural trends and spreading by example, prestige, and conditioning through more and more people in each succeeding generation of Germans; that these trends have been developing steadily through more than a century of German history; and that the behavior of the Germany-group shows all the classical symptoms of paranoia as the doctor sees them in individual patients, you can answer questions that were formerly baffling.

The Nazis, for instance, are only a symptom of the paranoid emotional core of Germany's culture. They cannot be dissected out from the Germany-group as specially responsible for Germany's destructive conduct. Their actions

are so extreme because German paranoid trends have been growing steadily stronger, as a salt lake grows saltier every day, year, or century. Similarly, you can't do business with Hitler, or with a paranoid Germany lacking Hitler, because the paranoid's idea of a deal is not a mutually advantageous exchange but a manifestation of his dominance over the other party in terms of his illusory immediate wants. And, unmistakably, the last war was not futile. Although it did not reverse the German paranoid trend — because of the Allies' inadequate understanding of what was wrong with Germany, it could not have been expected to — it did reduce German strength for a generation and so permit non-paranoid values to be preserved elsewhere.

Light also appears on such current problems as whether or not the United Nations should bring Nazi leaders to trial and punishment after the war. The thought of Hitler, Goebbels, and Göring arraigned before an international tribunal and receiving solemn sentence, as the world's response to their villainy, is simple and deeply satisfying. In their cases, of course, the problem is somewhat academic. None of the three would be likely to survive a collapse of the Nazi regime long enough to get safely into the custody of the United Nations. But smaller fry — the officers who ordered the annihilation of Lidice, for instance — pose essentially the same question.

From the psychiatrist's point of view, such trials and punishments would be futile. The problem cannot intelligently be stated in such elementary terms, with punitive justice catching up with the bloodthirsty villain. Group paranoid trends are necessarily hydra-headed. To hang Heydrich's avengers would accomplish nothing toward reducing the paranoid tendency that lay behind the Lidice crime. To

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cast its authors as principals in an internationally sponsored courtroom drama would, in fact, go far to make them martyrs whose memories would serve as rallying points in the next frenetic development of German paranoia. After all, the Nazis have made a tremendous and highly useful hero out of Horst Wessel, thug and panderer. In a Germany under mental reconstruction — the only kind of Germany that holds out much hope for future peace — Nazi killers would have to be handled in a way that relegated them to oblivion without melodrama.

2

The problem of what to do after the war is over is simplified by the painful clarity of what would happen if the Axis should win. In short order the United States and all other defeated powers would be suffocating in the all-enveloping vapor of paranoia pumped by forced draft throughout the world from conquering Germany. From then on, non-paranoid cultures would have no more problems to decide, no more puzzling responsibilities, no more option as to what to do next. We wasted the opportunity to recognize and treat German cultural paranoia that came with victory in the First World War. This time, even a draw, with both sides temporarily exhausted, would do no good. Wrestling a paranoid to a draw merely postpones his next attack. The chips are down and we are playing for keeps.

Victory for our side, the other alternative, carries huge responsibilities and an awkwardly large number of options. Having won, we can return to the principles used in the 1919 treaties; or, in a vengeful or precautionary mood, exterminate the Germans; or make a scientific effort to check Germany's paranoid trends. The first might be called the Versailles method; the second, the Cato and Carthage method; the third, the behavioral method.

It may sound ungenerous to put the Versailles label on present peace-planning efforts from such responsible and experienced hands as those that framed the Atlantic Charter. Such current attempts at intelligent foresight often contain important and valuable reminders that this time a calm approach to world problems in terms of raw materials, armaments, and standards of living must permit no vindictiveness in remaking the post-war world; that revenge, no matter how tempting, must be eschewed — a point on which the Versailles

Treaty had its shortcomings. The document that the Germans finally signed in the Hall of Mirrors was unnecessarily useful as grounds for paranoid whining because it contained so miserable a mixture of the theoretical and the punitive.

In one sense, however, the Atlantic Charter and the Versailles Treaty are fundamentally works of the same school. Both assume that aggression develops solely from material factors and that, provided the right formula is arrived at, readjustment of boundaries, markets, and social strains can provide a solution. Proper attention to political groupings, economic lines of stress, and governmental devices is obviously necessary but not the whole answer — merely a preliminary for arriving at the answer.

The inevitable denouement of the Versailles method, as the psychiatrist sees it, is another war a generation hence, as, once again, paranoid pressures pile up within Germany — probably a still more horrible war with Western civilization's chances of survival practically nil. Scotched again, not killed, the snake would return to the attack stronger and more venomous than ever. To paranoid-tending Germans, disarmament imposed on a defeated Germany would again appear as a particularly shameful outward and visible sign of persecution. Again the victors, lacking knowledge of what lay behind German pressure, would be exposed to paranoid whining. The next generation always forgets — if it is not a paranoid generation. Gradually paranoid complaints and opportunism would confuse the outside world into permitting Germany to rearm — German efforts to restore the country's self-respect would sound as well in 1961 as in 1935 — and then God help us all once more.

The bare idea of deliberate massacre of all Germans is intolerable, even in talk. By token of that very fact, any wholesale extermination of our conquered enemies would amount to psychological suicide for our prevailingly non-paranoid culture. It would do such violence to our consciences, conditioned to respect for human life, that our own cultural values would never stand the strain. Paranoid SS-troopers can sleep nights after planning and carrying out mass slaughter of the defenseless — not we. Out of pure self-interest, intimately connected with the non-paranoid ethos, we must keep violence in its proper place.

Naturally, however, we shall have to carry out measures that may appear punitive to the defeated. Too tender a conscience toward the underdog is itself a sign of neurotic feelings of guilt. No psychiatrist can quarrel, for instance, with the Atlantic Charter's insistence on completely disarming Germany. Any attempt at weaning Germany away from paranoid values necessarily implies depriving her of deadly weapons. Unless you take away a paranoid's gun before sending him to a doctor, there will presently be no doctor to treat him.

Psychiatry would also heartily endorse the Atlantic Charter's stipulation of economic arrangements to make a decent minimum living available for all, victors and defeated alike. It is difficult to get results from psychiatric treatment offered to a patient shivering with cold and gnawed by hunger. Let it be repeated, once and for all, that after this war the world will need all possible realism and intelligence applied to economic and social rehabilitation. If the job should stop there, however, it might just as well have never been done at all.

3

Our own emotional bent eliminates the Cato and Carthage method; and the Versailles method, although offering preliminary utility, is inadequate by itself. The behavioral approach alone takes care of the crucial factor in the problem.

It will be hard for our culture to make up its mind to the therapeutic strategy that is implied. An intrinsic if unformulated part of the philosophy of democracy is the absence of any expectation of paranoid behavior. Democratic postulates vaguely assume that, other things being equal, good-will and rational actions can be counted on.

Yet it was an egregious psychiatric mistake to expect a democracy to flourish in post-1918 Germany in competition with so many long-standing paranoid elements remaining unmolested in German culture. By the millions the army officer, the Pan-German-minded professor, the iron-jawed father, went instinctively to work to undermine what little strength the Weimar Constitution ever possessed. The Nazis could and did openly twit the Republic with its ironical obligation to pay salaries and traveling expenses to the very Nazi Reichstag deputies who were sworn to overthrow the Republic as soon as possible.

The same exultant jeers would apply to us here and now. We are not yet fighting to eject the paranoid from the floor of the world meeting place. Until victory comes, we are fighting merely to keep our own place in that assembly. After victory will come the second phase — the struggle to eliminate German paranoid trends as a future world-factor.

To encourage a post-war rehabilitation of Germany while allowing her to retain her taste for paranoid behavior would be like paying the Brown Shirts salaries to disrupt the proceedings of the Reichstag. We must assume that our non-paranoid values promise more for the human race than do violent paranoid values; that a demonstrably paranoid culture appertaining to a powerful and enterprising people is necessarily a menace to the human race; and that, since paranoia is fundamentally a psychiatric problem, not an economic or a political one, only psychiatric methods will act as a pertinent protective device.

The psychiatrist's grand strategy assumes that there will probably be a revolution within Germany after her defeat. But, aware of the striking degree to which paranoid values have permeated German culture, the psychiatrist can hardly hope that any government formed within a defeated Germany in horrible economic straits and crushed by failure would have the resources or imagination to put into effect a program of psychiatric rehabilitation aimed directly at attacking paranoia. Those resources and that imagination must come from outside — from among the victors, whose stake in the job is superlatively great.

In suggesting an indefinite post-war period without final treaty-signing, to enable the world situation to settle down before trying to formulate it, Mr. Sumner Welles has offered the time-opportunity for starting psychiatry's work. During such an extended period, with power and responsibility concentrated in the hands of the United Nations, the victors must cast Germany in the role of ward of the world and diligently lay the groundwork for reducing her paranoid tendencies to a point where she would become a reasonably safe neighbor. The best time to start would be the day after the collapse of the Nazi regime, for then German minds and institutions, thrown into confusion by the discrediting of what had sustained them, would be most easily reoriented. At any rate, plans for the psychiatric campaign should be

prepared as far in advance as those for military occupation.

Such a projected psychiatric therapy for a whole nation is, as it happens, not so new as it appears. The paranoid attack from within on other nations amounts in essence to a use of psychiatric therapy to alter the emotional cores of alien cultures. The technique is used for destructive purposes, but it is much the same for all that, and picks much the same points of attack. If Germany wins this war, much more grandiose campaigns of paranoia-stimulating institutional revolutions can be expected under Nazi auspices in defeated countries. These techniques are a weapon that we can either use for our own defense or have our enemies use against us. Even if we choose to let the whole idea alone, our enemies have no such intention.

Our greatest tactical advantage in such a post-war campaign to keep German group-paranoid trends from setting the world on fire again would lie in the very fact that, for the first time in history, the outside world would know what it is up against. If the world becomes sufficiently aware that the Germany-group's behavior means a mounting paranoia, the chances of keeping Germany from doing more international damage are immensely greater.

4

Given the diagnosis, a guide to broad procedures lies in the current treatment for individual paranoids. The crucial factor in an *individual* case is the presence of a sufficient mental area remaining *clear* — that is, free of paranoid reactions — to act as a point of departure for treatment. If the Germany-group contains a sizable number of individuals, however unorganized and unaware of one another, whose emotional values are prevailingly non-paranoid, the outside world has a *clear area* at hand to work with and out from in treating the German-group case.

The indubitable existence of such a group within Germany is one reason — besides the demands of fairness and accuracy — why I have insisted that calling Germany a paranoid-tending group does not outlaw the belief that a great many Germans have little or nothing to do with the national paranoid trend. Anybody who knows anything of Germans should not need demonstration that there are millions of non-paranoid countrymen of Less-

ing and Goethe as well as millions of paranoid countrymen of Wagner and Vater Jahn. Thousands of voluntary exiles, taking their chances in a strange land rather than submitting to the growing German paranoid trend, prove the point currently. Many more thousands, plain people not quite so courageous or farseeing, stayed home, existing passively but with small liking among the same influences. They are inconspicuous not only because they lack the talents that would make them conspicuous but because paranoia, in both individuals and groups, has a way of dominating other trait patterns.

No amount of ingenuity or force can hold the German paranoid trend down forever, if it continues unchecked. Efforts to check that trend, to head the Germans round the other way toward non-paranoid international behavior, need this multi-individual *clear area* for raw material. The bulk of the clear individuals must become the vehicle of new non-paranoid culture values, and from among them must come the new non-paranoid leadership with the emotional habits, based on the new culture values, that will reform Germany's international behavior.

The new Germany will have diplomats and politicians like any other nation. But the only way to produce them free of dangerous paranoid tendencies is to establish a Germany that has renounced its emotional taste for such things. Genuine leaders, significant and practical, cannot be imposed from outside — they must appear from within a culture as spontaneous expressions of tendencies prevalent among their constituents.

So it is the primary objective of the behavioral approach to the German problem to foster the *clear* Germans and then gradually draw into their group all possible marginal cases. This means that *clear* behavior must become emotionally attractive to more and more Germans, on both the individual and the national scale, receiving rewards in success and respect parallel to those formerly accorded paranoid behavior.

In this respect the world made a grievous mistake in the 1920's. Confused and ill-thought-out though it was, the Weimar Republic did present *clear* aspects and might have been successful. But we allowed this *clear* trend to be identified in the average German's mind with coincidental deprivation — with hunger, unemployment, inflation. Thus no

positive trend away from paranoid reactions could be set up. (This fact makes fulfillment of the economic promises of the Atlantic Charter doubly necessary.)

In treating the paranoid Germany-group, we must make sure not only that *clear* individuals arrive at and remain in power, but also that the population in general associates tangible rewards with the new regime. The purpose is not to reward previously paranoid Germany for destructive behavior, but rather to recognize that, in treating a difficult case, all the therapeutic conditions must be as near the optimum as possible. It merely happens that one of the most important of those conditions makes it necessary for Germans in general to experience a coincidence of greater security and more harmonious living with a regime that does not conceive Germany as plotted against and held down; that does not consider the chief end of human endeavor to be the demonstration of one group's superiority so that all others are reduced to a subhuman pulp. Only then can true leaders — in the democratic, not the Führer-Duce sense — appear; only then can the world gradually withdraw from its guardianship. The *clear area* will be on the upbeat and paranoid trends will be on the way to vestigial status.

5

None of this program can be accomplished without serious outside interference. In order to develop, the Germany-group's *clear area* requires an artificial atmosphere, as a premature baby needs an incubator. That atmosphere must consist of two interacting ingredients: (1) devices to render harmless individual sources of paranoid contagion within Germany — the negative end of the job; and (2) devices to help marginally paranoid Germans substitute non-paranoid for paranoid values — the positive, *clear-trending* end.

Beyond that no clinical psychiatrist should try to go. Just what programs will be advisable or necessary, how much farther and deeper

into German life outside interference may have to go, will depend obviously on how the world shapes toward the end of this war, what has happened inside Germany in the meantime, and other factors unpredictable now.

So far as I know, no international group of men of good-will will ever before have organized a program remotely approaching what this objective will require. How it should be done is a job for experts in a dozen different fields — anthropology, law, sociology, nutrition, transport, propaganda, psychology, economics, as well as psychiatry.

The psychiatrist is expert in only one field. He does, however, know several things crucially important in approaching the problem: namely, that his knowledge of how paranoia can be combated in individuals makes the omens good enough for combating it in groups; that a vivid realization of this diagnosis of paranoia is the *sine qua non* of any success whatsoever in dealing with post-war Germany; and that the *clear area* of non-paranoid Germans within the Germany-group is the strategic key to the whole.

To many the mere suggestion of such schemes will sound absurdly impractical. Patronizingly, they will consider them just what one might expect when a doctor starts daydreaming in his scientific ivory tower, aloof from the real things that happen in the world of wars and cartels and class struggles.

The answer is sharp and simple. So far, "hard-headed," "practical," "realistic" handling of world problems has been an appalling monument to impracticality. A deeper practicality recognizes all the factors in a world situation and does something about them — emotional factors included. As for the doctor's insulation from the practical world, I can assure the layman that the psychiatrist's office is no ivory tower. In it the doctor has constant, absorbing, and down-to-earth contact with the realest things that exist — the involutions of human behavior. The man in the ivory tower is actually the practical man of affairs.

THE SEA AND THE CAVE

Naturalist at Large

by THOMAS BARBOUR

1

SOME of the most delightful incidents of my life have happened at sea. I recall a still, calm morning off the west coast of Nicaragua. There was literally not a breath of air to stir the surface of the water. And far and wide, scattered to the horizon, were the images of white birds. They appeared miraged up so that they looked about twice as big as gulls should be. The answer was soon to see, for each gull was standing on the back of a basking sea turtle floating or swimming slowly upon the surface of the ocean. The effect was extraordinarily lovely, and I have always recalled it with the greatest pleasure.

A few days later, with the same good weather, we passed through great swarms of coral-red crabs swimming busily along the surface of the ocean, as if all bound upon an important errand.

I often think of the emotion and excitement, which I suppose has occurred for years and will occur until time ends, when a naturalist sees an albatross for the first time. On the wing — and you might seldom see them swimming on the surface of the sea — they look entirely unlike any other bird. Their wings are so long and so sharply pointed that you hardly see the body at all; you simply see this great, straight, unbending pair of wings. To see them at their best the sea should be stormy.

They don't sail the billows as pelicans do, rising and gliding with their wings parallel with the surface of the water, but they cut and pivot and jibe about, and seem to be stand-

ing on end more than half the time. Indeed, they appear to stick the tip of one wing in the water and to use this as a fulcrum as they pivot to swing past the crest of a wave. On the voyage to South Africa you meet them shortly after leaving Saint Helena, and for a day or so before reaching Cape Town you may see great numbers. They are perhaps even more abundant off Southern Chile, and if by chance you should pass near the floating carcass of a whale you will see them in swarms, like herring gulls in the harbor of Key West after a bad cold spell in the north.

Porpoises are always diverting and, of course, are familiar to every traveler at sea. But on three occasions we were extraordinarily thrilled by seeing gigantic schools of porpoises that behaved in quite an exceptional manner. More than one species must have been involved, for once we saw what I am about to describe off the west coast of Costa Rica, once near Amboina in the Moluccas, and the third time nearing the Cape of Good Hope.

On each occasion the sea was calm and still. There may have been an occasional porpoise rolling lazily, as one is accustomed to observe them, but on each of these three mornings the sea became suddenly alive with porpoises — thousands upon thousands of them, rolling and jumping high in the air, jumping over one another, past one another, boiling and plunging. There seemed no question but that they were playing, as I saw no evidence that they were driving fish before them. After carrying on in this manner for perhaps half or three quarters of an hour, as if at a signal the whole school swam off. As they disappeared, the animals rolled gently in order to breathe, but they hardly cut the surface of the water.

Another morning I like to think about was when the *Utawana* lay anchored off the mouth

DR. THOMAS BARBOUR, who graduated from Harvard in 1906, carries on the tradition of Louis and Alexander Agassiz. Director of the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge, he is a scientist whose knowledge of reptiles, birds, and insects is rivaled only by his delight in human nature. This is the sixth of a series of papers drawn from his reminiscences, which will hold the fruition of his forty years' experience as a naturalist and traveler.

of the Yaqui River at the head of the Gulf of Samaná in the Dominican Republic. The muddy water of the river pushed out into the clear turquoise-blue water of the Gulf, with the line of division sharply marked since the dirty fresh water did not readily mix with the clean salt water of the ocean. An extraordinary procession patrolled the boundary line. Giant rays went flying through the water, their great wings flapping, each one as big as the top of a grand piano, and some larger. They were so near the surface that their great fins came up into the air as they flapped their way along, and every once in a while one would leap high and land with a resounding whack. This kept on pretty much all day.

One would naturally suppose that they were feeding, and yet these great fish are normally bottom feeders. With their protrudable lips they pick up clams or conchs on the bottom and crush them with their curiously modified, flat, plate-like teeth. In the Oceanarium at Marineland, in Florida, they had a ray which picked hard clams off the bottom, and I could hear them crack. The crunch which ground them up was so powerful that the noise carried through the plate glass.

It is a pity that the Gulf of Samaná is not readily accessible to visitors. It is one of the loveliest spots in the whole world. On the north side the mountains rise, covered with a fine green forest. Down the mountain roads the peasants come riding their well-trained bulls laden with heavy packs to go to market in little towns like Santa Barbara de Samaná — quaint little Old World towns that date back almost to the time of Columbus.

The other side of the Gulf offers a complete contrast, for long ago this must have been a flat limestone plain which has been cut and eroded away to form a labyrinth of little rocky islands, each one deeply undercut by the surf, the rocks dripping with orchids and begonias and great elephant-eared aroids, and beset with tall slender palms. Their little stalks are strong as a long iron bar would be, for these palms are old and have stood against countless hurricanes. There are many caves in these little islands, in some of which fishermen live in primitive simplicity — a fairyland, if ever there was one.

2

In 1908 I went as a delegate to the first Pan American Scientific Congress, held at Santiago,

in Chile. Because it was more convenient in those days, we went to Europe and sailed from Lisbon to Brazil. Then we visited Montevideo and Buenos Aires, and so crossed by the Trans-Andean Railroad. We stopped over at Puente del Inca and rode up to the Horcones Valley at the foot of Mount Aconcagua, where I had the good fortune to catch a series of the curious little lizard known only from that one spot, *Liolaemus fitzgeraldi*, named for the famous mountain climber.

A theft of jewelry from my wife, which required us to return to Mendoza to testify, prevented us from crossing the Andes with the American delegation to the Congress. The railroad had not been completed across the mountains in those days, and while our colleagues were transported from railhead to railhead in horse-drawn coaches, we followed, several days later, on horseback, reaching the Chilean side on a day when there was no train. By great good fortune we found that some of the railway engineers were going down to Santa Rosa in a gravity car and they took us "down the hill" with them.

We all sat bunched up on an open platform with nothing to hang on to — and how we jerked as we took the curves! From Juncal down to Santa Rosa is a vertical drop of about 10,000 feet: we took it at a rush through tunnels and over trestles with nothing but a hand brake between us and the blue. There was a burro on the tracks near the end of a long tunnel, but we shouted him out of the way just in time. The engineers had broken all rules in taking us with them, and when at last we were safely down at sea level, Rosamond and I repaid them in champagne.

The festivities in connection with the Congress at Santiago were cordial and extremely well organized, but of more interest to us was the visit to Valdivia and Corral, in the south of Chile. Here we succeeded in finding not only some new fresh-water Crustacea but some extremely interesting frogs and toads.

One day when we had run out of containers I purloined Rosamond's sponge bag and filled it with frogs, hung it up in our room, and went out to buy bottles. I hadn't tied it up very well and when I got back the floor, furniture, and walls were liberally besprinkled with tree frogs hopping about and climbing with their little sucking toes over everything, including the windowpanes. As usual I was penitent and unpopular, but this didn't catch the frogs.

We returned from the Congress with General Gorgas and his family: they were bound for Panama but we were going only as far as Southern Peru. We were together for two weeks on the old Chilean ship, the *Limari*. We hadn't been on board long when Rosamond found that one of the two bathroom doors was always locked. This was extremely inconvenient, and she spent some time spying out the cause. After some conniving she got a look into the room and found that the bathtub was full of water in which were swimming a number of goldfish.

Bishop Pierola, the shepherd of the enormous Indian diocese of Huánuco in the Andes of Peru, had been to make his *ad limina* visit to the Sovereign Pontiff in Rome. He had acquired the goldfish, and his chaplain, being charged with their safekeeping, had simply bribed the bath steward and taken up one of the two bathrooms in the ship for the Bishop's goldfish. They stayed there, too.

Later on General Gorgas, who did not speak much Spanish, came to me and asked me to tell the *mozo* in charge of the one remaining bathroom that he wanted clean water. The fresh-water supply was locked up and we couldn't run our own baths as the supply was limited; hence the necessity of calling the *mozo*. (Gorgas had not learned Spanish on purpose, because, as he said, he had so many difficult duties and such unpleasant ones, in connection with the sanitation of Panama, the burning of buildings and worse, that he did not wish to be able to understand the frightful curses which were heaped upon him.) I spoke a little Spanish and approached the *mozo*, who answered, "Tell the General that the bath water is sweet and nice. Nobody has been in it but those two young North American ladies, and they use such sweet-smelling soap." The General however, insisted that he preferred clean water, and finally he got it.

In 1910, with a number of others, I represented the Association of American Universities at the reopening of the ancient University of Mexico in Mexico City. This coincided with General Porfirio Diaz's last inauguration as President. We were sumptuously cared for by the Mexican government. We American delegates had a house at our disposal, and motorcars at beck and call. The great banquet, given to all the assembled dignitaries, was one of the most extraordinary occasions of its kind

that I have ever attended. The tables were set on the floor of an enormous cave near the pyramids at San Juan Teotihuacán, and not only were the silver and china — brought from the palace in Mexico — decorative in the extreme, but the entire floor of the cave was carpeted several inches deep with tens of thousands of gardenia blossoms. Of course these can be bought for a song in the highlands of Mexico, but the effect was amazing and the scent almost overpowering.

The inaugural festivities in Mexico ended with a procession in which General Diaz walked with the delegates, who wore academic costumes and made quite a show of color. The next day there was a military parade, and after seeing the ten thousand *Rurales* prance by on their beautiful horses and with their extraordinarily striking costumes one little dreamed that in but a short time Diaz would be leaving Mexico for Spain as a refugee.

Before returning north Professor Tozzer, Clarence Hay, Rosamond, and I visited the ruins of Xochicalco near the boundary of the states of Morelos and Guerrero. The things that stick out in my memory above all else are the buildings which the Indians at the village of Temisco in Morelos made to store their corn; the rock iguanas, big black lizards which decorated every stone wall; the dreary ride, and the uncomfortable night at the ruins. But topping all else, I remember the visit to a near-by cave in which, by the greatest good fortune, I managed to secure with my hat some specimens of a rare bat, *Choeronycteris*.

3

I became so interested in caves at one time that I suggested to Professor William Morton Wheeler that we start a Society of Speleologists. He was enthusiastic, but we finally concluded that there was not enough of an interested group to make it worth trying.

I have had some grand experiences exploring caves. In the spring of 1911, Dr. Carlos de la Torre, of the University of Havana, found among the notes which he had inherited from his old teacher, Felipe Poey, — a very great naturalist indeed, and one whose contributions to the natural history of Cuba are well known, — the statement that there was a cave near Cojimar which had red shrimps in it. Don Carlos and I took a *guardaño* — one of those little canopy-topped rowboats that ferry one

about the harbor of Havana — and crossed over to Morro Castle.

On the little beach just by the battery of the Twelve Apostles there lived an old fisherman named Lesmes. He had been a collector for Poey and was knowledgeable in all sorts of ways. We questioned him and he said, "Yes, there is a cave back in the scrub, several miles from here, which has shrimp in it which look as though they had been boiled." The upshot was we started out to find the cave. We wandered through the hot, dusty growth of beach-grape trees for a couple of miles and came to what had obviously once been a small cave, the roof of which had fallen in.

Sure enough, swimming about in the crystal-clear water, which here stood quite near the surface of the ground, were to be seen fairy shrimps of the most heavenly crimson hue, slender and most delicately formed, with white tips to their appendages, as if they had stepped about delicately in white ink. We collected a number of these and in due season sent them to Miss Mary Rathbun, the famous carcinologist of the Smithsonian Institution. She wrote me that these shrimps were unique, the only members of the family Hippolytidae that had taken to cave life. The members of this family inhabit the deep sea and a vast number of deep-sea Crustacea are red. All other cave shrimps which I know of, like most other cavicolous animals, are pure white. She named this shrimp *Barbouria poeyi*, which pleased me very much.

I am going to digress for a moment at this point and say something about zoological names. There is always a generic name written with a capital, and a specific name, and sometimes also a subspecific, always written in lower case. The manufacturing or thinking up of generic names is not always easy, since you have to think of names which have not been used before, and the number of names that have been used mounts into many thousands. Therefore a person with a name which works up reasonably euphoniously is a good deal of a godsend to describers; so we have *Barbourella*, *Barbourina*, *Barbouricthys*, *Barbourophis*, *Barbourula*, and I think several other such combinations, all slipping off the tongue with reasonable comfort.

But consider the way Dybowski, for instance, has transgressed, and some of the names which he has proposed for free-swimming

Crustacea in Lake Baikal: *Leucophthalmoechinogammarus leucophthalmus*, *Stenophthalmoechinogammarus stenophthalmus*, *Cornutokyotodermogammarus cornutus*, and, the best one of all, *Brachyuropushkydermatogammarus grewinglii mnemonotus*. I call this dirty ball. Thank God these have all been outlawed by unanimous consent of one of the International Zoological Congresses.

Not long ago I had occasion to make some rather nasty remarks about some perfectly good friends of mine who perpetrated such a name as *Photichthys nonsuchi*. Think of declining *nonsuchus* — *i, o, um, o*. Pretty terrible, for "nonsuch" can be translated into decent Latin. But my friends were not classicists; otherwise, in naming a fish seen and not heard — itself a mortal sin — they would not have used *Bathysphera intacta* and naïvely interpreted it as "the untouchable bathysphere fish."

4

But to get back to our caves. Cuba, like many other limestone countries, abounds in caves and grottoes of all sorts, and I have explored any number of them. Three, however, stand out particularly.

There is a little range of limestone hills a couple of miles east of the Harvard Botanical Garden at Soledad in a pasture called El Portero de los Vilches. Here there is a shallow cave in the face of a cliff which was used years ago as a bivouac or lookout by both the Spaniards and the Cuban rebels — whichever happened to be in control of the area. This cave is known as *La Cueva de la Macha*. It is open to the light, a great domed chamber, the front of which fell off and crashed down the hill years ago. Wind-blown dust has been carried in in the course of the ages and the floor has been covered with a foot or two of dust.

We visited the cave often, as it was within walking distance of the Soledad plantation. Scattered over the surface of the dust in the cave were the remains of desiccated owl castings. These contained the undigested bones of introduced European mice and rats. It occurred to us that if we got down deeper in the dust we might find the remains of animals which existed before the coming of the Spaniards. This turned out to be the case, and we dug, sifted, and screened on many occasions. We found the bones of a number of extinct animals and, to top it all, the only absolutely

perfect skull of the extinct rodent *Boromys torrei* which has ever been found anywhere.

A visit to a second Cuban cave also turned out to be extremely valuable. My young friend, Victor Rodriguez, and I set forth from Havana to Matanzas and there changed cars to a little branch railroad which ran down into the Black Belt of Cuba, the southern part of Matanzas Province. We got off the train at Alacranes, not far from the larger village of Unión de Reyes, and inquired for La Cueva del M.

We found it was in an area mostly planted out in cane and we chartered an old, broken-down victoria, drove as far as the road would allow, and then walked on. The cave was as easy to explore as any I have ever seen. We entered through a great open archway and descended by a gradual inclined slope until finally we came to a great body of water which completely covered the floor of the cave. There was no going beyond this point. We could not have done so even if we had had a boat, because the roof of the cave dropped down, so that there was only a very short space between the roof of the cave and the surface of the water. This subterranean lake simply swarmed with life. We got a wonderful collection of blind fishes, finding both of the known species living there side by side with blind shrimps.

When we reached the mouth of the cave on our return we were surrounded by rural guards and promptly arrested. But thanks to Dr. de la Torre, we had credentials from the Secretary of the Interior of Cuba and we were royally treated when the *Rurales* discovered our identity. They had thought that we entered the cave for the purpose of purloining treasure "known to be buried there." But they were content to let us have our peculiar "treasure."

A totally different sort of cave was that which a *guajiro* living near Madruga advised us to visit. This was one of those deep, dark caves whose presence is made evident by the fact that the roof of one of the underground chambers has fallen in. In this cave trees had grown up and it was possible to clamber down to the floor through the branches of a tall, scraggly *jagüey*. Once down, we found that the cave spread out more or less in all directions and here one needed a ball of string and candles. We took our shoes and stockings off, rolled our trousers up, and slithered off through

the bat dung. My companions were Professor J. Lewis Breiner and Elliott Bacon.

We went on and on, stirring up myriads of bats, creeping along at times where there was only a three- or four-foot space between the surface of the guano and the roof of the cave. Then, farther along, we could just squeeze through a crack a couple of feet wide and forty feet high. Finally, when we were about tired out with the fetid heat and the mean going, we reached a deep, sluggish stream of water — water that had filtered down, most of it, through the lime rock, so that it had become supercharged with lime salts.

In the course of ages enough salts had been given up to form a crust on the surface of the water like thin ice on a pond in autumn in New England. We cracked this, carefully slipped the sheets of lime rock aside, and then could look down by the rather feeble light of our candles into a crystal-clear pool. There, to our delight, we could see numbers of pure white, quite obviously blind shrimps — new, too, to science! — swimming tranquilly about.

We collected a series of these in a dip net and then, to our delight again, found around the margin of the pool little sow bugs, or pill bugs, as we often call them here in New England. You see them here about Boston, slate-colored, swarming under brickbats or old boards in farmyard or garden. These, too, were pure white and completely without eyes. We bottled up a supply of specimens and then retraced our way, winding up our ball of twine and making a good collection of bats during the return trip. It was a pleasure to get back to the surface and to breathe fresh air again. We clambered up the strangler fig by which we had descended, mounted our horses, and rode back to Madruga.

Cuba is honeycombed with caves. There are innumerable places where streams disappear underground. After the most torrential rain-falls many areas show no standing water at all. And, of course, the story of the marvelous Bellemar Caves at Matanzas is well known. A Chinese was working here with a crowbar, making holes in a rocky area to set out sisal plants. All of a sudden, after a particularly lusty stroke, his iron bar slipped from his hands and disappeared. This is the way these famous caves were found, and now they are entered by a long iron flight of stairs lit with electric lights, and enchant with their beauty thousands of visitors from all parts of the world.

» Our treatment of the Japanese is surely a test case of whether we can help to direct alien communities when this war is over.

THE JAPANESE IN OUR MIDST

by GEORGE E. TAYLOR

1

THE future of the Japanese minority in the United States is no longer a domestic issue for three states of the Pacific Coast: it is the responsibility of the entire Union. Most of the West Coast Japanese are now settled in permanent relocation centers where they were moved by the Army and where they remain as wards of the nation. The American people have thus assumed the power to plan the lives of these 112,000 persons, more than half of whom are American citizens.

The distinction between citizen and non-citizen among the Japanese evacuees arises from our refusal to permit the *issei*, the first generation of Japanese immigrants, to take out naturalization papers. The law, however, made the children of the first generation American citizens by virtue of their birth in this country. These are the *nisei*. Some of these were sent back to Japan for their education and are often considered as a separate group, the *kibei* — a group upon whom more suspicion has fallen, perhaps, than on either of the other two.

These distinctions among the various groups within the Japanese minority are no sure guide to their degree of loyalty to America. For most people it is more difficult to accept even the *nisei* as loyal citizens than the corresponding second generation from German or Italian stock. While there is no doubt that the Japanese in America had an excellent espionage system before Pearl Harbor and that Japanese consuls made efforts to win over the *nisei* by forcing them to attend Japanese language schools,

there is little evidence to show that the *nisei* were deflected from their loyalty to the United States.

The reactions of the *nisei* to America and to the war seem to be roughly parallel to those of second-generation Germans and Italians. The reasons are clear. These American citizens of Japanese ancestry have lived their lives in this country, have gone through our high schools, taken honors in our universities, and tried to share in our life. They responded with alacrity when the Army recently opened its ranks to them. From the experiment in relocation which they are now undergoing may well emerge the techniques for dealing with the numerous relocations which will accompany and follow the winning of the war. In our relocation centers important international policies are taking shape.

Once evacuation was decided upon, it followed logically that these people should become at least temporary wards of the Federal government. The charges against Washington would have been severe indeed if the evacuees had been let loose outside the Western Defense zone and told to fend for themselves. For the majority of the Japanese this would have meant victimization, exploitation, and possible starvation. As it is, the appropriation of \$70,000,000 to the War Relocation Authority is about equal to the estimated capital losses of the evacuees. Although feeding and housing involve detention, this was the only civilized way of handling a mass migration.

It was a gigantic problem and I must say it was carried out with reasonable credit to the American people. A Japanese-American colleague wrote me that he considered the evacuation from Seattle an excellent example of American democracy at work. Nor must one overlook the coöperation of the evacuees themselves, their disciplined acceptance of a

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hard decision. But now that we have the Japanese evacuated, what are we going to do about them?

2

The Tolan Commission pointed out that incarceration, if continued for the duration of the war, could end only in wholesale deportation; we could hardly expect years of detention to encourage loyalty to American institutions. "If the nation believes as the Committee does, that we must live with these people as loyal citizens when the war is over, then every consideration should be given to the question: What is to become of these people after they enter reception centers?"

The question uppermost in the minds of the evacuees is naturally: What is our attitude towards them? What are our intentions for their future?

At first sight, the position of the Japanese minority seems full of anomalies. Immediately after Pearl Harbor about three thousand persons of Japanese ancestry, suspected of fifth-column activity by the FBI, were rounded up and incarcerated at Bismark, North Dakota, with persons of other nationalities. At the same time, forty thousand aliens and seventy thousand Japanese-American citizens have been excluded from the West Coast and located in ten main centers situated in the states of California, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and Arkansas. But those Japanese who evacuated the West Coast before the freezing order of March 19, as well as those who were already domiciled in the eastern part of the United States, are free to come and go as they please, and even if they are aliens, do not suffer the same restrictions as citizens of the West Coast.

In Hawaii, where the Japanese outnumber the white population, only a few hundred Japanese have been imprisoned and a few thousand deported. Defense plans count on the loyalty of the general population. There was plenty of espionage among the Japanese aliens before Pearl Harbor, but we have the authority of the Chief of Police at Honolulu that "there were no acts of sabotage committed in the city and county of Honolulu December 7, nor have there been any acts of sabotage reported to the Police Department since that date." His statement was published three months after Pearl Harbor. Nor has sabotage been reported on the West Coast.

The chief reason for evacuation was fear of mob violence against persons of Japanese ancestry in case of attack on the West Coast. Fear of espionage and sabotage came next in order of importance. As far as Japanese aliens and the *kibei* are concerned, fears of espionage were probably well grounded. But there is less reason to doubt the loyalty of the Japanese-Americans, the *nisei*, who form the majority in the relocation centers. Their average age is twenty-two years, their knowledge of Japan and Japanese is negligible, their ambition to be Americans is genuine and compelling. No charges are brought against them or, for that matter, against anyone not sent to Bismark, North Dakota.

In spite of the extracurricular Japanese schools which they have always attended reluctantly, a very effective job of Americanization has been done on the *nisei* — one wishes sometimes that it were not so complete. As a group they think like the middle class, they aspire to a mastery of business, jazz, and dancing; they are essentially conservative in social life and politics. Private enterprise could have no firmer supporters. They were not politically-minded; they worried much less about international affairs than about getting the family car for Saturday night. They wonder what we hold against them.

Mainly we hold against them the charge that they were not assimilated and were therefore a danger to the public peace in time of war with Japan. We were emotionally unprepared for the war, passions could easily be aroused, Japanese were too easily suspected. Part of our suspicion arises from our ignorance of the Japanese minority. Had the war come ten years later the problem would not have arisen in the same form because succeeding generations would have lost their economic dependence on the first, non-citizen generation. The influence of the Japanese consulates and banks might well have been broken. As it was, the danger of mob violence against anyone of Japanese ancestry was very real.

Most of the *nisei*, therefore, see that they have to suffer with the rest, not because they are charged with disloyalty but because they are not assimilated. One of them called the evacuation policy a "necessary injustice." But what of our responsibility? Having carried out the surgical operation, having removed so many persons from the living tissue of American life and isolated them from the main cur-

rents of world conflict, it would be an even greater tragedy if full advantage were not taken of this to bring about a just and lasting solution of the Japanese minority problem.

3

When the Army finished moving them, the evacuees were turned over to the War Relocation Authority.

The WRA established permanent relocation centers, two of which are on Indian land. In one of these, Poston, Arizona, administration has been delegated by the WRA to the Indian Service. Much of the small "Caucasian" staff at this camp comes from the Indian Service, one of the few branches of the government to which we could turn for a group of men who had had long experience in dealing with a minority group. Under the progressively enlightened policies which John Collier has done so much to encourage during the last decade, the treatment of our Indian population is one of which we have good reason to be proud. To this Indian Service nucleus has been added a group of extremely able persons, many of whom have had successful experience with the Japanese.

Poston is essentially an experiment in planned relocation. The long-term program can be roughly summarized as aiming at two things: the building up of a temporary community, and preparation for ultimate assimilation. A community must be built up along self-governing lines and in conformity with the wishes of the inhabitants, not only in order to help re-establish morale but also because there are some, perhaps, who will not wish to leave the camps even if allowed to do so. If the Colorado Indian Tribe to whom the land and all its improvements will always belong should extend the lease, many evacuees would be glad to remain and farm this rich soil. It is possible to imagine Japanese communities growing up in these relocation centers in which the centripetal forces would be stronger than the centrifugal — communities which would be a free but distinct part of the American scene. To be a free part of the American scene, however, there must be, for many of the evacuees, a new birth of confidence, knowledge, and capacity for the American way of doing things.

Poston today has the framework within which a new society can grow. Formerly disgruntled evacuees say that it "will work";

there is machinery through which hundreds are leaving for temporary or permanent positions in areas outside the Western Defense Zone; there is a bridge between the evacuees and the outside world.

Looked at with this framework in mind, it is possible to put the many apparent clashes of personalities and policies at Poston into their proper relation. Among the Caucasian administrators, those whose daily job it is to build up a community, the camp officials, the adult education leaders, the engineers, and the teachers can hardly avoid giving the impression that they look on this as a permanent project. Those whose function it is to move men out of the camps to satisfy the demand for agricultural labor in the Midwest, or those who are trying to relocate students in Eastern universities, naturally have less sympathy with the more permanent aspects of camp life. These differences illustrate the difficulty of reconciling the two things which the plan demands: freedom to leave Poston and freedom to build a community at Poston.

4

The first crisis is definitely over. Administration and evacuees have lived through months during which evacuees were bitter, bewildered, upset by broken ties, torn by conflicting rumors, doubtful of the good faith of the government. The *issei* taunted the *nisei* — "I told you so, you are impounded with the rest of us." Farmers feared for the future, for even the land belonged to the Indians — this was to be another Arab-Jew situation. The first announcement of good intentions — self-government, for example — created, in this tense atmosphere, a wave of optimism which turned to despair when self-government did not come overnight.

This period of uncertainty is over and a mood of acceptance and coöperation is taking its place. There are no outward signs among the evacuees of any lowering of morale. Everyone dresses well and the women somehow manage to look clean, cool, and beautiful in heat and dust. The *nisei* are taking this experience as well as any other Americans but they are still living on their moral credit, like the girl who said, "We have unpacked our luggage but not our minds." They are not divorced from their old environment. When this spirit runs low, what inner resources can they draw upon?

The order in this community is the more amazing when one considers the physical conditions under which the 18,000 people are forced to live. Dust, fine and all-pervasive, is a constant factor; there is no escape from it. The evacuees at Poston's three camps are housed in barracks constructed by the Army on land which the Colorado River used to overflow before the construction of the Parker Dam. The heat is ten degrees hotter than in the Libyan Desert. The evacuees call the camps Roastem, Toastem, and Postem.

The third largest community in Arizona, Poston takes its name from the first delegate to Congress from the Territory of Arizona, the man who secured \$50,000 of the public funds for the construction of irrigation ditches in what is still Indian territory. The water for the project is diverted from the Colorado River by the recently constructed Headway Dam of the Parker Irrigation Project, but reaches the first of the camps through Poston's old ditches. Irrigation water will soon reach the second and third camps.

Last summer, in a temperature which goes above 120° every day, the evacuees had to get along with very little water and under very crowded conditions. Army barracks divided into rooms twenty feet by twenty-five feet afford little protection from the heat. Sometimes as many as three families shared one room. In September a survey of the housing situation showed that in one area fourteen families occupied seven rooms. Under these conditions privacy could not exist, for there are no partitions.

The Japanese consider the housing problem the most urgent and acute of all the questions facing the administration at Poston. They point out how hard it is to create a home out of a floor space eight feet square per person, which is the allotment where a family of seven occupies one apartment. They feel that conditions may defeat them in the fight to maintain individual and family integrity. A highly respected Japanese Christian said that if this condition continues much longer, there will be a collapse of morale. "Unrelieved tension continued over a period of months will have serious consequences." Friendships of long standing come to an end, the moral condition of the young people deteriorates, children are driven outside their home for their social life. Nobody stays at home in Poston, and that is an unhealthy and dangerous sign. Many of the older people,

too feeble to take care of themselves, are separated from their families.

The following was written by a young Japanese last September: —

Tonight as I sit here and type at my portable placed on a card table that is used for almost everything under the sun, the thought comes to me that I ought to portray an actual evening at home in an overcrowded apartment. I consider mine an overcrowded apartment, for in it there are seven of us. At the present moment my wife is trying in vain to put our four-months-old baby girl to sleep. She is pacing the length of the 20' x 25' room with the baby in her arms, but the baby continues to cry. My elderly male cousin is lying prone on his bed in one corner of the apartment and trying hard to concentrate on the front page of a three-days-old newspaper, but I am certain that it is only with difficulty that he is reading the paper, for he is constantly casting glances toward my wife and the wailing baby. My middle-aged female cousin is also lying prone on her bed, which is located in the center of the room alongside the bed of her ten-year-old daughter who is still very much full of pep and energy despite a strenuous day of play outdoors. The young daughter is keeping herself busy between making a necklace of melon seeds and calling everyone's attention to the little minnows that some of her little boy friends caught for her during the day in the near-by creek. My mother-in-law was putting around for a while with her sewing, but she must have tired of it, for I now note that she has gone outside and is carrying on a conversation with one of the neighbors on our front "porch."

The thing that strikes me just at this particular moment is this: How long can we keep up this strain that is brought about by the lack of privacy?

No wonder an evacuee lawyer who formerly had an excellent practice said that he thought of almost nothing but his physical condition.

5

What kind of society can the evacuees create in these conditions? A beginning has already been made towards the establishment of self-government. Under provisions of the WRA, the project directors were authorized to set up a Community Council, elected by everyone above the age of eighteen. Only United States citizens over twenty-one years of age could hold office. At the same time, all residents, citizen or non-citizen, were eligible for appointive offices in the administration. The powers of the Community Council are limited mainly to the maintenance of internal peace and order. The Council has no authority to

regulate the management, operation, or conduct of business enterprises within the center.

The form of government gives the administration considerable latitude in the handling of one of the ticklish problems of relocation life: the relation between the younger and the older generation. The American citizens in Poston, who number 60 per cent of the total population, are for the most part under thirty years of age; the other 40 per cent, mainly aliens, are well over forty. There is a very noticeable falling off in the age group between thirty and fifty years. The younger generation has not had time to achieve economic independence from the older, non-citizen generation or to produce a large number of experienced leaders.

Under these conditions full authority could not be given to the Japanese-Americans; it could only be placed gradually in their hands. By a double system of administration, the elective and the appointive, the younger generation is being trained for full responsibility, and the older generation takes part in practical administration. The experience and prestige of the one group balance the youth and ambitions of the other. In this way it is hoped that something of a brake can be put on the tendency towards the disintegration of that powerful Japanese institution, the family.

The forces which are undermining family loyalties arise from the nature of the relocation camps. Where food, shelter, and clothes are provided by the government, the father of the family ceases to have any economic hold upon his children; where the mother ceases to be the cook, she loses one of her main functions in the eyes of the children. All meals are taken in the common dining room, all cooking is done by professional cooks. Where housing conditions are so crowded, the discipline of children ceases to be a family matter and becomes the affair of the group. Under these conditions it would be disastrous to increase by constitutional arrangement the gap between the two generations. It was the strength of the family which accounted in large measure for the magnificent discipline which the evacuees have shown during months of intense heat and discomfort.

There are few groups in the United States which could have come through this experience so well as the Japanese-Americans. There are many scars — those who formerly wanted to volunteer for the Army are not now so keen, those whose faith in American democracy was high are now discouraged — but on the whole

there is a willingness among the *issei* to accept their position fatalistically, and among the *nisei* to insist, by actions, that they are American citizens.

The inner spirit of a community is hard to judge. But whatever freedom the evacuees may be given politically to develop in their own way, much of the framework is already decided for them by the economic policies of the WRA. From an economic point of view Poston is an American version of a collective farm. Irrigation and farming are a community affair directed by an evacuee and Caucasian bureaucracy. Most of the Caucasians are in the irrigation work, bringing water from the Parker Dam to irrigate an area which, when completed, will cover 80,000 acres but is now limited to one quarter of this amount. There is a great deal to be done yet in the way of clearing land of the fast-growing mesquite, making roads, and general construction. Irrigation ditches, drainage canals, and levees are the condition of agriculture, and work on these still monopolizes most of the heavy equipment.

Everyone works for the project — there is no other employer. Labor is paid a basic wage of \$16 a month, but managerial and professional labor receives \$19 a month. The only way to acquire money is to work for one of the project departments. There is an allowance of \$4 for clothing. A family with four children would therefore receive \$16 for the worker and \$24 for clothes; with the estimated equivalent of \$120 for maintenance, the total income would be \$160 a month. It costs the government forty-five cents per head to feed the evacuees, compared with the current cost of sixty-two cents for the Army. The 18,000 inhabitants of Poston receive 6000 quarts of milk a day. The food is tolerable. For one third of the evacuees these conditions, apart from housing, represent an improvement, for another third they spell a sharp lowering of the standard of living.

The immediate economic objectives of the project have been laid down by WRA. The evacuees are to raise only enough food to be self-sufficient and to help other camps. At the same time many other things are going on — experiments with rubber-producing plants, the introduction of beef and dairy herds. The growing season is 270 days a year, the rainfall three to five inches, the soils rich and varied. With sufficient water a rich agricultural community can develop.

Health, like other things, is a government service. A well-run hospital takes care of public health, professional services (doctors and dentists receive \$19 a month), nursing and sanitation. Recreation is a community service — some 60,000 people attend baseball games every month for nothing. The stores, which do a roaring trade and are the real centers of social life, are community enterprises.

The WRA permits the establishment of co-operatives, and the Rochdale Institute, by invitation, sent representatives to teach for a month at Poston. The possibilities for the growth of a coöperative society are intoxicating — coöperatives could take care of everything from the repair of shoes to the manufacture of agricultural implements. As no other form of evacuee enterprise is permitted, the evacuees will have to choose between organizing coöperatives for the production of their consumer goods and services or purchasing them with their \$16 a month wages.

But it is not easy to develop coöperation among the evacuees. Those who want to develop it see their problem as one of education, particularly among the younger *nisei*. They find that there is little incentive to work, because of the continuing sense of injustice, and many of the formerly well-to-do laugh at \$16 a month. The development of coöperatives also raises the problem of wages. Must the government rates be adhered to? Can profits be used to raise the real wages of the employees? How do coöperatives fit into the economic future of the project? Will they fit into the same picture with government factories — for example, the one just finished for making camouflage nets? Having permitted the development of coöperatives, Poston has opened the way, if the evacuees wish to follow it, to the handing over of a great deal of economic control from the government to the evacuees.

6

It is one thing for men to leave a concentration camp with a burning sense of injustice; it is another thing, and a matter of some importance to America, if they leave a community in which they have pride, feel free to grow, and through which they have faith in American institutions.

Of the evacuees who have already left Poston, some have gone on a temporary and others on a permanent basis. The temporary labor

has already performed signal service to the war effort. It is estimated that the 1600 who went out last year to harvest the sugar-beet crop saved the government \$5,000,000, not counting the cost of the materials. Only 400 had returned in September; half the others had made arrangements for semi-permanent employment, and the rest, if they could not make similar arrangements, intended to return. Under the present WRA rulings an evacuee is allowed to stay outside, except for the Western Defense zone, if he has obtained employment. Freedom is conditional upon employment. Most of the demand, which is persistent and growing in proportion, is for agricultural work, but the Federal Employment Service is also handling requests for jujitsu experts, nurses, and domestic servants.

Many evacuee families go out on a permanent basis from the beginning. The sugar-beet companies, acting for individual farmers and underwriting the deal, have asked for as many as 1700 workers at a time, with their families, to settle in Nebraska and Colorado. Many of the farmers are shorthanded because their sons have gone into the Army, or for other reasons, and they are willing to provide permanent homes for families, not single men, on a share-cropping basis. In this way a beginning is being made in the process of spreading the evacuee population over the face of the country — a process which many think is the first condition of assimilation.

The conditions under which evacuees leave the camps are carefully controlled. The workers must be paid the prevailing wage in the district according to the surveys made by the Federal Employment Service. There must be satisfactory housing, the employer must transport the employee to a metropolitan center at least once a week and provide for a doctor. WRA has field workers in each district to watch developments. Areas are chosen in which the local sheriff promises protection and the local schools take in the children. Each evacuee carries with him two postcards addressed to the field representative, to whom he can send complaints. The evacuees are permitted to get other positions if they wish to do so. As the labor shortage becomes more and more acute the pressure to secure labor from the relocation camps will increase and the question of the conditions under which this is permitted will assume even more importance. If freedom is still linked to employment, the evacuees feel,

the danger of pressure groups wanting to use the relocation centers as government-run "oakie reservations" is very real. This future of destitution is the nightmare of Poston.

7

The experiment at Poston is being carefully studied by trained observers responsible to a branch of the armed forces. Our future tasks in relocating displaced peoples in many parts of the world, and in providing temporary administration and public services for peoples released from long-endured bondage, are being prepared for in many ways. But here at Poston is both an experiment and a test case; it is well worth the watching.

Poston's chief difficulty, that of maintaining a modified position, goes to the heart of the problem. It is difficult to avoid building up a permanent labor camp of embittered citizens, on the one hand, and to avoid the dangers which would attend a too rapid dispersal of the evacuees at this stage. There is unfortunately no practical way of testing loyalty short of putting people in a position where they could be disloyal and taking the risks. The evacuees must be permanently relocated as soon as public opinion and the fortunes of war allow, but as this will be at best a slow process, those who have to live in the camps must be given the moral fortitude and proper incentives to do so. As this problem relates mainly to the young, the suggestion has been made that we give full freedom to American citizens among the evacuees to leave Poston if they so desire. Few would be able to leave, and those who remained would feel and act like free men. Such a measure would guarantee the loyalty of a group whose faith has been sorely tested. In this connection the Army's new rulings deserve the highest praise.

Complete detention and complete dispersal are clearly not the practical alternatives; the picture must include something of both. Poston must be considered as an organism growing in and into the American scene. What happens to those who leave Poston cannot fail to affect those who remain; what happens to those who remain will affect those who leave. Men who have built something of which they have reason to be proud will not feel ashamed to walk abroad and will be freer to make their own conditions if they decide not to come back. Men who are wage earners in a government-

managed bureaucratic enterprise run by Caucasians assisted by some evacuees will meet the same fate outside. They will not have the knowledge, the experience, the leadership, or the will to fight for the freedoms which all of us, whether members of minorities or majorities, must constantly struggle for if we are to keep them.

The position of the evacuees must be clarified. Officials at Poston realize that if the evacuees leaving the camp are suspected, because of lack of definition of their status, the whole policy of the WRA will fail; it is no use getting evacuees out on a permanent basis unless they are going to be accepted as loyal citizens. If we prefer not to let them come out, or want them only for cheap labor which can be returned when not needed, then it would be best to understand the connection between this attitude and the urgency of securing the political allegiance of the peoples of Asia in our struggle with Japan.

The consequences of not dealing with this issue intelligently and justly are serious. First, the Japanese of Japan would be provided with valuable fuel for the flames of race hatred which they are trying to whip up all over Eastern Asia. Secondly, the Chinese, our one great ally in Eastern Asia, our one bulwark against the threat of a race war against the white man, would be very much discouraged if the Japanese-Americans were badly treated. Chinese in Salt Lake City are reported to have given \$250 to the Japanese-American Citizens' League because they sympathized with the position of an Oriental minority in the United States. The Chinese in China, who have suffered much more at the hands of the Japanese than we, have on occasion lectured their Japanese prisoners on the origins of the war and set them free to return to their own lines. They have encouraged a Free Japanese Movement — to use against Japan the Japanese who want to liberate their country from the grip of the militarists.

The Chinese do not wish to see every Japanese in a concentration camp: they want to defeat the Japanese in order to create a world in which there will be a greater measure of equality between men of different colors. Our experiment at Poston will be watched by our allies and our enemies, for it is a test case of our intentions in this world at war. More important still, it is a demonstration of our ability to handle one of the earliest problems of the peace.

EVERY READER HIS OWN NOVELIST

by WILSON FOLLETT

I

CIVILIZED man is competently defined as the reading animal; but that definition, like many another, only unwraps one outer layer of a mystery, leaving it the more mysterious. The obvious residual problem is a competent definition of reading itself. And that is a question so formidable that it is almost universally answered by overlooking it.

The latter-day system of brain teasing called semantics is an ostensible effort to extricate the rock-bottom facts from the superficial conventions of the reading process. But the semantic approach has its own elaborate technique of begging the question. It will teach you as a basic commonplace that a word gets its meaning, not from logic or its etymology or the dictionary, not even from usage, but from its immediate context; but your semanticist quails like any other academician at the point of telling you the whole truth about what the immediate context of a word *is*.

What we evidently need is a Higher Semantics, not only covering the way a sentence, a page, a book, a whole library gets its meaning from the context, but also laying it down as the law of laws that the principal part of any context is necessarily the individual reader — his prejudices and preoccupations, the way his mind works, the frame of mind he happens to be in, the person he can't help being.

For what readers read, like what doers do, is chiefly what they are. We discover in printed pages, as in human beings, what we have it in us to look for, what we can refer the most readily to our own current or accumulated experience or to our momentary needs. Upon all that stands written we impose ourselves. Perusal intent enough to deserve the name is nearly as

much an act of authorship as the author's act of composition; and any author, if he could see exactly how his pearls look in the setting another intelligence is bound to give them, would have to admit that they have undergone a pretty wonderful sea-change, if indeed he did not cry out that they have merely been trampled by swine. Individuals being as various and inconstant as they are, it seems rather a marvel that two readers' minds ever overlap far enough to reach even a crude working agreement on what a given piece of reading contains; or, for that matter, that one reader can agree with himself on the same point at two different times.

This would appear to be a sobering, perhaps even a frightening, reflection to two special practitioners in words: the literary critic, who is supposed to divine the ways in which a book is the same for all men at all times, and the so-called creative writer, who is supposed to command a magic of making all men the same for his book. Patently, these are conscious or unconscious votaries of the impossible — it perhaps makes little difference which.

For my part, I do not expect ever to come upon a more vivid disclosure of the reading animal in his true inwardness than I used to experience with some frequency in the presence of one who, as a reader, might be summed up as Everyman *in excelsis*. He was, as it happened, a writer too; an American writer who, since his lamentably early death, is sorely missed by more and, I dare say, better readers than will ever notice the disappearance of some now making a much louder noise in the world. I am referring to Thomas Beer, who wrote *The Mauve Decade*, a life of Stephen Crane, some slightly rarefied novels that no great multitude ever discovered, and dozens of *Saturday Evening Post* stories that not a few still read and many more recall with delight.

From his Vermont farm, WILSON FOLLETT continues to favor us with provocative essays. His argument that fiction is something which the fully matured adult may very well do without is likely to encounter at least some division of opinion, we suspect.

2

Over the production of his writing, even the parts of it that he considered trivial and transient, Tom Beer travailed, agonized, and generally tormented himself. He would keep his publisher hopefully announcing a next book season after season until it had become legendary long before anyone was to set eyes on a scrap of its manuscript. Whether, at any given time, a scrap existed was a toss-up, for until the final sustained rush of composition the process consisted of grinding out a few pages with inordinate pain and toil and then, with a gusto approaching bloodthirst, tearing up a whole block of chapters that it would cost desperate months to replace.

But Tom Beer's conversation — especially when lubricated with the appreciable quantities of alcohol he insisted upon sharing with any companion of the moment — was another matter. It knew no such groping despairs. In a stolid monotone so quiet that no one but a stenographer would have appreciated its rapidity, without a gesture or a facial expression and almost without a pause, he would talk pure effortless literature for six, seven, eight hours at a stretch.

During some years I happened to be with him rather frequently in the combined capacities of a friend, a willing ear, and the sharer of one consuming literary interest. The evenings that I spent with him would begin before dusk in the Yale Club lounge or bar in Manhattan and end in his Yonkers living room after midnight, and all that any one of them would have needed to yield half of a new volume at least as fascinating as *The Mauve Decade* was the addition of the stenographer aforesaid — any passably nimble stenographer who could punctuate.

Now, what was chiefly remarkable about Tom Beer's steady, remorseless oral output of felicity and wit was that no single turn of it ever purported to be his. All that he said was ostensible reporting of others, the great and the insignificant, the famous and the obscure, the living and the dead. His utterances were transfigured gossip. He was solely a purveyor of what (according to him) others had done, said, and written — especially written.

For his best, most fertile vein of all was the casual and rapid digest of sundry books and tales. The books seemed to have become part of him; he quoted from them verbatim by whole paragraphs. The tales, he conveyed as

he rehearsed them in brief, were those rare ones that had saved him from dying of thirst in the alkali desert of modern fiction. His implication about his own talents throughout was that they were those of a dictaphone plus a somewhat exigent selective sense of what would be worth playing back. Considered as pure feats of memory his performances were, as they say in Hollywood, terrific.

Alas or hosanna, according to what one deems gain or loss, his performances were a good deal more terrific than any feat of memory. I caught my first substantial clew on a day when Beer undertook — in connection, as always, with something else — to give me a casual account of his first-published novel, *The Fair Rewards*. His modest assumption was, quite characteristically, that I either hadn't read it at all or had read it as just another novel and promptly wiped it off my mental slate. Now, I knew *The Fair Rewards* pretty well, or thought I did; but if the novel I knew was, in theme, treatment, scope, or any of its implications, the one its author now described, then I was the world's worst reader and a downright literary imbecile.

Naturally loath to accept so drastic a judgment offhand, I dug up *The Fair Rewards* and promptly reread it with microscopic care. There was no doubt about it: Tom had vividly described to me some novel he thought he had written, or wished he had written, or had originally intended to write, — possibly the novel he had torn up piecemeal in the course of evolving what was eventually published, — but certainly not *The Fair Rewards* as it was and is. There was simply no palpable connection, no handle or toe-hold for recognition. He might as well have delivered me a vivid synopsis of *Madame Bovary* with solemn assurances that he was commemorating *Diana of the Crossways*.

That curious experience set me to looking up various of his oral citations from favorite books and authors. Sometimes the authors, so far as I could find, had never existed. Sometimes they existed, but not the books from which he had quoted. If both author and book were actual, the passage I sought wasn't, except as a figment of Thomas Beer's strange mental necessities. It gradually dawned upon me that he was constantly re-creating the history and content, the whole range and substance, of literature to suit himself as a reader. Never from beginning to

end, once I had begun to detect the pattern, did I catch Thomas Beer telling a story that I could run down or quoting a passage that I could verify by the book. All that ostensible reporting was, in truth, a calm orgy of invention.

The mystery, an abiding one, is the extent to which it can have been consciously so. For he was not trying to be funny; he was not showing off, unless it is showing off to be oneself without a mask; he was not indulging himself in any sort of esoteric practical joke. Obviously he did not at any time *feel* inventive. He was simply telling everything the way it had to be for nourishment of his personal taste. He could not help applying to everything the principle of Voltaire's aphorism to the effect that God, if He did not exist, would have to be invented.

The ultimate test case, so far as I was concerned, occurred when Beer told me in rapid succession five magnificent stories by Viola Roseboro', whose much reprinted "Aaron Westcott's Funeral" is probably her best remembered if not her best performance. He gave their titles — all strikingly odd ones, as most of his own were — and named their places of original publication with the precision of a bibliographer. I could unearth neither any one of the five nor a record or evidence of one. Finally, goaded by intolerable chagrin that anyone should enjoy that casual access to masterpieces hidden from the commonalty, I posted over to Brooklyn and threw myself on Miss Roseboro's mercy. She was kind enough to the inquiring stranger — did he not murmur that he was a friend of Tom Beer? — but she knew nothing of the stories and was steadfast in her guarantee that she was not their author. She had a vague, remote feeling that she had read one of the five very long ago, and her impression was that it must be among the printed works of Mrs. Edith Wharton.

It wasn't.

3

No one, I trust, will construe the foregoing as a mere attempt to make Thomas Beer out a fantastic person. The point is solely that he possessed in its purest essence, in an extension to its own logical extreme, a trait that all of us share in our less brilliant degrees — a trait as inalienable as the shape of anyone's cranium or the color of his eyes.

There are the facts of literature, and there are the facts of human nature, and of course

the second set of facts is the very shape and organization of the universe in which the first set achieves any real meaning that it can be said to have. What a piece of reading means can be nothing other than what it means to somebody.

Accordingly, one would expect that that vast academic enterprise, the study of what people read or ought to read, would always accompany and depend upon the study of what the people are who do the reading. In actual fact the two studies are kept in separate and airtight lockers, and the professional consideration of literature takes place in a nearly perfect vacuum. The human nature that seems to interest *littérateurs* is just the human nature in books and the writers of them — that found in the characters of fiction and in its authors.

As for the readers, they are assumed to be, for practical purposes, all the same reader. Any such assumption is a flight of fancy as wild as the wildest extravagances of the most shameless romancer, and it ought to do away forever with the popular delusion that the academic mind runs to poverty of imagination. Patently, any two readers of a book are the same reader in about the sense that two sharers of a dinner are the same diner.

The attempt to consider a piece of literature as a thing-in-itself is doubtless prompted by the need for simplification, the wish to isolate a study within metes and bounds that the student can follow as we follow surveyors' lines. To start from the premise that a piece of writing, if it is to be anything at all, has to be communication from one person to one person, that the profitable study of it is the study of an interaction, and that a book is not a book except by virtue of what it does to the single reader and he to it — that approach strikes the professor and the critic as committing them to a study beset by monstrous, by literally impossible difficulties and complexities.

In terror of these and by way of keeping their feet on the ground, they recoil from the complexities of the art that literature *is* to the simplicities of the science that it *isn't*. So recoiling, they get the simplicity that they require; but it is the simplicity of a lie. They have created a subject that lends itself to orderly recitation in classrooms, but it defies by denying all the disorderly realities.

One of the disorderly realities is that no work of the imagination ever conceived is quite good enough *in itself* to give the reader a reward

commensurate with the trouble it puts him to, to say nothing of the trouble it put the author to. The reader gets his reward by giving the work something of himself, — which is what reading is, — and he can't very well give, on the mere recommendation of supposed experts, something that he hasn't and isn't.

It is, by the way, surpassing strange that neither the mentor nor his student appears ever to notice what a fascist attitude of mind is theirs, what a totalitarian and corporative state they are proposing to make of the world of letters. To ignore the individual differences of readers, to uphold the conception of the book as an engine for imposing one man's ideas and values on the indistinguishable and regimented multitude of its readers — is not that to exalt in the sphere of literature the very autocracy that we resist to the death in the spheres of politics and economics? To test literature by its power to make all sorts and conditions of men as one man for its particular purpose, as if people existed to be conditioned by books and were to be considered simply as so many equivalent units of obedient attention — that is a strict parallel to the heresy that man exists for the state and must behave as but one volitionless cell of its body.

Now, as soon as we make a candid endeavor to put the aforesaid facts of human nature together with the facts of literature, as soon as we stand off and make the most rudimentary examination of ourselves as readers, it becomes evident that all reading (except that done for pure factual utility, which is not under discussion) is a search for the story that has never yet been told and perhaps never can be. What we perpetually crave and even yearn for is a magic that cannot possibly be in printed pages. Reading is inherently a prayer for this magical fulfillment of our private, our secret needs; and if the prayer is to be answered, it must be answered, like our other prayers, by ourselves.

We answer it by an application of the will-to-believe — an overwhelming predisposition to find in books the closest possible approach to what we want, what we need, what we are; that is, the closest approach the author will permit us to find. If he has made it feasible for me to discover my own interests in his pages, if I can make his intentions and judgments overlap my own so far as to be readily confused with them, I praise him for his remarkable insight into human nature. He has given us, I say, an ad-

mirable book; that is, one that I admire. If his writing is so intractably clear that it will not lend itself to this self-flattering confusion, if as I search in and between his lines for my own meanings I can find only his, then he leaves me cold. Literally, he leaves me alone; and of course I return the compliment, assuring myself and possibly others that he is a sterile and negligible writer.

Incidentally, is not this very difference at the bottom of our general modern offishness toward what we call the classics?

4

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table was steadfast in the belief that every man has at least one good novel in him. He might have gone farther and maintained that every reader has in him all the good, bad, or indifferent novels he will ever require. He does not have to undertake the disillusion and toil of writing them for himself: he need only read his own demands into the variety of novels that others have written for him. This is the mere reader's equivalent of authorship. The originality of writers is often remarked upon, that of readers seldom; but the second is often much more remarkable than the first, and comparatively few printed works of the imagination, produced at whatever cost in strain, exhaustion, and burned-out tissue, are more wonderful than what the common reader makes of them without half trying.

For a small proof we have but to look at two book reviews of the same book, written independently by reviewers equally conscientious and thoughtful. A few physical facts, a handful of proper names, will betray what there is little else to suggest: that they are talking about the same text. An even more direct proof is to look at any one review of a book of which you have already formed your own impression.

Critics and teachers harp on the universality of certain established works that have accumulated a history of being all things to all men. Classic instances are *Hamlet* and *Faust* — plays long so drenched and dyed with what articulate readers, famous actors, and potent editors have made them mean to themselves that it is now all but impossible to read or to see them, whether in the artificial academic sense of experiencing what is actually in the text or in Tom's, Dick's, and Harry's

sense of using the text as a mirror for the ego.

Better examples are some universal works so modern that the encyclopedia of comment has not yet had time to substitute itself for the actual reading experience — *War and Peace*, *Crime and Punishment*, *The Egoist*, *The Dynasts*, *Nostromo*, *Growth of the Soil*, *Memoirs of a Midget*, *Remembrance of Things Past*, *The Magic Mountain*, *Ulysses*. Their universality is supposed to be attested by the fact that each of them has as many interpretations as interpreters.

What that fact manifestly establishes, for anyone who gives it a moment's sensible reflection, is the infinite variety of man the reading animal. And most of his differing opinions differ, not marginally, but basically and centrally. How could they not? The center of any reader's opinion of anything is perforce the center of his own universe, not of Shakespeare's or Tolstoy's or Thomas Mann's.

It is perhaps worth while to note that several of the masterpieces named — not all of which are even masterpieces to everyone who has pondered them — illustrate the immense practical value to literature of a quality supposed by classicists to be completely deplorable: that is, obscurity. The more ambiguous and inscrutable the author's intention, the more pliantly the work consents to be wrested toward whatever anyone wants it to mean. The object that looms through fog will take on, for different beholders, the outline of anything they are expecting to see, from hawk to hand-saw.

5

As readers, then, all of us are Thomas Beers to the extent that all make their reading yield what they have to have for personal sustenance. The process is not unlike plant growth. A vegetable filters from the variously charged soil the elements that will nourish it, and ignores those that will not; it is organized for just that selectiveness. A free and healthy literature has in it all the elements the human vegetable needs, but — he supplies his own metabolism.

And it is one of the beneficent democratic provisions of nature that in respect to metabolism all of us are about equal. The imaginative, the brilliant, the versatile, the Tom Beers and the Hippolyte Taines, certainly contrive, as a by-product of their reading, to give more happiness than those we call the dull; but there is

nothing whatever to suggest that they contrive to *get* more. If inward gratification be the measure — and what other measure can there be? — the stodgiest sentimentalist or wishful thinker of us all is quite as well off as they. Every reader extracts from his reading what he must have to be saved. (Cf. the brutal but accurate medical aphorism, "The sleep you need is the sleep you get.") If not always by the single book, then by the year and the decade and the lifetime we make our reading yield what we individually require. If it were not so, we should just cease to read.

And here we do well to stick a pin through one of those cardinal facts that most of us habitually ignore as if we were in a deliberate conspiracy of silence about them: to wit, the fact that at a certain stage of maturity most normally growing persons *do* in effect just cease to read.

Custodians of literary culture are plaintive because general reading tends more and more to be crowded out of our leisure hours. They charge the fact to the recent multiplication of effortless competing forms of pastime — the movies, the radio, professional sports, or mere aimless whizzing from here to there. Some of the deplorers find a silver lining in the wartime restrictions upon travel, and comfort themselves with visions of the American gadabout rediscovering under compulsion the forgotten delights of the long evening at home, the fire-side armchair, and the good book. Most of us so far accept their point of view as to feel a little shamefaced when we have to admit that we don't find time for the reading we used to do. We make a feeble virtue of looking down upon ourselves as cultural backsliders, and we toy with good resolutions concerning some not too definite future of leisure for all the solid reading we now leave undone.

With all deference to the custodians, I submit that this undone, this never-to-be-done reading is not so much something to be ashamed of as simply an evidence that we grow up. Not the variety and the easy accessibility of other entertainment cheat us out of the reading we once did, but just the fact that we are older. Long before the radio, the movies, or the motor-car, it was generally recognized that omnivorous reading is for the young. Generations of students have been advised: "Read now while you can; read widely, read everything; for the reading we cannot manage before we are twenty-five is the reading we shall never get

around to." The tacit assumption behind this counsel is that in later life we mostly find ourselves too busy for desirable reading; but of course no one is ever too busy for what he sincerely believes to be of the first importance. The plain fact is that, with every year after thirty, reading dwindles in relative importance. We outgrow it.

And the man who does not outgrow it, the man who remains at forty or sixty what Lowell called "a reading-machine, always wound up and going," invariably strikes most of us as a case of arrested development. When we praise, as all do, the well-read man, we implicitly mean that a vast amount of reading is a meritorious thing, not to be doing, but to have done. Who ever thinks of the indefatigable professional reviewer as a well-read man, though he sample everything published and turn up with some convulsive new excitement every other week-end? On the contrary, we regard him as a literary dram-drinker with a brain permanently fuddled by overstimulation. Being well-read is an affair of the sound digestion, not of the voracious appetite.

We might take judiciously into the account, too, the fact that most of the reading of fiction done by mature persons is not reading at all by the canons of the literary critic and aesthete, the young person, or the imaginative writer himself. Here is a concentrated personal drama of implacable power with singular intensity, Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*. It is a novelist's novel by virtue of significant form. But does the ordinary adult American read it for any reason that a self-respecting writer could conceivably bless?

No, he reads it for its tenable explanation, the first he has ever found, of the fantastically mysterious behavior of the defendants in the Moscow sabotage trials that led to Stalin's purge of the surviving Old Bolsheviks; in short, mere historical facts, the higher journalism's

Inside Information. Similarly, he skims most historical fiction for its popularization of history, the local-color novel for its disclosure of forms of living remote from his own, the novel of pert society for the current modes of behavior and patter — all of them, in one way or another, for the news behind the news.

When we are young, innocent, and credulous we are humbly grateful to the novelist for making available to us, as it then seems, so many of the results of experience with so little of the pain of acquiring them. For the world of the young is inevitably the most blank at just the pages that in the world of fiction are the best filled. But as we age, it slowly dawns upon us that we have undergone the pain of experience anyhow, precisely as if it had never been written about or read of. All those inspired anticipations in print are now mere allusive reminiscences. What was a sun is now a minor planet, shining with the reflected light of our own experience. What we have lived seems, somehow, not to require some stranger's corroboration in a hundred thousand words.

Youth grows and educates itself toward reality by contorting figments into the pattern of its own admirations and hungers. When we grow up it seems a poor and trivial fulfillment to impress our own image upon anything so fluid as the works of fancy. It is, in truth, rather like the satisfaction children take in the mere power to browbeat an echo. The adult powers know themselves unused except as we can stamp something of our own purposes upon a medium that will hold the stamp — intractable reality itself. That we must do to have lived, or die trying. Perhaps it is our misfortune, perhaps it is civilization's, that most of us have to grow up from the deliberately cultivated illusions of immaturity to the dynamic, the sometimes lethal cross-purposes that culminate in a world such as that in which we are now struggling to survive. But certain it is that we are made that way.



Professor on the Air

By "THE LISTENER"

Here, on one end of the log, sits the professor. Yonder sits the student.

Or put it this way: here are 91,000 members of the faculties of 1700 colleges and universities. Each professor is filled with meaty information which he would like to share not only with his classroom but with society. Our society consists of 130,000,000 souls. Handy to the professor are 920-odd radio stations which will convey his words down the log to most of those 130,000,000 souls. Of 34,000,000 families in the United States, some 31,000,000 own radios — own, in fact, over 56,000,000 receiving sets in working order. Some 75,000,000 Americans over twelve years old listen to the radio some part of every day. The average receiver is tuned in about three hours a day.

But society does not listen much to the professor. And the professor is pretty cross about this.

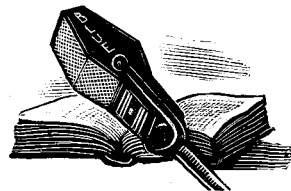
Why is the professor cross?

The professor is cross because most people don't want to hear him profess.

Educational programs are comparatively dull. At their dullest they are actively repellent. The high dullness content cannot be charged to the radio station or network which exposes the professor to the air, for it is the practice of the network not only to give the professor free time but to attempt to guide him in making his utterance more interesting. The station and the network feel sad that the utterance, even at its best, attracts so small an audience, because they know there is an untapped treasure of valuable information in the colleges. The stations would prefer to spread this information to massive fractions of the public, as part of their mandate of public service. But they are stumped because they cannot make the professor catch up with radio.

Some educational programs have succeeded in reaching measurable audiences. A half-hour educa-

tional program which attains a "rating" of 5 per cent of the 31,000,000 radio homes is the rare exception. A million and a half listeners is an awesome audience to a professor whose classroom capacity rarely exceeds a thousand students, and the fact that 1,500,000 people will listen to an educational program is adequate evidence of the hunger for orderly and authoritative information. But a 5 rating is considerably leaner than the median evening half-hour rating of 13 or 14. And the total of educational programs measured alongside the total of other types of program is minute.



At one time or another you've heard them all. If you have not heard them all with reasonable frequency, you must not do as so many disgruntled professors do — carp before listening. But if you are familiar with the less unpopular educational programs, you have observed the cardinal reason why, at their best, they are not listened to more. You have heard a fairly "successful" program like the "University of Chicago Round Table" skid right off the highway into abysmal dullness. You have listened to Lyman Bryson interrogating an academic guest on "Invitation to Learning" or "The People's Platform" and have heard the program suddenly fall apart. So you know the cardinal reason.

2

The cardinal reason is that the professor has not generally waked up to the fact that radio, whatever else it may be, is a *medium of vocal communication to the brain by way of the human ear*. To reach the brain, the sounds that issue from his mouth into the microphone should not be hard to hear. The harder they are to hear, the sooner more and more people will say (subconsciously) "Ouch" — and stop listening, or turn to an easier sound.

We shall have more about radio from time to time from THE LISTENER, behind whose modest pseudonym is a well-known authority in that field.



B E N S O N & H E D G E S
F I F T H A V E N U E
N E W Y O R K

The professor is wholly conditioned to facing a classroom. He has absolute police power over the boys and girls, as to their manners and their marks. They will face him for fifty-seven minutes, give him a reasonable facsimile of attention, or else. He will do his conscientious best to make his words reasonably intelligible. If he is an extrovert he may *ad lib* his material or embellish his demonstrations with harmless antics. If he is a proud stylist, who hopes to put his lectures into a book to win him a promotion, he may organize his material so that it really holds his audience, and sometimes even moves it. By and large, however, he takes partial shelter under his disciplinary power and his visual presence. (It might be interesting to see what would happen to the marks of a class taught for a term in a classroom by remote control, the professor professing unseen from his own study, the class receiving gospel via the loud speaker.)

When the professor takes the air he doesn't realize that he has no police power over the radio audience, and that people don't like to be talked down to, hollered at, or cooed to. People have a deadly accurate way of sizing up the person behind the voice. If it is sincere and clear, they will give you generous latitude in dialect, timing, timbre, and other mannerisms. Some notable radio commentators are festooned with mannerisms, without loss of sincerity: others stand convicted of insincerity through mannerisms alone.

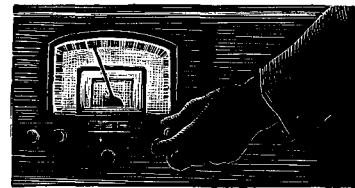
To minor solecisms people are generally tolerant; *per contra*, fancy talk makes them sick. They would just as soon not have a professor indulge in too many aggressive mispronunciations, but they will not forgive extremes of preciosity, mock-gentility, or podium-poisoning. They despise phony attempts to sound patronizing, jolly, comradely, and jocular. The radio audience stands humble before knowledge. It is eager in its curiosity. It is self-interested in acquiring (free) new ideas which might be applied to its personal improvement. But the radio audience is death on dull voices.

The classroom professor has not had to rely on his voice alone to dominate. A good voice never yet handicapped a good or bad teacher, but too few have discovered that, to any teacher, a reasonable voice is as essential equipment as a rifle to a soldier. This is probably because training in reading aloud long since fell into disuse in the schools. Believe it or not, even professors are first trained in primary and secondary schools. A candidate for a teacher's job, if he can pass an "oral" without tangling too violently with the spoken tongue, "gets by" so far as voice is concerned, and goes to work teaching the

young. The very manner of his teaching, the young accept as standard because they know no better. Thus out of our schools has come a solid mass of population which is content to accept the slovenly educational voice as a necessary evil — and to avoid it whenever convenient.

It would be impolite not to note exceptions to support the contention. Great teachers there have been who spoke with voices of angels. My pet exception is a little man in a tawny and heavily-timbered tweed suit who would come grumbling into a classroom, fidget at his table with books and papers, pause, sweep the room with a glance, open his mouth and read — from a book. An old book. A "dull" book, as most thought it. He would read to a roomful of men as if they were children in bed. He read at random. A letter he had received. A poem. A whimsical sketch. Then a passage from, of all things, the Bible, which suddenly came to life, and you could have heard a sin drop.

Out of this little man came a magnetic voice that simply "irised out" everything in the room except what that voice was saying. Charles Townsend Copeland was born for radio. He has not broadcast much, nor done his best reading on the air. But he serves our point, for in his classroom teaching



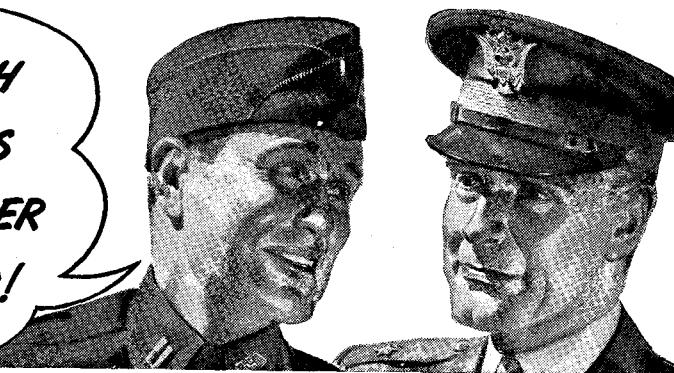
the vocal vitality he brought to the printed word built up about him, over the years, the largest army of students who remember any single American teacher-leader.

If so far we have indicated that the professors ought to brush up on their "elocution," prowl their bathrooms crying "mi-mi-mi-mi," or reciting passages from the Master Voice beginning "My friends . . .," let us correct ourselves. The quickest way to cripple radio education would be a flight to canned mannerism. (Look at what the so-called "holy tone" has done to dilute the divine authority of the pulpit.)

3

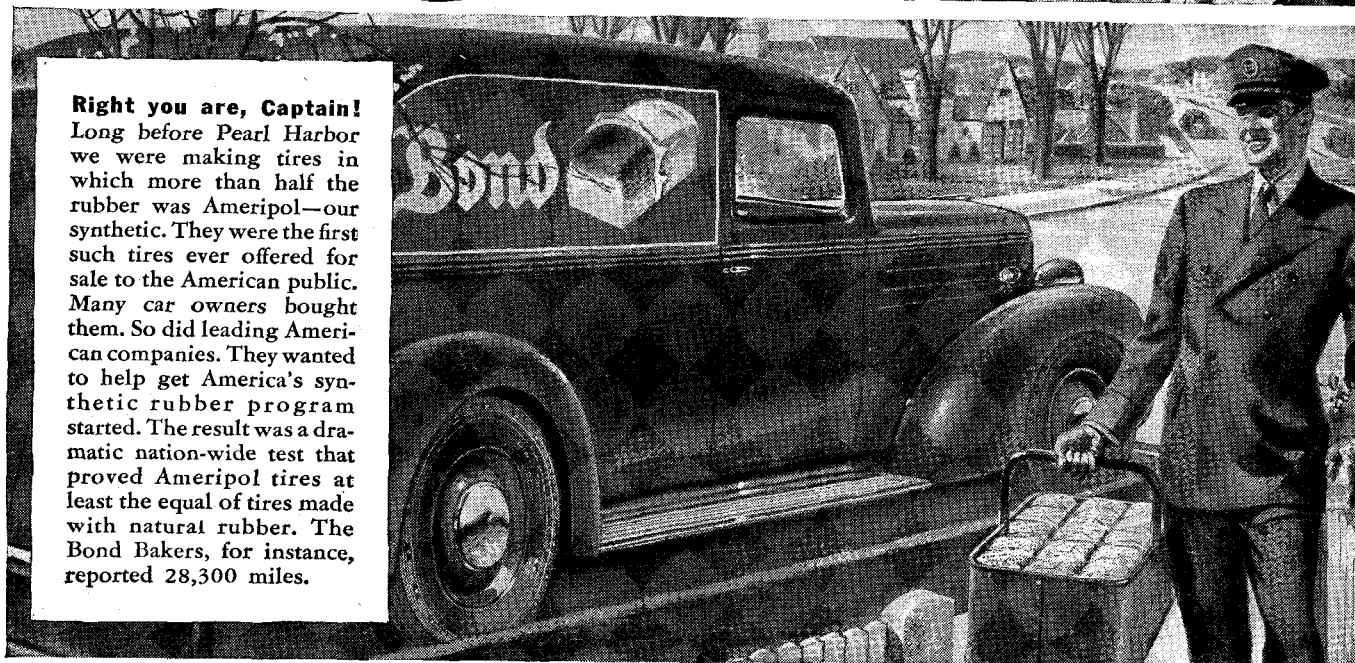
The soundest start towards improving the rating of educational radio (which means simply adding new audience) is to start from the base — by improving the average professorial delivery. Singers who make their living by diverting or inspiring the

**THEY TELL ME B.F. GOODRICH
WAS ACTUALLY SELLING TIRES
MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER
18 MONTHS BEFORE THE WAR!**



Right you are, Captain!

Long before Pearl Harbor we were making tires in which more than half the rubber was Ameripol—our synthetic. They were the first such tires ever offered for sale to the American public. Many car owners bought them. So did leading American companies. They wanted to help get America's synthetic rubber program started. The result was a dramatic nation-wide test that proved Ameripol tires at least the equal of tires made with natural rubber. The Bond Bakers, for instance, reported 28,300 miles.



An even more severe test is being made today. Synthetic rubber is doing scores of vital jobs—wherever men fight—in the air, on land or sea. And again it's passing the test—thanks to the "know how" gained before the war. But remember—all rubber is precious. Ameripol is not yet available for civilian tires.

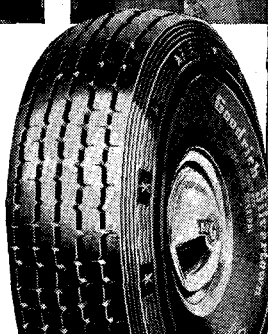


After we've won, your new car may have tires made wholly or partially of synthetic rubber. Look for the ones made by B. F. Goodrich. Why? Because we've had more actual experience making and testing such tires. We promise you "B. F. Goodrich, first in rubber," will also be "B. F. Goodrich, first in synthetic rubber."



**A few of the many companies that bought
Ameripol tires in 1940 and 1941:**

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO. . . . AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC. . . . AMERICAN CAN CO. . . . BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD . . . THE BORDEN CO. . . . J. I. CASE CO. . . . GULF OIL CORPORATION . . . GEO. A. HORMEL & CO. . . . INGERSOLL-RAND CO. . . . KELLOGG COMPANY . . . NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM . . . NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO. . . . PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO. . . . PET MILK SALES CORP. . . . RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY . . . SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO. . . . STANDARD BRANDS, INC. . . . SWIFT & COMPANY . . . THE TEXAS CO. . . . U. S. GYPSUM CO. . . . WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO. . . . and many other important companies in communities from coast to coast.



In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

public take vocal training as a matter of course. Fiddlers pay out large sums and long hours of penal practice to learn how to draw the bow across the strings. To divert or inspire the public by radio, is it less logical to assume that the professor should take pains to know how to draw the bow of thought nicely across the strings of the larynx? It might be possible for a leader of men to lead them in a whisper laced with hiccups; and for all I know, Napoleon stammered; and I do recall that Theodore Roosevelt spoke like an anguished owl — but after all, that is the hard way. Education never yet elected the easy way.

There is radio time for all who will hold an audience. The treasure of information in the universities and colleges is for the most part untapped by society, unapplied to its current salvation. Education, moreover, has not begun to tap the positive power of the public's eagerness to understand and to apply the lessons the professors are best qualified to teach.

The challenge put by the advent of radio to mass education is not one which can be dodged much longer. In a democracy you cannot force education down the throats of the people. You cannot really educate, which means "leading out of (darkness) into (light)," without holding an audience, can you? On the radio, or anywhere else.

After all, the student stayed on the other end of that log. Maybe he didn't dare tune out.



Fable of Laughter

By MARY GRANT

From that quaint ark of old
Leopards a-leaping came,
Gazelles, in joyous game,
Eased from the close-cramped hold,
The stout-legged kangaroo,
And the toad, too.

Tumbled the bear cubs; frisked
The sad sea lions; whisked
Striped zebras in asinine
Clown capers, with hooves and tail,

There in the warm sunshine,
And the slow snail

Lumbered his twisted house
Latest on Ararat,
Eager to join the chat
With hare and whiskered mouse,
So that small Ham and Shem
Laughed loud at them.

The childish laugh rang out
Freely — a curious sound;
The creatures all around
Paused in their play, in doubt
Of what that unknown cry
Might signify.

"Strange!" said the cat, her paw
Curved for a cuff. "What play!"
"Dreadful!" the linnets say.
"What notes unmusical
The man-child's mouth lets fall!
No song at all!"

The gibbon pondered, hand
On wrinkled forehead; the yak
Shook down his bearded back,
Pursed up his yellow eyes,
Yet none could understand
The child-cries,

Until the serpent, sleek,
Shining, and sinuous,
Spoke to the creatures thus,
Puffing his sophist's cheek:
"Wisdom I have to tell,
So hearken well!

"Laughter that was. The word
One of my race o'erheard
Back in a Garden dim;
(Man has a secret — wise
Gift of the gods to him!
A gift divine!)

"And hence these strange, profound
Bubbles of breath and sound
The man-child's mouth doth give —
These but the secret's sign!
We play, because we live;
Man laughs, because man dies!"

(Thus, with his sophistries,
The snake, half-wise.)



"THIRD FROM THE LEFT —THAT'S MINE!"

A father's fond, fatuous, foolish face . . . prideful and amazed . . . beams through a hospital nursery window.

A dozen times a day in thousands of American hospitals occurs this tenderly humorous scene.

Because husbands are what they are, there has been no decrease over the years in corridor pacing, chain cigarette smoking, frantic glances toward the waiting room door. And wives—being what *they* are—would have it no other way.

But deep in the souls of both parents-to-be—deep inside, where it counts—is a sense of calm and of safety which preceding generations could never know . . . born of a confidence past parents could never have.

For around the corner, in the next mile—a

short drive distant at the most—is their Hospital and yours . . . and the scientific, skillful care its presence assures.

Your Hospital: haven for the sick . . . angel of healing for you and yours . . . guardian of health for your community. What do you know about it other than it is there when you need it, ready to serve in your emergency? What are you doing to support its indispensable functions? How are *you* insuring its continuous contribution to the health of America and your city?

The voluntary Hospital is a non-profit institution which depends upon the understanding support and financial assistance of its community leaders. Its Administrator will be happy to tell you how you can help.

This advertisement is a contribution toward the urgent, inspiring ministry of the Hospitals of America from
AMERICAN HOSPITAL SUPPLY CORPORATION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Harry L. Drake, Chairman of the Board
Foster G. McGaw, President



Turtle at Home

By WALLACE STEGNER

NOBODY loves a reptile. That is why I have never been able to explain to others my peculiar affection for Achilles. To almost everyone, even those who should know better, reptiles stand for something cold, venomous, repellent. The Adam and Eve story did the reptiles irreparable damage. People do not usually think of reptiles as desirable pets. But Achilles was, and I was fond of him because he *was* unhuman.

He was a reptile, sure, and his blood was cold, but he was the least harmful of creatures, half gentle buffoon and half philosopher. Between the carapace and plastron that protected him from a hostile world he lived a mild, ruminative, affectionate life, a distinctly unhuman life. When he met disaster it was because for one dreadful moment he was altogether too human. His one tragic flaw of temporary humanity ruined him.

Achilles was a desert terrapin, of the variety once known as "Hollywood Bedbug" because at one time movie stars developed a fad of picking them up and taking them home to scare the maids with. But no movie star ever explored the full possibilities of her bedbug. If any had, cats and dogs would have been as scarce in California as snakes are in Ireland, and desert tortoises would have inherited their place in human affections.

Look at the record. A cat can claw, a dog bite. Achilles couldn't have hurt anyone if he had tried, which he wouldn't have. Dogs and cats carry germs, acquire lice and fleas which also carry germs. Neither germ nor flea could find sanctuary on

Achilles' tough rind; he could be flushed off with the garden hose and kept as aseptic as an operating room. Both dogs and cats get diseases, get rabies, get distemper, get eczema, have fits, run in the street and are killed by automobiles, and the children cry. Achilles was completely immune to disease and completely indestructible.

He wandered into the street, yes, and at least three times was run over, but when he heard the thunder and rush of approaching doom he lay down and played he was a traffic button, and if anything ran over him he shrugged it off. Once he was flipped like a tiddlywink into the gutter by a flour truck, but when the earth stopped shaking he poked his head out and looked around and then began clawing himself up onto the curb. You couldn't have hurt him with an electric hammer.

He was immaculately clean. He didn't need to be housebroken. He never snoozed in the middle of the hall rug to be stepped on and then smite your conscience with his uplifted paw and his injured eyes. He fitted neatly under the radiators and stayed out



of sight. He never came begging to the table. He didn't have to be put outside at regular intervals. In all the time I lived with him I never once had to groan and slide out of bed and feel for slippers on the cold floor because Achilles hadn't had his exercise or been taken care of. He took care of himself, and from November until February he simply crawled into a closet out of sight and contemplated his soul. Whenever I opened the closet door, there he was, and I had a comfortable feeling.

Achilles was a comfortable companion. That's the best word for him. He was comfortable. And when he was awake he was both amusing and instructive.

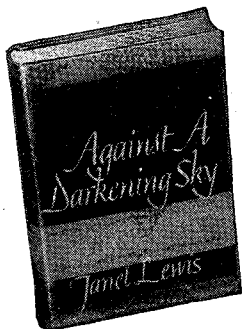
You do not become friendly with a tortoise overnight. He has a dignity that becomes him, and because the world has taught him to duck, he will duck for quite a while at your approach. But take him into your home, give him the run of the place, let him feel that he belongs, and he will reward you.

It is best to let him find things out for himself. Put him down in the middle of the floor and let him alone. After a few minutes he'll stick his horny beak out and look around. If he starts walking, let him walk. Chances are he will demonstrate for you almost immediately that a tortoise is an interested

An instructor in English at Harvard, WALLACE STEGNER is a Westerner by birth and a Vermont farmer by inclination. Here he knocks off work on a long novel to tell us of a friend and companion of his not so distant youth.

FIVE EXCITING NOVELS

you'll want to read and
own and talk about...



AGAINST A DARKENING SKY (\$2.50), by Janet Lewis, is the heart-cheering story of an American mother who brings her family moral security in an insecure world.

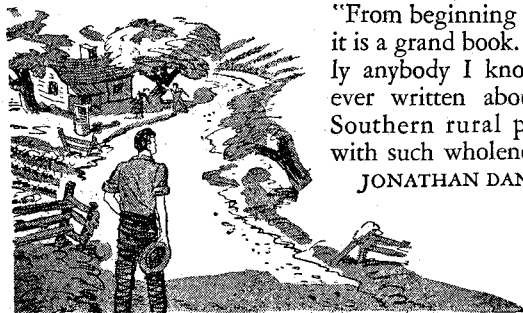
How Mary Perrault meets the trials of day-to-day living with insight and humor, and how she faces squarely the drama of a severe crisis—these are deeply human experiences that hold a challenge for every reader. Clifton Fadiman says: "It will make some readers think of the Willa Cather who wrote *My Antonia*."

* * *

Since America's youth is being exposed to the hardships of nature as well as to the rigors of battle, **NOVEMBER STORM** (\$2.50) strikes a timely chord. Jay McCormick's powerful novel deals with the men on a Great Lakes freighter and their dramatic struggle against a fierce winter gale. Some of these men are broken, others come out of the experience uplifted, seasoned, mature. The N. Y. *Times Book Review* says, "There are pictures and incidents in *November Storm* which will stick like burrs in the reader's memory . . . there is something youthful and muscular and resilient in its very violence." This is Jay McCormick's first novel, but its brilliant, masterful treatment has won him an Avery Hopwood Award.

* * *

Bernice Kelly Harris told in "Purslane" about the Southern sharecroppers' tight-lipped struggle for existence. In "Portulaca" she illuminated the life of the South's decaying gentry. In **SWEET BEULAH LAND** (\$2.75), these two shifting strata of society meet dramatically in the persons of proud, delicate-boned Alice Donner and a man from the fields called Lan. "An original and moving novel."—*New Yorker*.



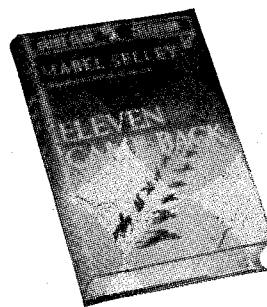
"From beginning to end it is a grand book. Hardly anybody I know has ever written about the Southern rural people with such wholeness."—
JONATHAN DANIELS.



Ernest Hemingway calls *Ramón J. Sender*, "Spain's finest young novelist." Sender served under the Republic in the Spanish War, is now living in exile. He is the author of *Pro Patria* and his novels have been translated into sixteen languages. Written in exile, **DARK WEDDING** (\$2.50) reflects the battle for power in the world today, presents the tense struggle of a young girl and a resolute man against the background of a penal colony off the coast of Mexico. High-voltage action and suspense make this as exciting a tropical melodrama as Joseph Conrad's *Dark Victory*.

* * *

A new mystery novel that stands head and shoulders above the other crime fiction of the season is Mabel Seeley's **ELEVEN CAME BACK** (\$2.00). Set against the wild and sometimes malevolent beauty of the Teton Mountains, this is the bizarre story of an American woman who wanted to be a dictator, and the inevitable wake of disaster and murder that follows thirst for power. It is without doubt the best work to date by Miss Seeley who has turned out such best-sellers as *The Listening House*, *The Crying Sisters*, *The Whispering Cup*, and *The Chuckling Fingers*.



MARCH CRIME CLUB
SELECTION

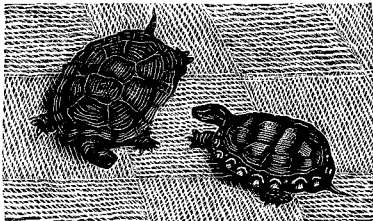
* * *

➔ Don't miss **GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER: An American Biography**, by Rackham Holt (\$3.50) which is being published at a time when America is commemorating the famous Negro scientist's death. STEPHEN VINCENT BÉNÉT calls Mr. Carver, "An American who has made the dry earth blossom and new marvels come to pass." Ready April 2nd

Doubleday, Doran

but not inquisitive house guest. He will walk solemnly around the borders of the rug admiring the colors under his nose, elbowing himself along with admirable deliberation.

If you put a book in the path he has established, he will approach it steadily until it strikes him that here is something that was not here before. He will hiss and pull in his neck and wait to see if the book wants to start anything. If it doesn't, he will climb over it, bounce on the other side, and resume his walk. He will not go around the book. He will not go around anything. If it is too high to crawl over he will fall asleep comfortably in front of it.



There are distinct advantages to being cold-blooded. You or I would fly into a temper and kick the book out of the way, or pick it up and do something about it. Not Achilles. Where our hot blood makes us run ourselves to death in a few years and makes our earthly span a wailing and gnashing of teeth, the tortoise takes life cold-bloodedly — that is, philosophically — and his life expectancy is something over a century.

Cold-blooded he is, and also, in more ways than one, completely self-contained. He doesn't even have any teeth to gnash over insoluble problems. Insoluble problems put him to sleep. Bad weather puts him to sleep. Anything unpleasant puts him to sleep. And conversely, anything pleasant brings him the pure and undiluted joy that only the innocent and the very wise can know. In his waking months, from February to November, Achilles lived the life of Riley and enjoyed every minute of it.

2

About the end of February he began to thump and rattle around in the closet. When I opened the door the light in his eyes and the sight of my face sometimes put him back in his shell for two or three more days. But eventually he rowed himself out, moving with his peculiarly graceless and apologetic elbowing motion, walking ponderously as an alderman on his flat hind feet. After hibernation his skin hung in folds on his neck and legs, gray old dead leathery skin, but was he bothered by his clownish appearance? Not he. He showed it off.

He stood on tiptoe to let light and air get inside his shell. He postured and pranced and preened and did push-ups from the floor with a fine, sensuous, half-lewd delight, and when I picked him up to scratch his neck, or reached in under his shell to tickle him under the arms, he let his legs and tail dangle helplessly, squirmed, wriggled against the lovely tickling. On his face appeared an expression that could only be called a leer.

He was ascetic enough most of the time, but when he went out of training he went with a bang, without reservations, and wallowed in the delights of the flesh. His principal joy in the spring was food. Tethered out on the lawn by a string run through a hole in his plastron, he ate grass like a horse, tearing off beakfuls with a sidewise swinging motion, lifting his wrinkled neck and chewing with his eyes full of placid peace. In an afternoon he could quite literally mow ten square feet of grass. He drank water like a fussy hen, dipping his nose, lifting his neck to let the water run down, leering at the onlookers with his sly and sinful face.

He had a varied diet, naturally. No one who knew Achilles could avoid feeding him, because he took such an obvious and deliberate pleasure in victuals. He loved shell peas, cabbage, string beans. If we had lived together longer I believe I might have taught him to sit up and beg for string beans, which he ate with regular chopping strokes as if his jaws worked on springs. Three bites to a string bean, no more, no less.



But strawberries were his real fleshpots. They left him giddy, speeded up his reactions, put him almost in a frenzy of bliss. I shall cherish to my last hour the picture of Achilles munching large Marshall strawberries with the juice running down his rhythmic jaws and his whole face beatific. He was Greek, he was Dionysiac, he was young Keats bursting Joy's grape against his palate fine, he was a Rabelaisian monk with his robe tucked up, glutting himself with pagan pleasures. What reflections of a like charm could one get from the sight of a dog wolfing his carnivorous meals, or a cat washing her face after meat with a fussy, old-maid, New England nasty-neatness?

★
FELLOW
CITIZENS—
we cannot escape his-
tory. The fiery trial
through which we pass
will light us down in
honor or dishonor to
the latest generation.
... We shall nobly
save or meanly lose
the last best hope of
earth.

—ABRAHAM
LINCOLN

Annual Message to Con-
gress, December 1, 1862.

What we must learn from the past ten years...

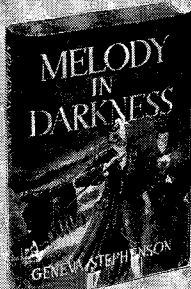
We Cannot Escape History

By John T. Whitaker

If we are to achieve more than a mere military victory in the war now raging, if we are to make secure the things for which we fight, we must understand the events that brought the conflict about. The lessons we must learn from them stand out in bold relief in this illuminating book by a noted foreign correspondent who covered every crisis in Europe during the past decade. Country by country, he shows what happened and interprets the meaning for us.

- "This is one of the soundest of the foreign correspondents' European harvest. It is not a scoop. It is not hot off the platter. But by just that virtue—by the added time for digestion and study, it is a better book than most."

—Book-of-the-Month Club News. \$2.75



Melody in Darkness

By
Geneva Stephenson

This rich and stirring romantic novel, by the author of "Spring Journey" takes one to mid-eighteenth century England.

Crowded with action and colorful characters, it brilliantly portrays the brutal aspects of the period as it unfolds the eventful story of a young musician, blinded at Falkirk, and a young girl with whom he travels to London, having many exciting adventures on the way. Scattered through the story are scenes at the opera, glimpses of Bach at home, of Handel in the coffee houses, of gypsy life, of fashionable society, and the London underworld.

\$2.75

A French Officer's Diary

By D. Barlone

This diary is a remarkable document, all the more impressive because it obviously was not written for publication. From August 1939 to October 1940, when he escaped and joined General de Gaulle, the author records with full honesty the feelings of a French patriot. It is not only a vivid account of a tragedy of the past, but a warning for the present and future.

(tent.) \$2.00

The Fight of the Norwegian Church against Nazism

By Bjarne Høye and
Trygve M. Ager

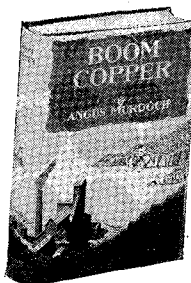
Based entirely on facts and carefully documented, this book gives a revealing account of the courage and leadership of the Norwegian Church in the struggle of the Norwegians against their oppressors.

\$1.75

The beginning
of an epoch

BOOM COPPER

By Angus Murdoch



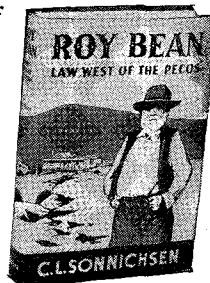
For the first time, this book tells the whole fascinating story of one of the most scenically and historically exciting spots in the United States—Michigan's Keweenaw Peninsula, a thumb of land jutting into Lake Superior, once the richest copper district in the world. Here, just one hundred years ago, came the first U. S. mining boom—marking the beginning of a most significant epoch in American history. Vividly, the days of the great rush, the growth of the large mining interests, the labor struggles, and the changing fortunes of the district down to the present war are described. This authentic history is as enjoyable as it is informing. *Illustrated.*

\$3.00

ROY BEAN: Law West of the Pecos

By C. L. Sonnichsen

One of the most colorful figures in the history of the rough-and-ready decades of the West, was Roy Bean, who after an already sensational career, settled in Texas, named his town after Lily Langtry and made himself the "Law West of the Pecos." From San Antonio to Shanghai his name has caused chuckles. So will this book. *Illus.* \$2.50



PHYSICS AND PHILOSOPHY

By Sir James Jeans

Written with the sparkle which marks all that he writes, this new book by the author of "The Mysterious Universe," "The Universe Around Us," and other notable works on science, is one of special importance. He traces the progress of philosophical thought through the ages, from the Greeks down to Sir Arthur Eddington, and shows how the modern theories of physics affect our way of thought on religion, on free will, and on the nature of man.

\$2.75

At all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

For three years we lived in perfect harmony, two bachelors who never got in each other's way, who enjoyed each other's company, who never took it ill if the other was not in a mood for sociability. And then my landlady, visiting one day, discovered another tortoise, a city gigolo painted all over his carapace in blue and gold, with a gilt border, and brought him home to visit Achilles.

My landlady was an estimable woman, highly religious, and given to humanitarian impulses. Her first thought on seeing this splendid slicker at her friend's house was to borrow him so that Achilles could enjoy a little company. She knew not what she did.

3

The moment she set the gilded sissy on the rug in front of Achilles the atmosphere was electric. Achilles, a mousy friar beside this court gallant, hissed like a steam cock and ducked. So did the gilded one.

"My goodness," the landlady said. "They seem afraid of each other."

We watched. Slowly Achilles poked his head out from under his shell. The gilded one hissed, and Achilles ducked. Then the visitor poked his head out, and Achilles hissed, and they lay like two concrete pillboxes, immobile and suspicious.

The visitor's head came out again. He uncurled his tail and let it trail behind. He reached a little with his flippers, digging his painted toenails into the rug, and did a push-up. He stood on tiptoe. If he had had wings he would have flapped them. He hissed.

Achilles hissed back. He watched and waited. "We might see a good fight," I said, "if this pretty boy hasn't been spoiled by civilization."

"Oh," the landlady said. "I wouldn't want. . . . Perhaps we'd better . . ."

"Let 'em go," I said, a little grimly. I wanted Achilles to annihilate the gigolo. I had seen him bounce trucks off his back. He was not going to be taken by any town tortoise with painted toenails.

The visiting tortoise was weaving sideward and back, still high on his legs, his neck stretched out. He looked about to rush. Every half second he hissed like a teakettle. Achilles lay with his neck half out, lying close to the floor, and when I looked at him I would have sworn that his face was anything but belligerent, that he wore the same coy leer that he wore when I tickled him.

I had no time to be ashamed of him. The gilded tortoise started a strange weaving walk, stepping high, carrying his domed shell with a clumsy lightness, prancing around Achilles and watching him all the time. Achilles rotated to watch the dance, and

his neck stuck out gray and wrinkled, and his beaked face smiled.

The gigolo waltzed all around the rug. He came back to his starting place like a square dancer, sashayed up and sashayed back. Achilles didn't look fierce, he didn't look proud. He looked insipid. He liked this sissy.

The truth struck both my landlady and me at the same time. Achilles, the philosophic bachelor, the lusty summer pagan and the winter ascetic, was a lady turtle, and there was no doubt in the world that she was in love.

My landlady, with her mouth open and her face getting red, gave me the kind of look that hangs in the air for ten minutes afterward, and picked up the painted tortoise and fled.

Achilles was pitiful from that moment. For hours after the charmer left she wandered around the rug hissing questioningly. She was no longer philosopher. She was lorn female, and she acted it. For the first time in our acquaintance I saw her unwilling to take life as it came. She could not lie down and go to sleep before this problem. She explored under the radiators, under the sofa. Then she returned to the middle of the rug, where the miracle had happened, and lay down as if waiting for it to happen again. To spare my own feelings, I took her out and staked her on the lawn. But she wouldn't eat. She lay in the middle of her shell and hissed.

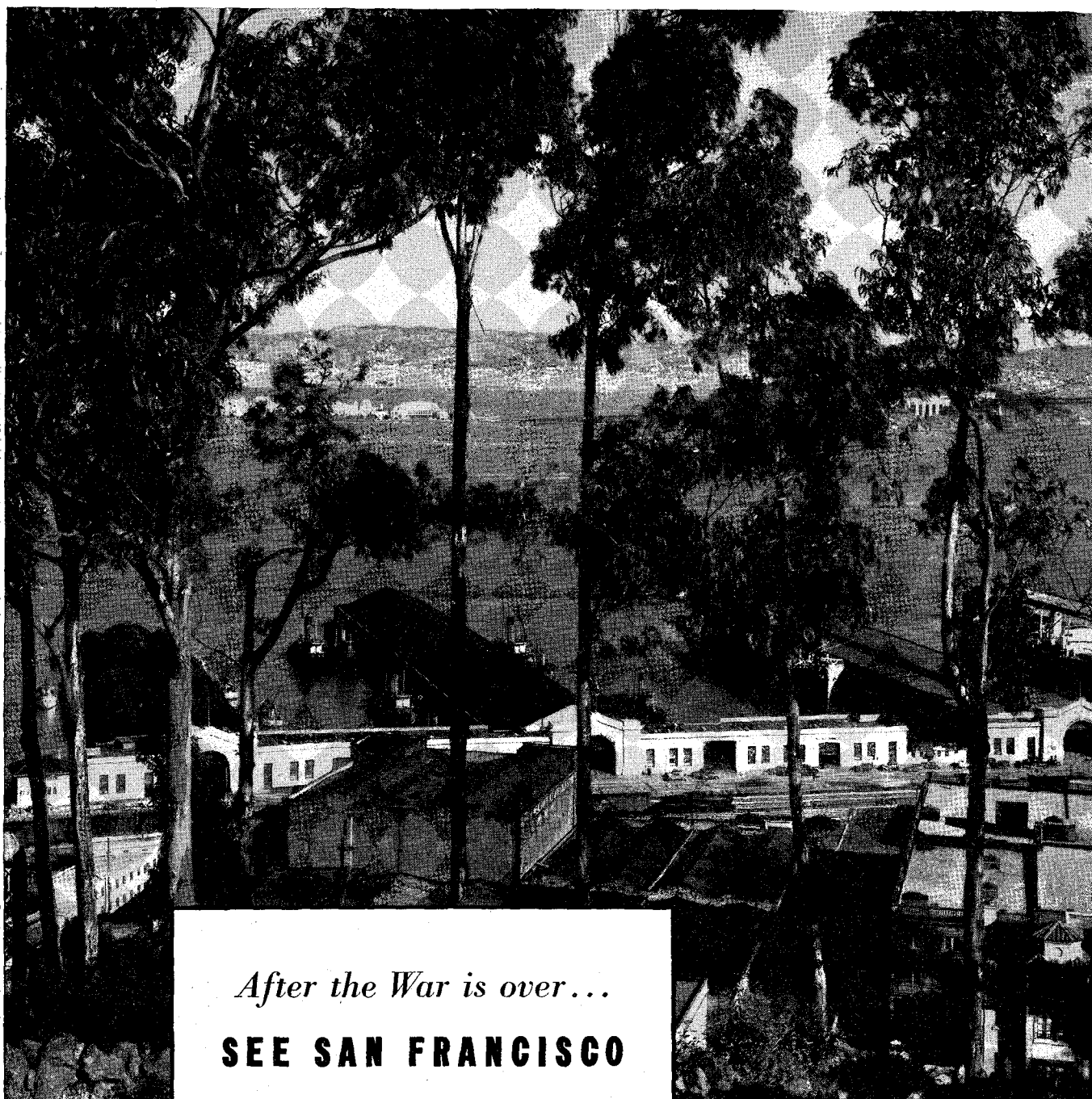
When I went out two hours later she wasn't there. The broken string lay across the unmown lawn, but Achilles, that Rosalind in boy's clothing, had disappeared. Whether she ever found her gallant in weathered gilt or not I do not know. Somewhere, perhaps, she did. *Amor vincit omnia.*



Spring Promise

By GEORGE ABBE

THE frail hepatica opens its white
To the sky's towers, to the flags of light;
And under the marching feet of brutal days,
Under the sounding tread of wind and storm,
It shapes the memories of gentler ways,
It keeps the fragrance of small beauties warm;
Till in the softness of the summer season
Blossoms of earth and sky proclaim its right;
The fragrance of a whole world shows its reason.



After the War is over...
SEE SAN FRANCISCO

Do you remember the day when the World War ended? Remember now the sudden ecstasy of peace?

One day *this* War will end. The tension and grimness will fall away, and all over the world the lights will burn bright again.

Then you will find in your heart new love for, and understanding of, America. You will want to see it all.

The sun will point an enticing way for your first journey—over sweeping roads through the wonderful West—to San Francisco.

How your heart will leap when you see this city rising from the bay, like an enchanted island shimmering in the sun! The Baghdad of the West...just as you knew it would be.

Adventure will be everywhere about you here. Cable cars. Sidewalk flower stands.

Chinese carrying trays upon their heads. Swarthy fishermen mending nets. Great white liners loading at the Embarcadero. Streets slanting up to the sky. Hilltop views of sea and bay...the two incredible bridges...

And all around, the fabulous wonderlands you have always wanted to see...Yosemite National Park, for instance; the lovely resorts on Monterey Bay—Del Monte, Monterey, Santa Cruz and Carmel; the Shasta-Cascade region and mighty Shasta Dam; Lake Tahoe, "Sea of the Sky"; the quaint gold towns of the Forty-Niners; the Big Trees and the tall Redwoods...

All this is something to look forward to for after the War is won—your Victory Vacation, if you will.

San Francisco today is virtually the West

Coast capital of America at war. So we are not inviting merely pleasure-seekers now.

And you are busy, too. However, it may give you pleasure and relaxation just to think about and plan your Victory Vacation. So send today for your free copy of our 48-page illustrated booklet and a large picture-map of California. Mail the coupon now.

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Please send me your free illustrated booklet, "The Chapter in Your Life entitled San Francisco," and the free picture-map of California. Thank you.

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Indigo

A NOVEL OF INDIA

BY CHRISTINE WESTON

CHAPTERS I-VIII

THE AUTHOR

"I was born in a small civil station called Unao, in the United Provinces of India," writes Christine Weston. "My father was of French extraction, my mother English. Both families had been in India for several generations — my father's family as indigo planters, my mother's in the Army. My father was for almost thirty years an officer in the Imperial Police; later he retired from service, went to England, and came back to practice as a barrister until he died in 1921.

"We were a large family and grew up in a happy state of anarchy spoiled by occasional bouts of schooling in England and the Indian Hills. I do not now remember the things that I may have learned in school, but I have forgotten few other details of my life in India and during brief visits to England. We enjoyed an extraordinary degree of freedom, went everywhere, read anything. At the age of eight my passion for literature was impartially divided between Shakespeare, on the one hand, and my father's collection of Famous English Trials, on the other.

"Our winters were spent on the Plains, our summers in the Hills. It was a prolonged and inexhaustible adventure, one which I would not have exchanged for any other — nor would my brothers. We got along well with Indians of all castes and creeds because my father's profession as well as his sympathies brought us all into unusually close communion. But we lived very simply — riding, hunting, walking in the most beautiful country imaginable, the lower Himalayas. We absorbed sights and sounds, thoughts and ideas, through our pores, but the most important thing was our love for a land which we regarded as home, and for the natives of that land.

"In 1923 I married Robert Weston, an American from Cambridge, Massachusetts. In 1924 we came to the United States, and since then have lived in Maine.

"*Indigo* is my first novel about India, and it is written out of great love and great hope."

INDIGO

by CHRISTINE WESTON

1

IT WAS afternoon and they were watering the garden; the smell of water among the flowers reached Jacques de St. Remy where he stood at his bedroom door, lazily allowing himself to be dressed. The smell of water feeding the February roses was a familiar smell; it never failed to move Jacques, to rouse in him something like memory — something, perhaps, even older than memory. He was fourteen years old, and for fourteen years this fragrance had come up from the garden into his body, stirring a precious disquiet.

“Lift thy foot,” said Hanif sharply. He knelt before Jacques, tying the laces of the boy’s white buckskin shoes. “The other one — place it here, on my knee.”

Jacques laid his hand on Hanif’s head for support, but he did not take his gaze from the garden. It lay in a haze of sunlight and dust, among twittering leaves, in odors of flowers and moisture. Beyond a boundary of cactus and lantana bushes rose the dark mass of the mango grove, and beyond that stretched the bare fields which in two months would grow to indigo. The vats and huts and boiler rooms of his mother’s factory lay out of sight beyond the mango trees, but as Jacques listened he could hear, above the nearer creak of a well-wheel and the voice of the gardeners, a distant hum and stir, an ionization of sound.

Jacques’s dreaming gaze drifted slowly to the young man who knelt at his feet. Hanif was twenty, slender, and in his way beautiful. A velvet cap embroidered in silver set off his curled, oiled, jet-black hair; he wore a velvet waistcoat over a snowy *kurtha*, and his long legs were hidden in immaculate white pantaloons. Hanif was a dandy who spent all his wages on clothes, when he did not expend them on luxuries less innocent.

“This cap,” murmured Jacques. “Makes seven at least. There is the red one and the purple one and the pearl-gray one, and —”

Hanif gently replaced the boy’s foot on the ground and rose, settling the velvet cap at an angle

above his black velvet eyes. “It was bought in honor of your birthday. Am I to proceed about my duties looking no better than a chamar, or am I to appear decently clad in your mother’s sight?”

Jacques countered obliquely: “Where is the butterfly you promised me?”

Hanif removed the cap and from its perfumed interior plucked forth a battered white object which he laid on the dressing table.

“That!” exclaimed Jacques, scornfully.

“I chased it a mile. I was exhausted. I ran and I ran.”

“You ran! The only time I saw you run was when the buck goat chased you.”

Hanif retorted with an unquotable jest on the character of buck goats; then gravity descended on him once more. “Your hair, my child!”

Jacques regarded himself in the mirror. His own face always interested him, for it appeared always as the face of a stranger. All that one sees of oneself is the body, never anything else of oneself — never one’s mind, never one’s heart, never one’s soul. He had in the past discussed this with his friend Hardy, but they had never arrived at any satisfactory explanation.

“My father,” said Hardy, “is an unusual man. He is not orthodox. Nor does he believe in the soul as Father Sebastien believes, or as Madame de St. Remy believes.” At this point he had looked inquiringly at Jacques, who replied at once: “Or as I believe.”

“My father has made his disbelief quite clear to me,” said Hardy. “He is happy that I should share it.”

This disbelief did not trouble Jacques very much. Nothing about Hardy troubled him except an occasional swiftly discarded fear that some day, somehow, they might lose sight of each other.

“Stand still,” said Hanif. “You cannot appear thus before the photographer.”

“Hanif, must I be photographed every year?”

“God knows.”

2

The house was filled with delicate comings and goings of bare feet on China matting, and with the music of innumerable bead curtains. Jacques heard the familiar sound of Father Sebastien's arrival and saw the priest's fat pony led away to the stables. He knew that all yesterday Junab Ali, the cook, had been busily concocting Father Sebastien's favorite potted meat. In a few hours, thought Jacques, this day will have ended like all the days I can remember. When the light fades, flying foxes will flap across the garden to roost in the tamarinds behind the servants' quarters; and from all over the plain, dust from homeward moving feet will rise into the air.

In an hour the guests would arrive: Mr. Wall the Civil Engineer, Dr. and Mrs. Brown, Hardy, and the Railway Inspector's two dull little girls. Perhaps they would all bring presents, reflected Jacques, brightening. But except for Hardy he didn't care whether they came or not. His elders — with one exception — displeased him. They questioned, they pried, they were indefatigably stupid. Remembrance of the exception brought a thrill of excitement and pain; he wandered across the room to his collection of butterflies. In their cork-lined case under heavy glass they looked like a jeweler's window, and for several minutes he stared at the great Cat's Eye moth Mrs. Lyttleton had given him.

Hardy, Mrs. Lyttleton! Why — *why*, since he loved them equally, had he not been allowed to invite Mrs. Lyttleton this afternoon? Jacques understood that his mother did not like Mrs. Lyttleton, but his understanding stopped there. It confused him to know that he was not to be friends with Mrs. Lyttleton — outwardly, frankly friends. It was impossible for him to question other people, for he guessed that understanding is not attained by the answers people give us — nor, always, by the answers which we give ourselves.

Wheels ground up the long avenues of shisham and he saw an ekka jerk to a stop, its starved and sorrowful pony hanging its head to the ground. A shrill duet started up between the driver and his passenger, and Jacques began to laugh. Hanif joined him and they watched in delight as Mr. Boodrie, his mother's foreman who was an amateur photographer, dismounted from the ekka. In his anxiety to unload his camera and its apparatus safely he had managed to entangle himself in the black cloth; blind and frustrated, he groped about under it while the wallah sat callously grinning.

Jacques said hopefully: "I hope it all goes to smithereens!"

Mockingly, Hanif laid his hand on the boy's neck. "No running off. No climbing trees. Come."

In a corner of the verandah overlooking her rose garden Madame de St. Remy sat talking with her old friend and confessor, Father Sebastien Fleury. Ten years before, Father Sebastien had acquired Auguste de St. Remy's taste for Trichinopoly cigars, and Madame obtained them for him regularly, a hundred at a time, long after her husband's death. Father Sebastien smoked one of these now while he listened to her clear, quick voice.

"I think Ganpat Rai is mistaken to put so much faith in Mr. Wall."

"Comment?"

"The English have a quality of maggots. They possess. They devour. I do not mean to be uncharitable, but it is the truth."

The priest, who liked Mr. Wall, smiled deprecatingly. "Your judgment is rather harsh, my child."

She shrugged. "I know them so well! It is Wall who persuaded Ganpat Rai to send Hardy to England."

In her swift, unrepenting judgments Madame could not afford to be wrong; mere mistakes and shortcomings were reserved for God, via the accommodating ears of Father Sebastien. But God and His vicar knew her to be chaste and honorable, a devoted mother, loyal to her traditions and bedded in her faith.

When Auguste de St. Remy died suddenly of a cancer in his throat, leaving her two children and his indigo, Madame's genius for management and enterprise emerged to astonish her confessor and all her friends. The indigo industry was beginning to waver under the threat of German coal-tar inventions. But to Madame it seemed inconceivable that anything so ancient and well-established as indigo should lose its market.

But Madame learned from the misfortunes of her fellow planters, many of whom were Indians. The flexibility of the European, decided Madame, is what makes for his success against the native. She observed that, by accident or design, dye was frequently adulterated during the drying process. She observed, also, the waste and tedium of old methods, and two years after Auguste's death she imported machinery from England and built a new factory, with a steam plant for the tanks, and power for stirring and pumping.

She bought up the pulse and millet fields of her neighbors and put them to indigo, and she remembered the old cry of the peasants: If you sign an indigo contract you won't be free for seven generations! It was an echo from the days when men inherited their fathers' and their grandfathers' debts.

Madame wrote a new contract, by which she bought, not their product, but their labor. Under her genius the factory prospered, and five years after Auguste's death she was rich enough to build a little church for Father Sebastien, and a year later a school for his Indian converts. Ah! If Auguste could have lived!

In France, mislaid among her own kind, Madame might not have stood a fair chance, but in India it was different. Indians were impressed by greatness, nurtured on arrogance; India was a vast theater for the struggle of the Church — and of Madame — against the usurping Bloomsbury British. And when she spoke of the British, Madame used the word *sinistre*, and the word *formidable* — French sibilance and ominous vowels!

Father Sebastien gathered his long black rosary and the white cords of his cassock into his lap. "True, Jacques is fond of Hardy. Perhaps, then, it is just as well Hardy is going away."

"Jacques is too much inclined to these attachments. His innocence betrays him."

The priest raised his brows.

"Jacques, Father, is innocent in the sense that he never seems to learn where his best interests lie. He even likes Mr. Wall!"

"Wall seems harmless enough."

"I had hoped that we might, ourselves, have exerted some influence on Hardy. I had hoped that through his friendship with Jacques —"

She left the sentence unfinished, and Father Sebastien took his cigar from his mouth and regarded the perfect ash with admiring attention. He murmured: "Hardy's father is a recreant Brahmin. It is hardly likely —"

"They are determined, between them, to send him to England and turn him into one of themselves — a sahib!" She laughed her delicate, stabbing laughter, and Father Sebastien frowned.

After a brief pause he said gently: "We must not forget that there is a ruling power in this country. It is part of our own power. It is our protection, too. We must not forget that."

She hesitated. "I have no intention of forgetting it. Nothing would please me better than that Jacques might grow up to become lieutenant governor of the Province."

The priest laughed. "Ah, Madame!"

Madame stared into her garden, where the most fragile of her roses had shed their petals under the day's heat. She said, "To return to Mr. Wall: you understand that I am not inspired by rancor. But I mistrust his intentions. You know as well as I that the most insignificant Englishman never loses sight of his object, which is the extension and preser-

vation of the Empire. They never submerge their identity. Our genius, in that regard, is far superior to theirs. But the English will not even learn to speak another language properly. They actually pride themselves on their incapacities! Have you ever heard Mr. Wall trying to speak French?"

"Yet he has taught Hardy to speak excellent English," remarked the priest, mischievously.

"Yes — and boxing, and cricket!"

"This question of race, Madame — how then do you account for a woman like Mrs. Lyttleton?"

Madame de St. Remy's hands moved nervously in her lap. "When I say that the English are sinister, I am thinking specifically of Mrs. Lyttleton."

"I understand."

"I am not obliged to invite her into my house."

"But who has suggested that you should?"

Madame's reply was a minor psychic explosion: "Jacques!"

He turned slowly to look at her. "Jacques?"

Madame's voice surrendered something of its control to her long pent-up agitation. "Yesterday there was a scene. I asked Jacques whom, besides Hardy, he would like to invite here for tea. I realize that Amritpore has little to offer in the way of companionship. And you know — for his age — how serious he is, how discriminating. It is not natural in a child — this quality, this capacity, for love, for friendship."

He nodded.

Madame continued: "What was I to think when my son looked into my eyes and said, 'Mrs. Lyttleton?'"

"Ah! Insolence."

Madame went on. "You know that I have remonstrated with him about running over there as he does behind my back. I have warned Hanif to see to it, but Hanif is lazy, he forgets — and I have an idea that because of his devotion to Jacques he might even connive."

"Then you should dismiss Hanif."

"It would accomplish nothing. Jacques can turn any servant round his little finger."

Father Sebastien chewed heavily on his cigar. "You believe that he cares so much for her?"

She forced herself to say it: "Yes."

He said with sudden decision, "*We* can cope with her, but Jacques is a child. It would be fatal for him to come under her influence."

"As his father did," murmured Madame de St. Remy with stinging bitterness.

A tremor passed over her body — a small earthquake which left her, for a moment, quite spent. Presently she said in a calmer voice: "In a little while Hardy will have gone and Jacques will feel

himself deserted. Though he does not confide in me, though he tries to exclude me from his thoughts, I can read them. But what is one to do? Until he is older and stronger I must keep him with me. But when Hardyal has gone —”

The priest tossed his dead cigar into the garden. “Perhaps it would be better, then, if we were to do what I once suggested. Send him to Douai for his education.”

She made a protesting gesture. “Not yet, Father. When he is older, or when I have taught myself to bear the thought of parting with him!”

Father Sebastien started to say something, but he was interrupted by the appearance of the infuriated Eurasian foreman-photographer.

“Madame de St. Remy! Will you please come to assist me in taking Jacques’s photo! I have tried and tried. He will not stand still. He will not do one single thing which I ask. He falls down. He crosses his eyes. He laughs. Hanif laughs. Junab Ali comes all the way from the cookhouse to laugh. They all laugh. Madame! Father!”

Madame rose, and together she and Father Sebastien followed Mr. Boodrie into the house.

3

The guests assembled on a verandah which faced the great pipal tree in the center of the lawn. They sat in cane chairs and sipped tea and nibbled sandwiches and almond paste and plum cake and *petits fours*. Madame had taught her Mohammedan cook something of the art of French pastry, but how he did it in an unventilated kitchen, over a reeking charcoal stove, in a black hole of an oven, remained a mystery bordering on the miraculous.

Everyone talked in English, but the voices of the de St. Remys were distinguished by a quirk of accent which lent their English and even their Hindustani a separate character. Father Sebastien sat at Madame’s right and was waited upon meticulously by Hanif, who plied him with tea and his favorite potted meat. Mr. Wall, the Civil Engineer, sprawled in his chair — always at ease; always, like most Englishmen, taking up as much room as he possibly could.

Dr. Brown and his wife were a kind and prosaic pair washed out after five summers on the Plains. Their children were at school in England, and something wistful and sweet crept in and out of Mrs. Brown’s eyes when she heard Jacques break into sudden laughter. At other times her gaze rested wonderingly on Madame de St. Remy. A remarkable woman, reflected Mrs. Brown, without envy.

Indigo was planted in March and harvested in

June when the heat was at its worse. She had seen Madame, under an enormous mushroom of a hat, supervising the carting of the green crop by bullock cart to factory; she knew that Madame spent hours in the blanching heat, that she left very little to the discretion of her foreman and her workers. When the drying and pressing of the dye were finished, Madame rushed to the Hills for a brief respite, but in August she was back for the second crop. How did she manage it, without breaking down? Dr. Brown thought he had the answer. “Ambition, my dear — ambition!”

The Railway Inspector’s two little girls had arrived escorted by a tyrannical servant, and they now sat huddled together, all dressed up in impossible bows and furbelows, and munched silently. Jacques attended to them with a stiff, drilled politeness, but he was sick at heart. Hardyal had not come. What could have happened? Perhaps it was just that Hardyal had misunderstood the time — perhaps even the date. But that was not like Hardyal, who never misunderstood and never forgot anything in his life. At any rate he ought to have sent word, declared Madame de St. Remy, and to this everyone agreed.

“Perhaps the little devil ran off to the bazaar,” suggested Wall.

“Hardyal’s father,” said Madame, “does not permit him to frequent bazaars. The family is exceedingly superior.”

Hanif, demure in his finery, handed round plates of pastry and pink toffee. In passing through Madame’s dressing room on his way to the verandah he had paused long enough to anoint himself with her Eau de Cologne.

One of the Railway Inspector’s little girls suddenly shrilled: “There was a accident today at the Junction. My father said.”

“What sort of accident?” asked Jacques, reviving momentarily.

“A awful accident. A woman threw herself under the train and it cut her up into mince. My father said.”

“Mince?”

“Potted meat, don’t you know,” said Wall. Everyone except the Browns laughed heartily, and the little girl, overcome by success, retreated into another trance.

Hanif passed the toffee and the sandwiches and the *petits fours* and the Napoleons. He passed cigars to the gentlemen. Evening sank towards the garden, sifting the glare of the sky. To take his mind off Hardyal, Jacques began to think about his presents. They had been, on the whole, disappointing. Father Sebastien had given him a scapular; his mother’s

gift was a prayer book and a new suit. It was left to Wall's irrelevant genius to provide the freshest note of all — a beautiful little riding crop topped with silver. Even while Madame de St. Remy thanked him she was annoyed that she had not thought of this herself, for it was impossible to ignore Jacques's sudden dazzling smile.

Jacques saw a phaeton drawn by a bay horse come down the drive, with Hardy's green-coated coachman riding high, and relief and joy surged over him. The phaeton stopped under the distant trees and they saw Hardy alight. He was perhaps six months older than Jacques, but stronger and not much taller. Like the others, he had assumed especial finery in honor of the occasion, and now he came towards them in his white dhoti and gold-bordered shirt, an embroidered cap on his shaven head and crimson slippers on his feet. Behind him walked a servant carrying a flat basket filled with fruit and flowers, globes of sugar spun on a thread, little boxes of white Persian grapes nestling in cotton wool, and a dish filled with Jacques's favorite sweets — the rich, melting, sugar-powdered *gulab jamuns* of which he sometimes dreamed.

All whiteness and brownness and lightness and brightness, Hardy approached, and Jacques ran down the steps to meet him. Then they walked side by side to the tea party, and Hardy paused long enough to discard his shoes before the lowest step. He was beautifully poised as he salaamed the company with both hands, and Madame de St. Remy thought, with regret: What a pity he is not a Christian! And Mr. Wall reflected complacently: How well the English training stands out!

4

Next day a light shower drifted across the plain, darkening its glare and laying the dust for an hour. Mr. Wall, riding home from an inspection of the new government canal, turned in through the gateless pillars of Mrs. Lyttleton's compound and trotted up a grass-grown drive between flower beds turned to jungle. In Amritpore allusions to Mrs. Lyttleton usually centered on one of three adjectives: Extraordinary, Eccentric, or Impossible.

These might with equal validity have applied to her house, a magnificent sandstone affair acquired for a song and a touch of blackmail from its original owner, Maharaj Chanda Lal, a noble cutthroat deposed by the English more than forty years ago. General Lyttleton had supplemented its exquisite proportions with bathrooms, gunrooms, pantries, and an aviary. When he died his wife buried him

near the loquat trees in the northwest corner of the garden, beside his infant daughter and his three favorite dogs.

As Wall dismounted under the porte-cochere a slovenly servant appeared and led away his horse. He went up the sandstone steps into an enormous verandah crammed with furniture in varying stages of dilapidation. From the walls an assortment of stuffed heads stared down at him; oakum and cotton wool oozed from their rotting seams, here and there a glass eye drooped in its socket.

As Wall came up the steps an Indian in European clothes rose from a settee. "Oh hello, Wall!"

"Ganpat Rai, how are you?"

As Wall sat down and stared round him at the transmogrified menagerie, a resigned and time-honored moan escaped him: "Lord!"

Ganpat Rai, the barrister, smiled. "Cheer up! Yesterday the water buffalo's head fell down — and burst."

Mrs. Lyttleton emerged from the house and greeted her visitors. "How kind of you to come! Has that lazy swine offered you anything to drink?" Without waiting for an answer she lifted her voice in a piercing cry: "Jalal!"

The men had risen, and waited until she was seated. She smiled at the barrister. "Well?"

There was an expression of restrained triumph on his dark, intelligent face. "In the case of Naiko versus Empress, judgment was delivered in favor of my client."

"Ah! Congratulations. And you?" She turned to Wall. "What have you been doing?"

"Sweating," said Wall. He stretched his legs. "Sweating, and dreaming of the long, cold, delectable brandy peg which awaited me here."

"Jalal!" yelled Mrs. Lyttleton again. "Jalal!"

He appeared, running. "Brandy," said Mrs. Lyttleton, glaring at him. "In the cut-glass decanter on the sideboard. The square decanter, you unspeakable oaf, not the round one. And water. And the cigarettes which are beside my bed. And hasten lest death overtake you suddenly." She sat back with a sigh. "Opium," she murmured. "I'm sure of it. You can see it in his eyes. But what can I do?"

"Kick him out," suggested Wall.

"His grandfather served my father. How could I kick him out?"

Mrs. Lyttleton had lived in India most of her life. Now, at seventy, she was shrunken and brittle; the blood had thinned in her veins, but it had never soured. Because she had never fought India, India had preserved her from much of the bitterness of exile and the contradictions of the usurper.

In her old age she felt more comfortable in native dress, and kept better health by eating native food, and was happier because she could speak their language as well as she spoke her own. No wonder that there were in Amritpore people who considered her eccentric and — by their standards — impossible. She had been altogether too high-spirited to escape slander, but she was fond of remarking that, whereas in her youth she had resented the stories which were told about her, now she rather enjoyed them.

Mrs. Lyttleton would have been the last to deny that she had always liked men and that she preferred warriors to all others. If beauty had vanished, her high spirits died hard. And she missed people. She missed the excitement and heroism of days when Amritpore had been a garrison and the sentry boxes at the Fort housed soldiers instead of bats.

Ganpat Rai had known her and loved her for twenty years; she was the only white woman with whom he felt at ease, although there were occasions, even now, when her directness disconcerted him. He cherished a sincere admiration for the English and wanted his son to grow up as nearly like an Englishman as it was possible, but he had yet to realize that the English are a race of contradictory elements, profoundly, even tragically, paradoxical. Ganpat Rai found it difficult to believe that Mrs. Lyttleton and Mr. Wall belonged to the same race.

But age and climate had tired her bodily; she cared very little now for her garden or for her magnificent rooms, through whose lonely reaches she wandered by herself, shriveled in her voluminous petticoats and flowered *kurthas*, tinkling and twinkling in her priceless jewels at all hours of the day and night, attended by a retinue of dogs and cats and tame squirrels and the canaries which flew loose through the house. In addition to her pension Mrs. Lyttleton enjoyed the revenue from several villages which bordered the estates of Madame de St. Remy, and which Madame would like to own if Mrs. Lyttleton were not so perversely obdurate about selling. Mrs. Lyttleton's villagers trespassed on the indigo fields of Madame; they stole her mangoes and threw their dead grandmothers into her wells to save funeral expenses. Mrs. Lyttleton, bored and lonely, derived a certain zest from this situation.

Jalal appeared with a tray, and Wall drew a deep breath of pleasure.

"This is better — much better — than yesterday."

"Yesterday?" She refused the brandy but selected one of her Egyptian cigarettes.

"I went to a birthday party," explained Wall. "Jacques de St. Remy is fourteen years old."

"Charming," murmured Ganpat Rai. He, too, refused the brandy but accepted a cigarette. "Charming, that Jacques."

"Poor little Jacques," said Mrs. Lyttleton.

Her face had a gentle, bemused look. "I find that if I don't see him every few days, I miss him. The thought of him haunts me. It haunts this house, which goodness knows is haunted enough already!"

Ganpat Rai nodded. "That is how Hardyall feels. They will miss each other."

"Perhaps I shall gain by Hardyall's going. Perhaps then Jacques will come to see me more often."

Wall laughed. "Do you know, I believe you are in love with him!"

"Why not?"

"But what about Madame de St. Remy?"

Mrs. Lyttleton studied the great diamonds on her hands. "It is a case of history repeating itself, isn't it? Madame never has abandoned the suspicion that I might at one time or another have tried to seduce her husband."

"Well, and did you?"

"Auguste de St. Remy was twenty years younger than I!"

"And like the rest of us, he loved to come here and talk and listen — in the long afternoons during the rains." The barrister smiled at her. "For you are always gay, always kind, always understanding. With you, we are free to speak our hearts. It is natural that women should be jealous of you."

Wall was a little put out by this fervor, and by the flush which it brought to Mrs. Lyttleton's unregenerate cheek.

"Well, perhaps Madame is a bit of a stick."

"She's a fool," said Mrs. Lyttleton, abruptly.

Ganpat Rai observed with an air of detachment: "It is odd, is it not, that Madame employs servants who are not Christian?"

Mrs. Lyttleton's annoyance dissolved in sudden laughter. "I hear that she once engaged a Christian butler, but he disappeared with all the teaspoons!" She turned to Wall. "I wish that you could use your influence to have Jacques sent to England with Hardyall."

"My dear lady, I have no influence with Madame de St. Remy!"

"With Father Sebastien, perhaps?"

"Hardly! He wants to send Jacques to some big French college — Douai, I believe."

She made a gesture of despair. "Yes, yes! They'll send him away to be educated among all those twittering priests, I know!" She brooded a moment. "I believe in a secular education. After

all," she glanced at Ganpat Rai, "what is possible for a Brahmin should be possible for a Catholic."

The barrister leaned forward eagerly. "You must remember that I am not orthodox, and that Catholicism is not an exclusive educational system as Brahminism is."

She brushed this aside with a wave of her diamonds. "What has all that mumbo jumbo to do with governing India?"

"Perhaps everything," said Ganpat Rai, softly. It was during these conversations that pride in his own achievement rose to comfort him. Enlightened though he was, modern, a skeptic, he had his dark hours of doubt — even of terror. Enlightenment! A lasting civilization must come from the West, and the East must go to meet it. Religion was the great stumblingblock, as it had always been. Three hundred years ago Akbar put his finger on the same problem and tried to solve it by forging Hinduism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity into one. In despair he concocted a new faith — and died its only convert.

"Perhaps —" said Ganpat Rai, smiling, "perhaps Jacques and Hardyval will provide a solution."

Mrs. Lyttleton stirred restlessly. "They are not fighters. They are too gentle. And in the meantime they must go away." She looked at Wall. "And you, too, will go away. India is a place of good-byes."

He shrugged. "Of course, one goes home."

There was a brief silence, then Mrs. Lyttleton threw off her gloom and turned gayly to the barrister. "Now tell us," said she, "tell us all about the case of Naiko versus Empress!"

5

Jacques awoke in the cocoon-pallor of his mosquito net and saw the stars framed in the upper half of the Dutch doors. It was still night, and a mosquito had awakened him, but he guessed from the color of the sky that it would soon be morning. He could hear jackals crying on the plains, and smiled when he remembered Hanif's interpretation of their refrain: —

*Ek murra Hindu!
Ka-hahn? Ka-hahn?
Ya-hahn, ya-hahn, ya-hahn!*

*One dead Hindu!
Where? Where?
Here, here, here!*

Jacques pictured the gaunt shapes skulking outside sleeping villages or nosing among the pyres beside the river. Mr. Wall and Dr. Brown had

promised to take him on a jackal hunt; this meant riding them down with hog spears and a pack of dogs. Perhaps Hardyval would come, though he disliked killing things.

Jacques thought of Hardyval; then, more fully awake, he thought of Father Sebastien, who had talked to him for a long time after arithmetic yesterday. Queer that all he should be able to remember now was the exact sound of Father Sebastien's voice, and nothing else. Jacques clasped his hands behind his head and stared into the gloom of the mosquito net; he liked sleeping in a net, which made him feel mysterious, like a little spider. It brought him the same sense of inscrutability which he had attained by accident a year ago when he discovered that he was never, actually, obliged to answer a question.

That had been a thrilling and incommunicable experience, one which even now he didn't quite understand. His mother had taxed him with some minor wrongdoing: confused, he engaged in a private summing up of fact and circumstance, but Madame misinterpreted his silence; she expostulated, then broke into recriminations. Jacques's silence held, it took root, it grew; he found himself contemplating it with a sort of impersonal wonder.

The same thing happened yesterday with Father Sebastien. Jacques could not remember the question which brought on his own sudden refusal — for that was what it amounted to: a conscious, deliberate refusal to commit himself. The question was not important — it was just one of those small prying remarks to which Father Sebastien was sometimes given. He had repeated it in the form of a query; then, arrested by a new quality in Jacques, he had made the question direct and unequivocal. Jacques stood there, silent, listening to an inward paean: Even if they were to light fires on my stomach, I wouldn't answer!

"This," said Father Sebastien, slowly, "is insolence, my son."

The question and its possible answer hung in the distance like a fading mirage; to Jacques, whatever was important, whatever was immediate, centered on what was taking place inside him.

"We will come back to this," said Father Sebastien, "another time."

Jacques knew that they would come back to it; not his weakness but his strength would set his fate in motion, forcing those who controlled it to take steps. In the meantime Father Sebastien's voice continued in the distance; it went on and on like the hum of a mosquito, and Jacques's eyes closed. When he opened them again he knew that it was time for him to get up.

The dawn was just emerging and a ribbon of color rested on the garden as Jacques hurried across the compound to the servants' quarters and the stables. He led his horse into the open; it whickered and laid back its ears as he slid the bridle over its head and eased the bit between its soft lips. Hardyal appeared, cantering along the turf which edged the drive. He had exchanged his gold and muslin, his heelless crimson slippers, for English boots and breeches and a cork helmet.

The Fort, their favorite objective, lay five miles away in a bend of the Gogra River. The earth flew behind them, and with a sudden tremendous clatter three peafowl rose and clambered into the air, the cock's tail streaming like fire.

They went thrumming across the plain, then allowed their quieted beasts to settle into a more decorous gait. In half an hour they were walking knee to knee and the first ray of light made the world familiar; it struck their faces and glittered on the chains and buckles of their harness, and brought forth, unaccountably, from nowhere, shivering half-clad figures of myth and testament. White bullocks swished their tails beside a well, a child salaamed: "Maharaj!"

Women who were repairing the little canals which fed the plain rested their glass-bangled arms and smiled, younger ones instinctively drawing headcloths over their eyes. Others stood motionless to watch the glittering riders, as their predecessors had stood for a thousand years. "Maharaj, salaam!"

The boys waved and rode on.

The Fort was built of unbaked brick, crumbling everywhere but still impressively crenelated and massive above its shallow moat. The boys rode across a hollow-sounding bridge and under the portcullis, to an inner quadrangle broken into doorless rooms and quarters. The sun had risen, and under it the Fort lay deserted and silent. Here, at the time of the battle of Plassey, nearly a century and a half before, Mahrattas under their French officers had lost to the English.

They hitched their horses to a thorn tree and wandered across the courtyard to a ruined stair which led to a favorite sentry box. It faced southwest towards the river glittering a quarter of a mile away. Below them, unbelievably green and formal under the stunted acacia trees, lay the moat where a child was grazing his flock of goats; their bleatings mingled with a murmur of doves.

The boys sat on a crumbling balustrade beside the sentry box. The sun was not yet too hot for them to remove their hats; Jacques's hair stuck to his temples, then a breeze came and dried it and it moved

in brown tendrils on his head. "Next year we shall come here for my birthday. You and I and Mr. Wall and Mrs. Lyttleton, your father, Maman —"

Hardyal's eyes had a heavy look. "First, a whole year must pass." He was in an odd mood, and added irrelevantly: "Do you remember the day we saw a cobra shikaring a dove down there in the moat?"

"I remember. Hanif threw stones at it."

"And last year when Father took us to see the Magh Mela at Allahabad?"

"Yes," said Jacques, looking at him. Hardyal's shaven head glistened in the sunlight, and his straight dark brows were drawn in a frown.

"I remember how you wanted to bathe in the Jumna with all the others, but Hanif would not let you. I remember —" He broke off, the frown melting into his flesh, becoming lost in it. "I remember a day when you brought me a beautiful soap-box for a present. When I opened it a thousand enormous grasshoppers flew out and went jumping all over the room."

Jacques threw back his head and laughed. "I remember how your father chased them with his shoe!"

Hardyal went on: "And in the evening we went to Mrs. Lyttleton's and she told us about the Mutiny, and about how, on certain days in broad sunlight, guns are heard here in the Fort. I remember so much. I remember everything."

Something stirred in Jacques and suddenly he did not want to look at Hardyal. Instead he bent to examine a small funnel-shaped contrivance in the dust beside him. It was the circumference of a man's thumb, and of finest sand. At its steeply sloping end something minute and alive and deadly lay hidden. He captured an ant and rolled it down into the funnel; at once there followed a microscopic upheaval as a pair of tiny fangs appeared, and the lion ant seized the bait and snuggled with it out of sight.

"I must tell you," Hardyal said. "Father said I should not, because he promised Madame —"

Jacques sat motionless, seeing nothing. Hardyal went on in a thick voice: "I am to go to England, very soon. Perhaps in a week. They made me promise not to tell you because Madame feared you would be upset. I shall spend the summer with Mr. Wall's people in Sussex, then I shall go to school, and after that to Oxford."

Jacques fed another victim to the lion ant.

Suddenly Hardyal broke down. "*Hum nahi jana munghthal* I do not want to go."

I shall remember this, thought Jacques. I shall forget nothing, nothing, least of all that cry: I do

not want to go! And suddenly everything that was familiar to him rushed away and stood at a distance, and he saw that a corner of his life was completed. Hardy was his earliest friend; he had even been permitted to sleep in Hardy's house, and waking in the morning Hardy had brought him a dish of ripe figs, cool and shining with dew. That, too, he would remember. And the gallops across country to the Fort, and the games of tennis and cricket on Mr. Wall's lawn, and the forbidden visits to Mrs. Lyttleton, and wild ekka rides through the bazaar with Hanif driving at a crazy speed and Hardy and himself hysterical with laughter.

He would remember all this, and the summer when they had not gone to the Hills and the *loo* had blown red and scorching across the plains, while they played chess in the drawing room and took turns yelling at the punkah coolie to pull harder, harder, on the great frilled fan over their heads. He would remember that summer when a break came in the rains and millions of tiny red velvet spiders appeared from nowhere, and all the frogs in creation chanted together: Port, port, port! White wine, white wine, white wine! Sherry, sherry, sherry!

Something positive would end with Hardy's going, and characteristically Jacques's imagination forged ahead, and he saw himself deserted, everything he knew made poignant by this absence. Loneliness would be his window into death.

They rose at last and Hardy whispered: "Do not mention that I wept."

"No," said Jacques. "No, never."

6

Madame de St. Remy drove briskly over the short dusty distance to the factory, which stood in a large mud-leaped compound bordered by trees. On cool days Madame transacted much of her business in their shade, on an elevated structure called a *chabutra*. The process of hiring, of dismissing, paying off, and making cash advances to her laborers sometimes consumed several days and invariably left her with a splitting headache.

She might have spared herself by delegating authority to her foreman, but it was against her principles to trust a subordinate any further than she could help. She had learned through experience the character of all subordinates — a character derived from the nature of the country itself, from its core, which is inexhaustible poverty.

Madame was aware that when her workmen were paid Mr. Boodrie exacted his commission — a percentage which bought or preserved his good-will. And after Boodrie loomed the figure of Ramdatta,

the Marwari moneylender without whom no one could hope to survive, since there never was a wage which, of itself, did more than keep breath in one's body. Madame knew the Marwari well, and rather liked him. He was not really a villain — he was part of India, its fifth limb. Not for nothing do her gods and goddesses boast a plethora of arms and legs: to endure, one must sprout desperate tentacles.

Ramdatta was a big, suave man of some sophistication. He reminded Madame of Frenchmen she had known at home, for he was, in fact, thoroughly bourgeois. So was his history. Orphaned at fourteen, penniless, Ramdatta left his village and disappeared in the general direction of Bombay and its cotton mills. There among the gins and shuttles he worked as a sweetmeat vendor and somehow managed to save money. Naturally, inevitably, he slipped into the role of usurer.

Gradually Ramdatta acquired his neighbors' fields and their flocks, even their homes. He was industrious. He loomed. A fine gloss appeared on his skin, and dimples of benevolence at the corners of his full, childish lips. He cherished a great admiration for Madame de St. Remy. He longed to lend her money, to install himself in her good graces; for like all upstarts when a certain opulence is reached, he now craved prestige.

This morning a big table was set on the factory *chabutra* under the trees. Madame seated herself, and one of the factory servants held her parasol over her head. Beside Madame stood Mr. Boodrie, the foreman and spare-time photographer, arranging and rearranging ledgers and dispatch cases and big braided sacks filled with rupees. Near-by, relaxed but watchful, lounged two big Sikhs, the factory policemen, wearing Madame's livery.

Mr. Boodrie spilled the coins from their braided sacks and arranged them in symmetrical towers the length of the table. The towers varied in height, and behind the first row stood another, of smaller structure — the lesser coin of annas and pies. Everybody's glance — except Madame's — flickered like bees over this metal architecture. Brooding, speculative, wistful, their glances computed the number of rupees, annas, and pies in each tower, but the total remained a cloudy dream which had little relation to individual lives — wealth beyond computation, beyond imagination.

They gathered — men, women, and children — barefooted, raising a ritualistic dust to the sound of glass and silver ornaments, their clothing splashed with the olive and orange and the final beautiful blue stain of indigo. They arranged themselves in a vast semicircle before Madame's table, and there

they squatted, coughing in a subdued way, murmuring, exchanging glances and small signals of expectancy, complacency, or despair. Some of the women had brought their babies, and in this array of white and blue the spleeny stomachs of these little creatures stood out like overripe fruit; their great eyes opened like wet, black flowers, but they were easily hushed.

Madame de St. Remy took her spectacles from their red velvet case and drew a ledger towards her. Mr. Boodrie tilted his helmet back from his forehead, revealing a greasy curl or two, and the people massed in the dust before him swayed as though an identical wind had moved them; the faint sound of the movement rose to meet a whisper of leaves and a murmur of green pigeons high up among the branches.

Mr. Boodrie consulted his roster. "Mirban!"

A tall, gray-haired man rose and advanced to the chabutra. Mr. Boodrie frowned over his roster once more, then deftly sliced the top off one of the pyramids of rupees and counted them into Mirban's outstretched hand. Mirban, too, counted them — counted them with aching attention, as though he might by sheer excess of hope multiply their number into a sum adequate to his limitless burden. Of the ten silver coins which Boodrie handed him, one would go back to Boodrie, who had engineered the advance; five would go to Ramdatta, a fleabite on the mortgage which the moneylender held on his millet field, and the remaining four rupees must buy food for himself, his wife, his mother, his two sons — and his bullocks. And when the advance was used up Mirban must work for a month for nothing, unless Mr. Boodrie could be persuaded to procure a further advance — for a commission, this time, of rupees two.

"Adira Bhai!"

A gentle scuffle ensued, followed by a woman's reassuring voice.

"Adira Bhai!" cried Mr. Boodrie again, impatiently. A little boy crept from the protective mass, and one of the Sikh policemen volunteered in his deep voice: "Adira is ill. This is her son."

Madame de St. Remy's glance, brown and kindly, rested on the child. "Can you be trusted to take your mother's money?"

"Hold up your head — the Mem-sahib doesn't eat children!" said the policeman encouragingly.

Boodrie frowned. "He is young and very ignorant. Perhaps —"

"Not too young or too ignorant to find his way home to his own mother," interrupted the policeman, sardonic in his black beard.

"What is your name, little one?" inquired Ma-

dame. He reminded her distantly of Jacques, and as her son's face rose before her Madame de St. Remy picked up Adira Bhai's little slice of rupees and held them out to the child.

He raised his head and gave her a single desperate glance, then took the money and bolted back to the safety of the crowd. Madame smiled and an answering smile, a single effulgence, lighted the semicircle of dark attentive faces.

Suddenly a red-eyed, pockmarked Mohammedan wearing a cast-off English jacket and a dirty turban rose and thrust himself towards the chabutra. He began to talk in a high, agitated voice, when Boodrie cut him short.

"Hakim Ali, you are dismissed. It is of no use for you to keep coming back. Now go!"

"My wages!" shouted Hakim Ali. "I am owed seven rupees and eight annas in arrears."

"You are not owed a single damnable cowrie! Go. Depart."

Sudden murder stood out in Hakim Ali's face, but before he could move, a lathi blow caught him behind the shoulders, and he staggered. The Sikhs closed in on him, and he was shoved and hoisted across the compound and flung through the gates into the road. The crowd watched passively. Two or three laughed.

Mr. Boodrie pushed his hat forward, obscuring the curls.

"Golam Husain!"

It would go on all morning, and through the afternoon; it would go on through the next day. Small lines would grave themselves on Madame's features and her attention would seem to wander. Then from a reservoir which remained a mystery to the people who knew her would spring a sort of determination, a sort of strength — and the business would go forward unflagging, relentless, expert.

When Jacques was eighteen she would make him her assistant manager, and when he was twenty she could at last sit back and let him take the reins. It would be sweet to watch him grow and increase, to train him and, in the end, lean on him.

Perhaps if he showed signs of missing Hardy too much she would send Jacques to the Hills a little earlier this year. She might go with him for a week. When Madame thought of Jacques's future she saw the circumstances and surroundings as remaining unchanged, remaining steady, herself still young and in full possession, while round his head flowed all the blessings and all the banners.

"Behari Lal! You are fined fourteen annas and six pies for permitting water to drip on a seed sack. Behari Lal!"

7

Mrs. Lyttleton listened to the drums. The procession had just passed and she watched it from her gate—the gilt and paper tazias carried high on men's shoulders, long columns of boys and men beating their breasts and shouting the martyred names in perfect, passionate rhythm: "Hasan! Hosain! Hasan! Hosain!" The festival of Mohur-rum always moved her strangely, stirring as it did the very air to violence. She knew that all over Amritpore the police were anxiously watching the Hindu population. Just let the procession approach too close to a Hindu temple or let a Hindu pipe break out in shrill competition with the Muslim drums, and you had the makings of a battle royal.

Well, thought Mrs. Lyttleton impatiently, let them have their fight and be done with it. Then she smiled at her own reasoning: as though men were ever done with fighting! Of the twenty-six wars fought in India by the English she could remember seven, in four of which her husband had participated. However, she was convinced that an occasional brisk little war was far healthier than the dry scab of bureaucracy imposed on the raw stuff of passion.

In the end, these people know more about self-discipline than we can ever hope to teach them. Let any white man attempt the Fast of Ramadan! Let him win—for a day—to the contemplative ecstasy of the humblest saddhu! Mrs. Lyttleton brooded contemptuously on the frightened precautions of the local police led by a single harassed Englishman. If we're going to be conquerors, then let us *be* conquerors, thought Mrs. Lyttleton, hearing the drums throbbing in her heart.

She settled herself in her accustomed chair with last week's newspaper and a greyhound puppy in her lap. The front page carried a report of a case argued by Ganpat Rai before the High Court at Allahabad, and presently she put the paper down and fell to thinking of the gentle, intelligent barrister and of his family. She had gone yesterday to call on Ganpat Rai's mother, and the old lady had entertained her with garrulous accounts of the family history, of pilgrimages and sacrifices, and with new, elaborate plans for the betrothal of Hardy-al.

Mrs. Lyttleton had protested. "But he is a child! He is not yet fourteen!"

Vijaya Bhai, squatting cross-legged on her red-enameled bedstead surrounded by sisters and nieces and poor relations, shook all her silver earrings in a turmoil of negation. "I was betrothed when I was five, and my son when he was ten!"

Later when Ganpat Rai walked with her across the garden to her carriage, he said, "My mother is

preparing endless puja for the purification of Hardy-al when he returns. To please her I have gone twice to the temple to offer prayers. I have given a thousand rupees to our family priest, for sacrifice and gifts to the poor."

Mrs. Lyttleton laughed, remembering his reputation as a hardheaded and brilliant lawyer.

"You think it is fantastic, and so it is. She is determined that Hardy-al must marry as soon as he returns from England."

"It sounds almost as silly as if one were to insist on a marriage for Jacques de St. Remy."

He nodded. "I tried to explain to my mother. I tried—oh, not once, but many, many times—but naturally, such reasoning is beyond her."

Ganpat Rai clasped and unclasped his mild brown hands. "It is very difficult, as you can see. I feel alone in the midst of my family, for they are all against me. Even my brothers disapprove, though they must see, as I do, that our world will not be the same twenty years from now! I want to free Hardy-al from the shackles of the past—to free him as utterly as lies in my power—in order to prepare him for the future. For *his* future."

He looked at her with deep, kind eyes. "You have always been our friend and you love Hardy-al. In my position, what would you do?"

She hesitated, remembering the women back there in the house—those doting, ambitious women with their frantic clinging to the past. Then she nodded decisively. "I would let Hardy-al remain in England, Ganpat Rai. For two years at least."

The sound of the drums receded and Mrs. Lyttleton was on the point of dropping off to sleep when she heard, in the road beyond the gate, a musical double-note of a carriage bell. She opened her eyes in time to see Madame de St. Remy's phaeton wheel between the gateposts and come bowling up the weedy driveway.

Mrs. Lyttleton rose, instinctively smoothing her gown and shaking down her numerous bangles and bracelets. Her mind became a riot of conjecture: communication between herself and Madame de St. Remy had been conducted by channels as devious as Mrs. Lyttleton, with a perverse sense of mischief, could possibly devise. For twenty years she and Madame had neither spoken nor set foot in each other's house. What, now, could be the purpose of this extraordinary visit?

The phaeton drew up under the porte-cochere and Mrs. Lyttleton heard Madame tell the coachman to wait. Then Madame alighted, elegantly gowned in black, her white sun-hat draped in the finest crepe. "Concierge!" thought Mrs. Lyttleton,

grimly conscious of her own bizarre petticoats and bare feet thrust into down-at-heel native slippers.

There was a flush on the cheeks of both women when they confronted each other across the crumbling chairs and settees.

"Madame de St. Remy, this is a great surprise — a great honor!"

Madame bowed, then stood with her gloved hands clasping the gold knob of her parasol. Twenty years of hostility divided them: only a triviality could bridge that abyss, and Mrs. Lyttleton supplied it. "Won't you sit down? I'd offer you tea, but my servants have all gone off to the Mohurum."

Madame selected the least ramshackle chair and slowly removed her tight kidskin gloves. Her brown eyes missed no detail of her surroundings, as she thought with mingled disgust and relief: Just as shoddy as I expected it would be! And to think that this dreadful old wretch —

Mrs. Lyttleton settled herself in her chair and primly arranged her skirts. "You just missed the procession. Do you suppose we shall have the usual row?"

"If we do, it will probably be the fault of the police. They are always looking for trouble, Mohurum or no Mohurum."

"Ah yes, *divide et impera*! But tell me, is that chair really comfortable?"

Madame brought her gaze to rest on her old rival. "You must wonder why I am here. Perhaps it would be as well if I came straight to the point."

Mrs. Lyttleton shook her head energetically. "I'm delighted that you are here. I love visitors, and I've hardly set eyes on another woman since Mrs. Brown went back to England."

There was a slight pause. Mrs. Lyttleton was thinking: She's lost all her looks; she used to be very pretty in her sharp little French way. Now, I wonder what in the devil she's after?

Madame was reflecting: She's as dry and yellow as an old tarantula. What can Jacques find in her? What did Auguste find?

"Will you have a cigarette?" asked Mrs. Lyttleton, opening the box of Egyptians on a table beside her. Madame declined with a stony glance, and Mrs. Lyttleton selected a cigarette for herself, her rings giving off a minor conflagration. No doubt, thought Madame bitterly, all her lovers kept her in jewels.

"I came," she began presently, "to ask whether you would consider selling the doab lands alongside the river. Perhaps I should have written to you about this, but I was given to understand that you never answer letters!"

"On the contrary, I carry on a voluminous correspondence. For instance, I had — just before you came — just finished writing a long letter to Hardy. Did you know that his father wants him to go into the Indian Civil Service? My own feeling is that the army is the place for young men. But then I'm prejudiced, naturally."

"Naturally," agreed Madame. She took a deep breath. "But to return to the matter of the doab."

"You intend to put more land to indigo?"

"To what else?" Madame's voice was crisp. "Last year was most successful. This year should be even better, in which case I hope very much that I shall be able to send Jacques home next year."

"Home, Madame?"

"To France. He should have a few years of travel before he comes into the factory with me."

Their thoughts moved between them, subtle, inimical. Mrs. Lyttleton continued: "It's funny that you should ask me about the doab. I had a call a few days ago from that rascal Ramdatta. He wanted it himself, to buy or lease. I have my suspicions of him, however."

"Suspicions?" echoed Madame.

"He has more land than he knows what to do with. I think he is acting as go-between for one of his shady friends. He has many! Perhaps it is one of those big landowners from Lucknow, and they can easily afford to pay more than they offer."

Madame stared at her hands. It was at her instigation that Ramdatta had approached Mrs. Lyttleton, on the understanding that the land would be resold or subleased to Madame herself. Mrs. Lyttleton continued lightheartedly. "He's clever, Ramdatta. Nevertheless I told him to go to Jehannum!"

"Then," said Madame coldly, "we come back to my question: Will you sell to me?"

Mrs. Lyttleton's eyes, as hard and blue as prisms, met hers. "Yes, Madame. At a price."

Madame de St. Remy named it without hesitation, aware that Ramdatta had offered less.

"I was not thinking of money, Madame."

"What?"

"I was thinking of Jacques."

The name exploded between them like a rocket. "Jacques?" Madame had flushed deeply. "What has Jacques to do with this?"

"Much. Shall we be clear with one another, Madame — just for once?"

"Mrs. Lyttleton, I have come to discuss the sale of land — a purely business transaction."

"We shall leave it on that basis, but first let us discuss something which lies near both our hearts."

Madame sat motionless, and Mrs. Lyttleton

continued: "I am old and lonely, Madame, with not much to lose, now. You know something of my history, and I know something of yours. Whatever I once had and loved lies buried — over there." She nodded towards the garden, but Madame did not turn her head, nor did her eyes waver.

Mrs. Lyttleton continued in a more controlled voice: "I know you have always disliked me, even hated me, and I can guess why. Slandorous absurdities are bound to accumulate round a woman as unconventional as I, and women as conventional as you are bound to believe them. I don't care. I never have cared, much. As I just said, I am old and feel that I have little to lose. However, that little matters to me considerably."

The greyhound puppy returned, and clambered into her lap.

"Madame, I love Jacques. I love him as old, doting, lonely women love —" she laughed faintly — "as they love the promise of eternal life."

Her voice had taken on a new strength, but Madame de St. Remy sat like a stone.

"Can I make you see what I mean? I know what you're thinking — that I'm incorrigible, that I've had lovers, and that the taste for love hasn't died in me as it should have died years ago. Well, you're right — it hasn't died. It will die when my body dies, not before.

"Jacques some day will be a man, and I love that promise in him. Have you ever asked yourself what that child can see in a desiccated old woman like me? Ah, you have — you're asking it this moment! Well, he sees in me the equivalent of what I see in him: qualities which men and women desire in each other — forgiveness, variety, passion, and humor. Ah Madame, those were lessons you never troubled to learn. Please don't go, yet. I've been dying to say these things to you — hoping for an opportunity which I never dreamed you would give me!"

Madame, who had half risen, sank back in her chair. "You are very eloquent," she said drily. "But I still fail to see what Jacques has to do with the business that brought me here."

"Then I'll tell you. If you will give Jacques permission to visit my house whenever he likes, without hindrance and without stealth, I will sell you that doab at your own price."

Madame looked at her with detestation. "May I now speak my mind? I, too, am glad of the opportunity. You and I have misunderstood each other too long. Years ago, Mrs. Lyttleton, when I came to Amritpore as a bride, young and innocent and in love with my husband, you lost no time in trying to deprive me of his love. No, please do not interrupt.

I was in a strange land, among strange people. I felt desperately alone. Auguste was all I had in the world, all I cared for. *Please let me finish!*

"You won Auguste away from his work, from his home, from me. You taught him to come to you with all his difficulties and his disappointments. What could you give him that I could not? Shall I tell you? It is very simple — every courtesan in every land understands the formula. You provided Auguste with opportunities for vice — and vice, naturally, is not an asset which even libertines knowingly relish in their own wives! But I could forgive him, and you, had it not been for something far greater, far more terrible." Her eyes burned upon Mrs. Lyttleton. "There is something neither God nor I will ever forgive. You destroyed Auguste's faith, his belief. Your influence was so strong that even when he was dying he refused the sacraments."

Her voice seemed to splinter, to fall everywhere in shrill fragments. Mrs. Lyttleton sat in astounded silence.

Then Madame de St. Remy rose, collecting her parasol and gloves. As swiftly as she had lost her self-control she now regained it.

"And you have the insolence to demand my son's friendship!"

Mrs. Lyttleton lifted herself rather stiffly to her feet. She was divided between mirth and fury, but before she could find words to conclude the interview Madame turned and faced her once more.

"I know very well that Jacques has come to see you, often, during these winter holidays. But he will not come again. He returns to the Hills in a few weeks."

8

The corrugated tin on the station roof cracked from accumulated heat, and a variety of smells and sounds rose from the population on the platform. Hardyal stood beside his father; his heart was beating with such violence that he feared it must burst, but all that appeared on the surface was a fixed smile and great tears which kept rising and subsiding. Ganpat Rai would accompany him to Calcutta and there he would be placed in the care of friends taking the same steamer to England.

"You will like Colombo," Mr. Wall had told him encouragingly. "The Galle Face, where a brown sea rolls up the beach. And when you pass the island of Socotra think of the Arab pirates who still prey on coastal shipping. You'll go up the Red Sea into Suez, you'll look at the Mediterranean and the Straits of Messina with the land olive-green in the morning, and Naples —"

The train was gorging and disgorging passengers and freight in an intense, panic-stricken activity directed by a fat white station master and his thin black assistant. Water carriers and food vendors sloped through the crowd, their voices rising in the peculiar cries of another species. Hardy al remembered with a flash of agony the farewell to his grandmother, who, now that the inevitable had arrived, had no tears left. She caressed his face with her dry jeweled hands and stared at him with unbelieving eyes. "I am old. I shall not see thee again." He felt that she was dying in his arms, this old familiar woman who had nurtured him and raised him all the years of his life. One by one the servants came and fell at his feet. How mysterious was the departure of this son of the house!

Now a great inhalation passed through the train and it gave an epileptic jerk, inciting a frenzy among the passengers not yet aboard. Howls and struggles ensued, but calmed again under a renewed snore from the slumbering locomotive.

Hardy al stared past the end of the train to a tossing gray-green of trees. Beyond them lies Amritpore and everything I know, he thought.

The crowd near him parted and he saw Mrs. Lyttleton and Mr. Wall and his father's friend, Abdul Salim, coming towards him, wearing determined smiles and waving gayly. He felt his father's instant, responsive pleasure: How good of these friends, how thoughtful, what an honor!

But where was Jacques?

Mrs. Lyttleton put her arm around Hardy al. "Don't dare to cry, for if you do I shall, and that would disgrace me in the eyes of the world!"

He looked at her with the irrepressible interest she always excited. "Why should it disgrace you?"

"Because for your sake I put rouge on my cheeks, and tears would make it run."

Mr. Wall thrust a package under Hardy al's arm. "Something for the journey. You must write me news of my family. Make them take you to see Arundel Castle when the daffodils are out. Just think, I shall see them all myself in two years!"

Abdul Salim was smiling at Hardy al. "You are fortunate."

Where, *where* was Jacques?

Mrs. Lyttleton tightened her grasp on his shoulders. "He will come. He would never let you go without saying good-bye."

Ganpat Rai interposed. "Madame de St. Remy sent me a chit this morning, saying that perhaps it would be better if Jacques did not come, since the farewell might upset him and Hardy al. Hardy al knows this. It is silly for him to expect —"

"Madame de St. Remy is wrong," said Mrs. Lyttleton in sudden rage. She looked down at Hardy al. "I know how Jacques will feel about this. Can I give him a message, Hardy al?"

He tried to think of something to say, but his head and his heart were in confusion. Ganpat Rai and Abdul Salim were talking in hurried undertones about some case; Mr. Wall, dreading a scene, lighted a cigarette. Only Mrs. Lyttleton, then, really cared.

A great shudder ran through the train, a flexing of all its iron muscles, and with a despairing howl the crowd surged towards it.

"Tell him —" whispered Hardy al. Suddenly he clung to Mrs. Lyttleton.

"Come," said Ganpat Rai. Their luggage and their servant were already installed in a carriage which they would share with a venerable Hindu gentleman on his way through Amritpore to Calcutta. For the past few minutes this pundit had leaned on his window watching the little scene. He was touched to observe the happy mingling of English and Indians, though he was far too much of a philosopher and skeptic to put much faith in its significance.

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye, old chap!"

"Salaam aliekum!"

"Aliekum, salaam!"

The sound of a whistle tore the moment into shreds as the train began to move. Those who were not going fell back and watched the great thing crawl over the rails and steady into its meshed and intricate flight. A cry rose from it, flung from its harsh throat upward into the teeming Indian air, into the sun and the sky, a strange, a perpetually disturbing and incomprehensible message.

The thread which tied their awareness to Hardy al, and his to them, stretched, thinned, and snapped in the final glitter of the vanished train.

(To be continued)

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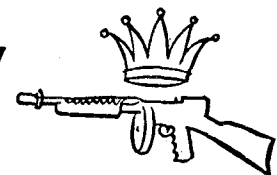
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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by EDWARD WEEKS

CROSSING the continent has always been an education for an American. This is particularly true today when every train has its contingents of Army and Navy and its bevy of service wives and children; when the diner begins serving at 5.30 A. M. and never pauses until it is uncoupled; and when the stops at terminals like Denver and Ogden give you an hour or two to stretch your legs and to see what the war has done to this burg or that.

An American eye-opener

Some of the education comes in the talk which Americans always engage in so confidently when they travel. Such talk today reveals the amazing good humor with which people accept any inconvenience; it reveals the rising spirit of the people and their need of firmer, clearer instructions from Washington.

Some of the education comes in through the window. But not enough. You need a book to help satisfy your curiosity about that magnificent, unfolding country. And there isn't one. In the Army Pullmans I visited, more of the men were trying to orient themselves with timetables than were reading magazines or playing poker. But a timetable doesn't give you the human answer to your curiosity.

A year ago my wife and I spent a memorable day coming down the Columbia River Valley from Portland. The conductor, seeing we were green, began to tell us what the river meant to him when he was a boy (his father had owned a ranch near The Dalles), and as he pointed out his trout streams, showed us the ancient cattle crossings, and prepared us for the Cascades where the Indians net their salmon, I got my first notion of what an American eye-opener could mean to a tenderfoot at the window.

As you crossed the Great Salt Lake this book I have in mind — this eye-opener — would tell you how much that body of water has shrunk since the first white man gazed at it, and how and why it was

shunned by Indian and pioneer. It would tell you who built the bridge across and how long it took and how long it is. As you swing by the Wasatch Mountains, it would tell you of its fabulous minerals in that Mormon country, why they have not been taken out, and what the Bonneville Lake was like in the glacial age. It would show you where to look for the high-water marks on the slopes today. It would tell you what part of Wyoming resembles that in which Custer made his last stand, and would keep your eye peeled for some of the tough spots like the Humboldt, where the forty-niners "saw the Elephant" — and turned back. It would give you glimpses — with maps to keep you straight — of what this beautiful, incredibly big country was like in the beginning and of what it has done to the Indian and the white man since. Who will write it?

What they did to the country

The exploiters of old, the "robber barons," have been on our conscience ever since the crash of 1929. To judge from his new book, they are on **Louis Bromfield's** mind today. Until the war is over and reflective writing has caught its breath, our novels will be written under high pressure, with urgency, in short rather than long wave length. Mr. Bromfield is a case in point. He has published three novels in less than eighteen months. A veteran of the First World War, he did the best of his early work in the ferment of the twenties; the present war, finding him in his maturity, may call out his most vigorous writing. Certainly in *Mrs. Parkington* (Harper, \$2.75) he has drawn his most attractive character in a decade.

Mrs. Parkington is the story of an old lady who at eighty-four is wise, clear as a bell, and still eager. Age occasionally spares us an elder whose sapience and heart take the sting out of time. Merging past and present with a hundred skillful clews, Mr. Bromfield draws a woman who has lived through many worlds,

yet still anticipates with pleasure any new experience. Mrs. Parkington hailed originally from Leaping Rock, Nevada, but before she settled down she knew the answers to London, Biarritz, and New York.

Gus, Mrs. Parkington's husband, "promoted" the United States up to the hilt fifty years ago. At his death he left his wife with approximately sixty millions and a scandal which she firmly suppressed. He also left her with the most inept grandchildren a woman ever had. Gus, with his magnificent plundering and generosity, is essentially a flashy person, and any criticism of Amory, his son-in-law — and a lesser plunderer, measured by Gus — is necessarily flashy too. For I think it has yet to be shown that the Major Parkingtons of the 1890's did more for the country or hurt people less than their sons-in-law of 1929.

Mr. Bromfield's commentary is always lively, and whether he is mocking our wealthy imitation of the English, or scoring the decadence of the French or the blind arrogance of Wall Street in 1920, he enlists your sympathy, even though you may not completely trust his judgment. But the best philosophy in this book comes out in people like Celeste, the Major's mistress; Mattie, the maid; and above all in Mrs. Parkington. With his swift facility, Mr. Bromfield always runs the risk of slighting his lesser people, of making them either types or caricatures, and in this case he never really animates the two sons, Herbert and Eddie. It is Mrs. Parkington who matters: she is the life of the book, and as you see the Prince defend her, or watch her face up to death during "the dreadful summer," or on Gus's yacht, or at Alice's bedside, you realize that she is a woman of extraordinary independence and integrity.

Demagogue at work

An American historian in writing about the Adams family concluded that this Yankee clan, which produced two Presidents — John and "J. Q. A.," in successive generations — was still producing exceptionally capable men. It was not, he argued, that the Adamses had outgrown — or ingrown — the country; it was that the democratic process of election had outgrown the Adamses.

How far demagoguery has gone to pollute and to jeopardize our system of "freely elected representatives" is the story within the characterization of John Dos Passos's new novel, *Number One* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50). Mr. Dos Passos, of the same age and war experience as Mr. Bromfield, has devoted his talent to the tougher, uglier side of American life, and in this book, written under the spur of emergency, he brings you powerfully to grips with a hillbilly dictator, Senator "Chuck" Crawford (you can name him yourself) who loomed out of the Southwest. This story is warm, living proof that It Has Happened Here. And may again.

Chuck Crawford's climb to the Senate is the direct

result of mobocracy — the result of the direct vote and the devastating influence of the radio upon an emotional, credulous electorate. Chuck has one of those warm folksy voices — a voice, as Mr. Dos Passos puts it, "which lulls, insinuates, and incites the mind." Smart, unscrupulous, with his glad hand and his "Every Man a Millionaire" plan, Chuck is a far cry from John Adams. In any election today, which one do you think would win?

The man who carries this story is not the Senator — "Number One," as his gang call him; it is his confidential secretary, Tyler Spotswood. Tyler has a good mind, a love of alcohol, and the know-how of Washington. He writes the speeches, collects the campaign funds, handles the publicity, the private dinners, and the trouble generally. He is a good fixer. But Tyler is just as gullible as the rest of us; why he should have believed in Chuck is never satisfactorily explained, neither is his Galahad love for the Senator's syrupy wife. These quixotic streaks in his otherwise reasonable make-up the novelist asks you to take for granted. Mr. Dos Passos would have you believe that at heart Tyler is as much of a reformer and as soft a sentimentalist as most Americans.

The limitations of the novel are three: First, you never care greatly what happens to any of the characters. Secondly, you never feel Chuck's threat to the United States. It is regrettable that we never see Chuck's power at work in Washington, nor the wreckage which men like him have left behind. And for me, Mr. Dos Passos's writing is still marred by his affectation in coupling words together. When your eye trips over "glassedin," "bindingwire," "twoyearold," "coalgas," "pulpitthumping," you realize that the eye simply does not read English that way. This habit annoys me more than the coarseness. No, what stands out in this book is the humid, indignant indictment of state politics at their worst. But don't console yourself by thinking that this warning applies solely to the South.

Monologue

Helen Howe is one of the Big Three in the monologue league, and like her rival, Cornelia Otis Skinner, this spring she has put her wit and her dramatic power to the prose test. Miss Howe's first novel is entitled *The Whole Heart* (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50), and it is Mr. Fadiman's opinion that no male is qualified to review it. I usually agree with Mr. Fadiman, but I really see no reason why this book should have such diplomatic immunity. *The Whole Heart* is a very clever sally in the eternal warfare between men and women — and why surrender?

Here is the story of what four women did to James L. Hurd, a New England writer, who began with integrity and, according to Miss Howe, compromised his way straight to success. Or, if you are in the other camp, it is what Jim Hurd, the best-seller and radio commentator, did to betray the four women who loved him. Either way, a mixed jury would find unanimously that Jim is a halfhearted, well-meaning skunk. Miss Howe has the letters and the diaries of the girls to prove it.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND

By **Margaret Culkin Banning.**

An important and thrilling eye-witness story of the women of England—what they do, how they feel, what the struggle means to them. Written in diary form, it is brimming over with human interest, touching anecdote and a variety of rich experiences. \$2.50

ACROSS THE BOARD

By **David Cornel de Jong.**

A strong sense of the beauty of words characterizes this collection of poems by the well-known novelist, author of *Day of the Trumpet* and *Benefit Street*. It represents work that has stood the test of time—De Jong's own selection. \$2.00

THE NAVY HAS WINGS

By **Fletcher Pratt.** One of the best-known writers on military and naval subjects tells the whole story of Naval Aviation. Full details on how the Navy's airmen train, live, fight, play—how they fit into naval strategy. 32 pages of official U. S. Navy photographs. Introduction by Rear Admiral J. S. McCain, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, U.S.N. \$2.75



In Peace Japan Breeds War

By **GUSTAV
ECKSTEIN**

Author of
NOGUCHI

A fascinating study that is essential for the understanding of our enemy and his future moves. With the skill of a surgeon, Eckstein lays open the Japanese mind. He examines their traditions, modes, religions, their sense of inferiority, their sensitivity to outside criticism, and exposes the complexities, contradictions, strength and weaknesses that make up their inscrutable character. \$2.50

On Being a Real Person

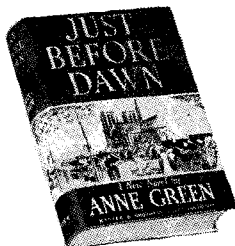
By **HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK**



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Just Before Dawn

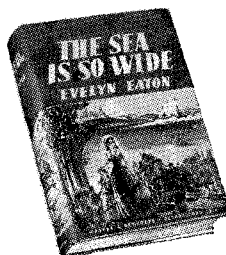
By **ANNE GREEN**



In this vivid, dramatic novel, contemporary yet timeless, Anne Green returns to the manner and materials of her great successes, *The Selbys* and *Paris*. The story of a young American girl's adventures in Paris before the War and after Vichy, it stirs the imaginations of all who believe in France. \$2.50

The Sea is So Wide

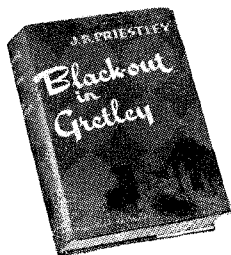
By **EVELYN EATON**



This absorbing novel of early Colonial refugees by the author of *Quietly My Captain Waits* vividly recreates one of the most fascinating yet little-known aspects of our history. It is the story of an Acadian girl exiled to Williamsburg, Virginia, where she was swept up by the strange and exciting life of the Royal colony capital. \$2.50

Black-Out in Gretley

By **J. B. PRIESTLEY**



A smash-hit from the day of publication, this thrilling new novel of the Fifth Column in England has been hailed with huzzas by critics from one end of the country to the other. "A chill or a thrill every minute... and more suspense than a ticking suitcase."—*Chicago News*. By the author of *The Good Companions*. \$2.50

But the trouble is that when you read a novel told in letters, the letters are seldom real. In order to set her story in motion, Miss Howe obliges her first letter-writer, Mary Leverett, to conjure up a repetition of details and conversation which give us Jim's background but which are precisely the kind of thing people do not put in their love letters. The form is suspect from the first and it gets worse in the second section. Barbara, Jim's wife, is a tough-skinned New Yorker who has plenty of money and sex, loves notoriety, and is only momentarily infatuated with Jim's rustic charm. Barbara would no more have kept a diary than she would have been caught pushing a pram up Park Avenue.

The truth is, Miss Howe did not quite trust herself as a novelist, and in her timidity she fell back upon her technique as a monologist. Her sardonic allusions to current history, so amusing on the stage, do not create in print the fiction of only yesterday: they are too deliberately sarcastic, too self-conscious. The same can be said of the four monologue-portraits, and it is a pity, for in the drawing of Constance, and in such scenes as the meeting between Constance and Mary, and in Jim's speech at Symphony Hall, Miss Howe shows what she could have done, had she had more courage.

The Army at home

From Augusta, Georgia, comes a book which will refresh a good many Americans. Written in a leisurely Georgian drawl, *Colonel Effingham's Raid*, by **Berry Fleming**, (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.50) is a honey of a satire. Mr. Fleming is a fastidious storyteller. His humorous touch has often been seen in *Punch*, and he has a native son's knowledge of the Southern temperament — a knowledge which has been enlivened in recent years by his experience as a columnist on an old Southern newspaper.

I happened to room across the hall from Mr. Fleming in college. I have been waiting some time to see him write this kind of book, and it is a delight to watch him hit the bull's-eye as he does. Colonel Effingham, Mr. Fleming's hero, is a regular Army officer, a Southern ramrod, who on his retirement from the Army, comes back to the small Southern city that had once been his home. He has no intention of fighting over the Lost Cause or of comforting himself with Old Bourbon. He has the habit of command and he wants to continue using it. How the Colonel takes the situation in hand, and what he does to that sleepy, intimate little city, is a story which no reviewer should give away. Enough to say that this is our native storytelling and our native humor at their best.

It is not simply coincidence that Mr. Bromfield, Mr. Dos Passos, and Mr. Fleming should have turned this year to an evaluation of the strength and weakness of the American character. Authors and readers

alike are seeking a positive reassurance of what America "can do," and you will hear that keynote struck again and again in the books of 1943. We know what Artemus Ward did for that generation which held the Union together in the 1860's; I suggest that Mr. Fleming may provide somewhat the same solace for ours.

California's own

California, which turned up those two white hopes of the 1930's, Steinbeck and Saroyan, is sure to provide a new burst of writing in the months ahead. You can see it coming. Some of it will come from the wounded in her hospitals. Some of it will come from the impact of the new population on the old (Richmond, center of the Kaiser Shipyard, has grown from 25,000 to 75,000 in a matter of months); these people are here to stay, and the native son is not quite sure what to do about it. Some of it will come from the women in the shipyards and airplane factories.

So keep your eye on California. Don't miss **Robert Easton's** first book, *Happy Man* (Viking, \$2.50). It passes as a novel but should be taken as a collection of short stories about Dynamite, a cowhand who stepped right out of Remington's drawings into the present. Dynamite is a racy, sun-baked Westerner, who loves horses and who handles steers a good deal better than he handles women. Mr. Easton, his creator, worked on a ranch before he went into the Army and he must have known more than one Dynamite in the flesh. His colorful, authentic narrative is sure promise of what he can give us when the war is over. I wish he had found a better title. I wish he had not used such an awkward vestibule as his introduction. I wish he had not used so frequently the device of framing a story within a story. But once you have cleared these hurdles, you will find good, terse prose by a man who knows what he is writing about.

The rising spirit

The war comes closer to you on the Pacific. Here you meet men and officers returned from the battle stations, and hear from them the "scuttlebutt" about Australia and the Islands. The wounded are here, and talking to them you are braced by their superb modesty, their eagerness to get another crack at the Japs.

The complexion of the towns has changed. Captive balloons, dozens of them, hover like silver decoys against the blue. There appear to be as many ducks in San Francisco Bay as usual, and the air overhead is never free from the flights of interceptors policing the Golden Gate. The night buses from Oakland are jammed with ship workers, half of them women in slacks and gayly painted tin hats. I have never seen so many women in long pants, but fashion has yet to camouflage the cabbage seat. Vast areas of the town have been camouflaged with paint and wire — so imaginatively that the effect is fascinating to one on the ground.

There is no disguise about what the people are thinking here. They show less strain than a year ago,

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Clare Boothe

by Jack Belden

One of the great war books, the story of the battle for Burma and of one of the greatest retreats in all military history. "Should take its place in the front rank of war correspondence."—*New York Times*. "Magnificent reporting."—*New York Herald Tribune*. \$3.00

ALFRED · A · KNOPE · NEW YORK



when sabotage and invasion were nightmares to those who knew the damnation total of Pearl Harbor. There are repeated warnings that bombing will come and that San Francisco will be the target, but Californians sleep easier with the Japs removed and the knowledge that we now have so many pilots and planes available. What troubles them is not any thought of defeat, but the rumors which occasionally seep in from the East, of a negotiated peace with Japan. "Is that really what the East is thinking?" they ask. To them, the rumor is infuriating.

I have said that you feel the rising spirit of the country. To show what I mean, I have cut out this letter of a young aviator, Robert R. Kurtz, which appeared in the *Inglewood Daily News*: —

I've just returned from a 15-day furlough and a very interesting 7000-mile trip. Stationed in California and living just outside New York City, I found myself faced with the prospect of hitchhiking coast-to-coast and back or not going home at all. Since my wife was soon to have a baby, the decision was not a hard one to make although I had never hit the road before.

I reached home in four days — 100 hours to be exact — but it's not the speed of my trip that was important. Rather it was the spirit, the friendliness of all those American people who picked me up, who went out of their way time and time again, who always left me with a smiling, "Good luck, soldier." I've been in the Army a year now and have heard many a "beef" from soldiers regarding the attitude of civilians toward the men in service. This may be true in some communities, but I can certainly attest that it is not true of the country as a whole.

Why should a farmer's wife carry me ten miles out of her way in order that I might more easily get a ride at an important junction; what prompted a Harrisburg salesman and his wife to spend fifteen minutes unloading their back seat of luggage and clothes so that I might find room to stretch out and sleep; why did families always insist on buying my meals when we stopped for something to eat? When I protested, their answer was always the same: "You boys are doing a lot for us, aren't you? This is the least we can do for you."

That "least" is something I'll never forget as long as I live; from New York to California I found it everywhere. An Iowa farmer, a Pittsburgh banker, a Wyoming rancher, a New Jersey defense worker — all of them going out of their way for a boy in uniform, all of them modestly telling me how they were doing their part on the home front.

The author is an aviation cadet, aged twenty-three, now stationed in California. Good writing, soldier!

SHAKESPEARE AND THE NATURE OF MAN

By Theodore Spencer

MACMILLAN, \$2.75

WHEN a professor's book is praised by professors, the layman takes warning, but here is a book, praised by professors, which will rejoice the heart of any lover of Shakespeare within or far without the walls of learning. Year after year Shakespearean volumes pile

up expounding the inscrutabilities of the text or expatiating on the still more baffling inscrutabilities of the poet's history. How much do most of them affect our pleasure in reading the plays or watching them, streamlined for the modern stage? There are exceptions, of course: the magnificent Bradley, the indispensable Chambers; but here is a book important for you and me, opening wide the gates of common understanding. As one of the multitude which gazes dully at the Droeshout portrait or the Stratford bust and asks what the conviction, what the form of thought behind those dreary masks, I pay tribute to a book that brings light from East and West, from North and South.

Shakespeare lived in a time of world revolution — the world was Europe then — more important far than any political cataclysm. For much longer than a thousand years the speculation of mankind had been walled in by the conception of the Ptolemaic universe. Everywhere was the rule of immutable order. Heaven, Man, and Nature held their foreordered positions, each governed by an Angelic intelligence. The tiny speck of Earth, created little more than five thousand years before, occupied the precise center of the universe, for Man was the central care of God. The nature of things was rigid and unshakable. As for man, his end was to know God. For this divine purpose two books lay open to him — the direct Word of God in the Bible, and the indirect in the book of Nature. From these two, Man learned of the three great domains of his existence: the cosmos which held him, the created world in which he lived, and the ordained government of human society. These three formed one perfect and indivisible whole. They were interdependent; an injury to one was an injury to all.

In this secure universe Shakespeare had his being when, with terrific impact, Renaissance thought assailed it. Three spearheads led the attack. Galileo splintered the crystal sphere of Ptolemaic tradition; Montaigne struck down Man from his pride of place; the cynical subtleties of Machiavelli traduced the State. Indeed the times were out of joint. Two universes were in violent collision, and from out that conflict which probed the heart and mind and soul of man, the basic theme of Shakesperean tragedy was born.

So impetuous a summary, so bald a statement, is almost a travesty on Professor Spencer's richly wrought and informative argument. Both in its large design and with detail in its special application to the plays, the author drives his thesis home.

The majestic order, seemingly ordained of God, had been fractured and it was given to the genius of Shakespeare to relate individual human experience with the conception of cosmic war. The Microcosm was set against the Macrocosm. Lear, Macbeth, and Hamlet walked a universal stage, and in the drama of their human agonies men could hear terrific overtones of the eternal conflict.

In style the book is admirable. The argument is lucid and explicit and the background a tapestry of wide and rich association. ELLERY SEDGWICK